This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07482154 1

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Vol. XI.

PUBLIC
LIBRARY

June, 1901-May, 1902.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
273553
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1902

Digitized by Google

INDEX
TO
THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

VOL. XI. JUNE, 1901, TO MAY, 1902.

PAGE

ALLAN GAMMAGE. A Sketch, . *Elizabeth H. Middleton*, 1903, . 143

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATIONS, MEETINGS OF:

Boston, 45, 211, 267, 384, 436, 487; Central and Western New York, 105; Eastern New York, 212; General, 213, 487; Hampshire County, 45, 106, 212, 384, 489; Hartford, 212; Hawaiian, 151; Michigan, 46, 104, 320; New Hampshire, 105; New Haven, 262, 488; New York, 46, 262, 384, 435; Northwest, 261, 438; Philadelphia, 435; Springfield, 150, 488.

ALUMNÆ NOTES, ... 45, 104, 150, 211, 261, 320, 384, 435, 487

APHORISM, ... *E. S. P.*, 1904, . . . 366

APPROACH OF A STORM, . . *A. G. M.*, 1903, . . . 139

ARREST OF ELEANOR. A Story, . *Bertha E. Sprague*, 1905, . . 293

ATHENS, AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES, *Laura S. Watson*, 1871, ... 70

ATHENS, AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES, ... 440

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION. Election of Officers, ... 98

AWAKENING OF LOUISE, . . *Charlotte E. Farnham*, 1904, . 306

BACCALAUREATE SERMON, . . *Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall*, . . 59

BARBOUR, CATHERINE. Sketch of, ... 112

BARDWELL MEMORIAL FELLOWSHIP, ... 153, 439

BASKET BALL, CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES, ... 485

BATTLE OF WATERLOO, . . *Anita B. Ferris*, 1905, . . 256

BEFORE THE EXAM., ... 29

BETTIE'S BACK YARD, . . . *Helen C. Bowerman*, 1901, . 15

BIRKIE OF THE BORDER. A Story, *Rachel Florence Riley*, 1902, . 462

BLACK CRUCIFIX, THE. A Story, . *Elizabeth G. Greene*, 1903, . 120

BOOK-MAKING FAD, THE, . . *Rowena Keith Keyes*, 1902, . 471

BOOK REVIEWS, ... *Ruth Thomas*, 1901, 31; 1902, 91; 274

BROWN BETTYS, ... *Florence Messer*, 1902, . . 130

BUNCO GAME, A, ... *Marion Heaton Taber*, 1904, . 364

CARLYLE, THOMAS, . . . *Emily L. Covell*, 1901, . . 9

CHEMISTRY TALE, A, . . . *M. L. Richardson*, 1903, . . 29

CHILD AND THE FAIRIES, THE, . *Ethel Sterling Osgood*, 1901, . 26

CHRISTMAS:

Concert, ... 210

Gifts, ... 261

Digitized by Google

PAGE

CLASS OF 1902:
Dinner given by Honorary Members of, ... 209
CLASS OF 1905, LIST OF, ... 98
CO-EDUCATION. ON BEING A CO-ED, *Eleanor Taylor Oliver*, 1901, . 234
COLLEGE NOTES, ... 40, 97, 148, 207, 261, 317, 378, 432, 482
COLLEGE SETTLEMENT ASSOCIATION, MOUNT HOLYOKE CHAPTER, . 434
COMMENCEMENT: Baccalaureate Sermon, *Dr. C. C. Hall*, . . . 59
COMMENCEMENT WEEK, ... 36
CONCENTRATION. Editorial, ... 93
CONCERTS:
Organ Recitals by Mr. Hammond, ... 41, 208, 318, 380
Organ Recital by Professor Hamilton C. McDougall, . . . 42
By Guilmant Club of Holyoke, ... 43
By Leonora Jackson, ... 40
By Wilmar Robert Schmidt, ... 41
"Hour of Music" at Safford Hall, ... 41
By Kneisel Quartet, ... 148
Christmas Concert, ... 210
Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs of Mount Holyoke, . . . 378
Piano Recital by Eduard Zeldenrust, ... 381
Song Recital by Miss Metcalfe, ... 382
Musical Clubs of New York University, ... 432
Song Recital by Miss Julia B. Dickinson, ... 482
By Schubert Club of Holyoke, ... 483
CONNOTATION OF PEPPERMINT, THE. A Story, *Emily L. Covell*, 1901, . 413
CURRENT EVENTS CLUB, ... 317
DEBATING SOCIETY, ... 44, 383
DEPARTMENT NOTES:
Art and Archæology, 39, 94, 146, 374, 480; Astronomy, 96, 206, 376; Botany, 96; Chemistry, 95; English, 94; French, 147; Geology, 96; Latin, 96, 375; Mathematics, 95; Philosophy, 95; Physical Training, 206; Physics, 95; Psychology, 376; Zoölogy, 376, 482.
See also Library Notes.
DISCUSSION OF TERMS, A, . . *J. B.*, 1902; *H. L. W.*, 1905, . 367
DRAMATICS:
Class of 1902. Lamentable Tragedy of Julius Cæsar, . . . 318
A Dramatic Evening, ... 319
Class of 1903. Ingomar, ... 210
Class of 1905. Esmeralda, ... 485
DWIGHT MEMORIAL ART BUILDING, *Beth Bradford Gilchrist*, 1902, . 329
Casts for, ... *Louise Fitz-Randolph*, . . 127, 339
EDITORIAL. Alumnæ Number, . *Margaret Ball*, 1900, . . . 428
EDITORIALS, ... 33, 93, 144, 203, 258, 312, 370, 477

Digitized by Google

PAGE

EVENING ON THE QUAY IN SMYRNA, AN, *Christine Catrevas*, 1903, . . 360
EXAMINATIONS, SEMESTER, ... 319
EXCHANGES, ... 51, 114, 156, 219, 271, 324, 388, 442, 491
EXPERIENCE, AN. A Story, . . *Marion Louise Richardson*, 1903, 245
FACULTY APPOINTMENTS, ... 94, 147, 206
FANTASY OF OLD EGYPT, A. A Story, 1902, ... 171
FIELD DAY, ... 44
FOUNDER'S DAY, ... 150, 207
Address by Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, ... 159
FROM THE OBSERVATION CAR, . *Ruth Davenport Holmes*, 1902, . 352
GERMAN UNIVERSITIES, . . . *Ellen C. Hinsdale*, . . . 181
GIFTS:
For Mead Hall, 261, 319, 383, 485; for Porter Hall, 383; for Rockefeller Hall, 485; for Safford Hall, 44, 98, 261, 485; for Wilder Hall, 319, 383.
To Library:
Dictionary of National Biography, 66 volumes, ... 316
Twenty-two volumes for Department of American literature from Miss G. E. Webber, ... 147
See also Library Notes.
GRADUATE STUDY FOR WOMEN IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES, *Helen M. Searles*, 445
HALL OF FAME. Mary Lyon and the Hall of Fame. Editorial, . . 312
HIS FIRST VALENTINE, . . . *Edith Lillian Smith*, 1904, . . 309
HURRYING, ... *Annie A. Marks*, 1904, . . 199
IN SHORT:
From an Old Chanson, *Elizabeth M. Jelliffe* (1902), 21; "Pirates," *Ina Clayton Atwood* (1904), 22; A Study in Color, *Florence Messer* (1902), 24; A Fancy, *B. B. G.* (1902), 25; The Child and the Fairies, *Ethel Stirling Osgood* (1901), 27; A Romance, *Rowena Keith Keyes* (1902), 27; An Incident, *Rena E. Barron* (1901), 27; Before the Exam., 29; A Chemistry Tale, *M. L. Richardson* (1903), 29; Fantasie on the Holyoke College Song, *R. K. K.* (1902), 30; Lullaby, *R. D. H.* (1902), 85; A Reminiscence, *Rowena Keith Keyes* (1902), 86; Martha Washington Geranium, *Helen C. Bowerman* (1901), 87; Nell Studies, *Carolyn H. Hyde* (1904), 88; On Casco Bay, *Ruth Waters* (1904), 138; Approach of a Storm, *A. G. M.* (1903), 139; A Laudable Ambition, *Margaret Frances Keenan* (1901), 139; Triumph of Mrs. Peabody, *Charlotte E. Farnham* (1904), 140; A Water Sprite, *Frances Cowles* (1902), 142; "Shredded Wheat," *G. M. B.* (1901), 143; Allan Gammage, A Sketch, *Elizabeth H. Middleton* (1903), 143; Ye that have Walked in Darkness, *R. D. H.* (1902), 193; Question of Conscience, *Rowena Keith Keyes* (1902), 193; Sunset, *A. M. G.* (1903), 195; From Pierre Loti's "Pécheur d'Islande," *Anne Thompson Hamilton* (1902), 196; A Freshman's Mistake, *Mary E. Kittredge* (1904), 198; Hurrying, *Annie A. Marks* (1904), 199; My Box, *Ruth H. Brockway* (1902), 200; Two Adventures in the Life of Eros, *Helen Cox Bowerman*, (1901), 255; Battle of Waterloo, *Anita B. Ferris* (1905), 256; Unselfish-

Digitized by Google

PAGE

ness, *R. K. K.* (1902), 258; Awakening of Louise, *Charlotte E. Farnham* (1904), 306; To Ruth, *M. F. C.* (1904), 309; His First Valentine, *Edith Lillian Smith* (1904), 309; An Evening on the Quay at Smyrna, *Christine Catrevas* (1903), 360; The Workings of Free Will, *Marion Ashton Keese* (1904), 361; My Zoölogical Flame, *Edna E. Linsley* (1904), 364; A Bunco Game, *Marion Heaton Taber* (1904), 364; Aphorism, *E. S. P.* (1904), 366.

INCIDENT, AN, ... *Rena E. Barron*, 1901, . . 27

INNOCENCE ABROAD ON A BIKE. A Story, *Frances Leavitt*, 1903, . 282

INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR GIRLS IN SPAIN, THE, *Clara F. Stevens*, 1881, 391

JUNIOR PROMENADE:

1902, ... 43

1903, ... 380

KINGSLEY ENGRAVINGS, . . . *Marion Griswold Boalt*, . . 334

LAUDABLE AMBITION, A, . . *Margaret Frances Keenan*, 1901, . 139

LECTURES, NOTICES OF:

Dr. Mulliner, on "Comment Portez-Vous?" 150; *Annie Payson Call*, on Power through Repose, 207; *Dr. Parry* to Freshmen, 207; *Dr. Hastings* to Freshmen, 207; *Dr. Mulliner*, on Influence of Posture in Physical Training, 207; *Professor Scott*, on How to Read the Newspapers, 209; *Prof. Katharine Coman*, on The Spain of To-day, 317; *Mr. Fletcher*, Library Talk, 317; *Professor Hart*, on the American Empire, 317; *Prof. Clifford Moore*, on the Making of Books and the Method of Publication in Ancient Rome, 317; *Dr. Sargent*, to Physical Culture Classes, 317; *Professor Wright*, on Asia, 317; *M. Hugues le Roux*, on Does the Contemporary Novel Faithfully Depict French Society? 382; *M. Mabilleau*, on Paris Intellectuel, 382; *Mr. Harbour*, on Blessed be Humor, 382; *Mrs. Kelley*, on The Consumers' League, 382; *Dr. Dike*, on The Family, 434; *Prof. H. C. Adams*, on Machinery, 484; *Professor Cowles*, on Horace, 484; *Bliss Perry*, on Thackeray, 484; *Mrs. Ballington Booth*, on the American Volunteers, 484; *President Russell H. Conwell*, on the Jolly Earthquake, 484.

LIBRARY NOTES, ... 38, 54, 96, 147, 260, 316, 377, 432, 481

LINCOLN, PASSING OF. A Sketch, . *Rosetta Schuyler Montgomery*, 1903, 302

LITERARY DIGEST, ... *Josephine Belding*, 1902, 30, 89, 202, 366

LITTLE BOOK OF COLLEGE VERSE, ... 154, 216

LYON, MARY, AND THE HALL OF FAME. Editorial, ... 312

MCKINLEY MEMORIAL SERVICES, ... 98

MAN OF UNDERSTANDING, A. A Story, *Edith Warren Peck*, 1902, . . 240

MARTHA WASHINGTON GERANIUM, *Helen C. Bowerman*, 1901, . . 87

MASCOT, THE. A Story, . . *B. B. G.*, 1902, ... 74

MAY DAY FESTIVITIES, ... 18, 44

MOUNT HOLYOKE STORIES, ... 49

MOUNTAIN DAY:

Freshman, ... 44

Senior, ... *E. L. C.*, 1901, . . . 36

MY BOX, ... *Ruth H. Brockway*, 1902, . . 200

Digitized by Google

		PAGE
My Zoölogical Flame, . .	*Edna E. Linsley*, 1904, . .	361
National Consumers' League, .	. . . . .	434
Naples. From a Neapolitan Balcony,	*Louise Baird Wallace*, '98, .	399
Naples Zoölogical Station, .	*Cornelia M. Clapp*, . . .	117
Nell Studies, ...	*Carolyn H. Hyde*, 1904, . .	88
Other Colleges, ...	. . 49, 154, 217, 269, 323, 388,	490
Oxford, University of, American Graduate Student at,	*Harriet Rice Congdon*, '98,	275
Passing of Lincoln. A Sketch, .	*Rosetta Schuyler Montgomery*, 1903,	302
Pearsons Hall. At Home, . .	. . . . .	318
Pêcheur d'Islande, From Pierre Loti's,	*Anne Thompson Hamilton*, 1901, ...	196
"Pirates,"	*Ina Clayton Atwood*, 1904, .	22
Purpose of the Novel, . .	*Helen L. Willcox*, 1905, . .	289
Question of Conscience, A, .	*Rowena Keith Keyes*, 1902, .	193
Question of Destiny, A. A Story,	*Rachel Florence Riley*, 1902, .	1
Question of Journalism, A. A Farce,	*Ruth Davenport Holmes*, 1902,	451
Rebellion of Willie, The. A Story,	*Edith Lillian Smith*, 1904, . .	185
Religious Services. Speakers: Dr. Ballantine of Springfield, 98; Dr. Clark of Bulgaria, 150; Mr. Brewer Eddy, 150; President Andrews, 209; Dr. Moxom, 209; President Hyde, 209; Rev. Floyd W. Tompkins, 209; Miss Katharine Coman, 317; Miss Bertha Condé, 317; Dr. Gutterson, 317; Rev. Mr. Bishop, 318; Dr. Loba, 318; Dr. Richards, 318; Dr. Judson Smith, 318; Rev. Raymond Calkins, 434.		
Reminiscence, A, . . .	*Rowena Keith Keyes*, 1902, .	86
Romance Languages, Place and Function of the Study of,	*Mary Vance Young*,	250
Shadow of a Fear, The. A Story,	*Rachel Florence Riley*, 1902, .	342
"Shredded Wheat," . . .	*G. M. B.*, 1901, . . .	143
Some Old Town Records, . .	*Josephine Belding*, 1902, . .	133
Spanish Etiquette, Points on, .	*Elizabeth M. Gulick*, 1902,	467
Spiritual Value of Culture.	Founder's Day Address by Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, ...	159
Stern Reality. A Story, . .	*Florence A. Cowell*, 1903, . .	297
Students' League, ...	. . . . .	149, 319
Study in Color, A, . . .	*Florence Messer*, 1902, . .	24
Study in Influence, A, . .	*Emily L. Covell*, 1901, . .	224
Sunset, ...	*A. M. G.*, 1903, . . .	195
Thackeray, Concerning, . .	*Josephine Belding*, 1902, . .	457
To a Strange Country. A Story,	*Harriet Murdock Marcy*, 1904, .	229
Triumph of Mrs. Peabody, The,	*Charlotte E. Farnham*, 1904, .	140
True Tales with Fabulous Morals,	*Mabel L. Eaton*, '98, . . .	404

Digitized by Google

PAGE

VESPER SERVICES, ... 43, 98, 149, 381
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, ... 378
WATER SPRITE, A, ... *Frances Cowles*, 1902, . . 142
WORKINGS OF FREE WILL, THE, . *Marion Ashton Keese*, 1904, . 361
Y. W. C. A.:
Reception, 97; Miss Crane chosen as General Secretary, 149; . . 383
YE PASTYMES OF YE MAYERS, . *H. C. B.*, 1901, . . . 18

POETRY.

ACROSS THE YEARS, . . . *R. K. K.*, 1902, . . . 469
AUTUMN'S BUDS, ... *R. K. K.*, 1902, . . . 127
ENVOY, ... *Beth Bradford Gilchrist*, 1902, . 476
FANCY, A, ... *B. B. G.*, 1902, . . . 25
FANTASIE ON THE HOLYOKE COLLEGE SONG, *R. K. K.*, 1902, . . 30
FRESHMAN'S MISTAKE, A, . . *Mary E. Kittredge*, 1904, . . 198
FROM AN OLD CHANSON, . . *Elizabeth M. Jelliffe*, 1902, . 21
HILL SLOPE GREEN, A, . . . *R. K. K.*, 1902, . . . 450
HOLYOKE—AS IT IS TO-DAY, . *Catharine Young Glen*, '94, . 409
IN THE FIRELIGHT, . . . *Beth Bradford Gilchrist*, 1902, . 239
LONELINESS, ... *Emily L. Covell*, 1901, . . 205
LULLABY, ... *R. D. H.*, 1902, ... 85
MEMORIES, ... *E. L. C.*, 1901, ... 70
MY VALENTINE, ... *Ruth Wheaton Waters*, 1904, . 281
NEW YEAR'S PRAYER, A, . . *Rowena Keith Keyes*, 1902, . 223
OLD ATTIC, AN, ... *E. L. C.*, 1901, ... 18
ON CASCO BAY, ... *Ruth Waters*, 1904, . . . 138
PLEA FOR SPRING POETRY, . . *R. K. K.*, 1902, . . . 352
POET, THE, ... *E. C.*, 1901, ... 398
QUATRAIN, ... *A. M. K.*, 1904, . . . 302
RAIN SONG, ... *Rose Alden*, 1900, . . . 427
ROMANCE, A, ... *Rowena Keith Keyes*, 1902, . 27
SUNSET LAND, THE, . . . *Elizabeth M. Jelliffe*, 1902, . 470
TO MY LADY, ... *R. D. H.*, 1902, ... 341
TO RUTH, ... *M. F. C.*, 1903, ... 309
TREE SONG, ... *M. S. S.*, 1901, ... 425
TWO ADVENTURES IN THE LIFE OF EROS. From the Anacreontics.
Helen Cox Bowerman, 1901, 255
UNCERTAINTY, ... *Emily Dixon*, 1901, . . . 9
UNSELFISHNESS, ... *R. K. K.*, 1902, . . . 258
VALENTINE, A, ... *R. K. K.*, 1902, ... 292
WESTERN MEADOW LARK, THE, . *Ruth Davenport Holmes*, 1902, . 461
YE THAT HAVE WALKED IN DARKNESS, *R. D. H.*, 1902, . . . 193

Digitized by Google

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Vol. XI. JUNE, 1901. No. 1.

Beth Bradford Gilchrist, 1902, *Editor-in-Chief.*

Editors.

Rachel Florence Riley, 1902. Ethel Collingwood Hall, 1903.
Rowena Keith Keyes, 1902. Mabel Margaret Hubbard, 1903.
May Fiske, 1903.

Harriet Cross Van Wagner, 1903, *Business Manager.*
Helene Maud Pope, 1904, *Assistant Business Manager.*

A QUESTION OF DESTINY.

"You were telling"——

"About Nahmi. That 's where he lives."

The Oregon twilight, heavy with the fragrance of the wild grape, was creeping over the valley, veiling in purplish light the jagged cliffs where the river bent and twisted its way around a small rocky island that sheltered a single log cabin in a tangle of jasmine and sweetbrier.

Woodbridge rested on his paddle.

"Some psychologist ought to know about him," he said dryly. "They 'd be interested. Unless he 's simply an Indian liar, as is probable. Steady,—you nearly upset us."

The girl had stamped her foot angrily.

"That 's his home," she repeated. "You must at least admit it 's pretty."

Digitized by Google

"Yes, very pretty." But Woodbridge was looking at her, not the house on the island. At the belt of her white dress some poppies clustered and a poppy was knotted in her hair. The river breeze tossed back a stray curl willfully over the crimson petals, making of her head a study in white and red and gold with a touch of sunshine in the eyes that met Woodbridge's defiantly and made him shift his glance and begin to paddle with long swift strokes.

"We shan't drift any more," he said penitently. "Please go on about the Mexican half-breed. What about his destiny?"

The girl settled back in the pillows appeased.

"You 're not to make fun of it," she warned. "It 's too serious. Some Indian fortune-teller said at his birth that he was destined to come back to earth in bodily form when he died and appear anywhere he liked for a limited time, and that he was fated to sacrifice his life to save some one else from death. The poor fellow 's superstitious and believes the prophecy with his whole heart. That 's all."

"The somebody he 's to save is n't specified, is he? No? I thought not. Such prophecies are generally delightfully vague. As for heroic acts, I 'm performing one myself, you know, giving up two days of a short visit to do a paltry errand for your father, to-morrow."

"When you could go to town and come back in half a day if you were n't so set upon going on horseback. We 've told you that roundabout wood road is n't safe."

"It takes a girl to be inconsistent, Lois," Woodbridge remarked critically. "How can the ride be unsafe when I 'm to have this redoubtable half-breed for a guide?"

"There he is now."

A man had come out of the little vine-clad cabin, a powerfully built fellow with black hair that straggled loose over angular shoulders. He stood now with folded arms gazing steadily at the western mountains, motionless, as the rocks and trees about him, like some primitive chieftain pondering over the mystery of sunset.

"I warned you, he 's queer," Lois whispered, as she took Woodbridge's hand and sprang lightly out upon the shore. "By the way,

Digitized by Google

don't mind how he treats me, it 's just his way," she added carelessly. "Nahmi!"

The man turned his head. At the sight of the girl a sunny smile spread over his face and he came swiftly down the bank with a greeting in Spanish which Woodbridge could not catch. Lois colored.

"This is the gentleman I want you to show the road through the forest to, Nahmi," she explained.

The half-breed's glance sought Woodbridge for the first time. Instantly his face darkened.

"I 've seen him before, two months ago," he muttered.

Lois looked surprised.

"He 's only been here a few days. How could you? He never was this side of the Rockies before. You seem to forget he 's a friend of mine," she added reproachfully.

The reply was quick and in Spanish again. Woodbridge could not understand, but he noted with curiosity the change that softened the hard, half savage face whenever the man addressed Lois. In telling of it afterwards, he said it was the kind of expression that might come over a devout churchman's face when he gazed at his patron saint. She blushed again.

"You two must be friends."

The half-breed reluctantly held out his hand for the young man to grasp.

"You know," Lois continued, "I shall depend upon you to take care of him, Nahmi, and send him back safe to-morrow."

"Oh see here," Woodbridge ejaculated. I 'm not a——"

But the half-breed interrupted.

Lois laughed gayly at his earnest statement.

"Listen, Hal," she exclaimed. "He 's undertaken my commission. He says he 'll answer for your safety with his life if necessary, for my sake, you know."

The arrangements were soon made and the canoe shot down the river towards the point of land where the sloping roof of Professor Maxwell's summer cottage nestled in a cluster of shade trees. They had

Digitized by Google

almost reached the foot of the garden, when Woodbridge suddenly swerved the canoe from its course by a deft stroke of the paddle.

"What was that for?"

"Look up there."

Directly across the narrow river a hill rose up, barren except for a scanty growth of pale green sage and a single black-pine half way up. At the top, the figure of a horseman stood out boldly against the sky line. Woodbridge had hardly spoken when the man leveled a rifle and fired. The bullet sizzled through the water close to the canoe where a flock of wild geese were bathing. They started up with a loud clamor. Woodbridge called to the horseman angrily, but he had already wheeled and was galloping like mad down the valley. All that the sound of the raised voice accomplished was to bring the professor hurrying from the house.

"I did n't suppose you had lunatics out here," Woodbridge cried. "No man with his senses would fire a shot like that. He did n't even wait to see if he had killed his fowl."

The older man tried to calm him.

"I would n't think so much of it," he said. "It was an accident. The man must have been more frightened than you when he saw what a close shave he had given the canoe." He turned to comfort Lois, who was trembling violently. As they went up the garden walk, she suddenly drew close to Woodbridge.

"I 'm very thankful Nahmi 's going with you, to-morrow, anyway," she said incoherently. "Because he 'll keep you out of any more danger."

The next day was a memorable one in Baker City, sultry, dusty, and ninety-five in the shade at four o'clock. Woodbridge, leaving the half-breed to conclude some business of his own, entered a restaurant and called a waiter. To his surprise, the man showed some reluctance about coming, but at a second beckoning he took the order. In some annoyance, Woodbridge glanced down the columns of the evening paper. The first page contained the usual amount of sensational news of no interest to a stranger and he was about to turn the leaf when his eye was caught by a small woodcut given an inconspicuous place in the lower corner. He glanced involuntarily in the mirror opposite. Yes, the

Digitized by Google

woodcut bore a resemblance to himself. Looking at it again he classed it with the type of face that, having no marked individuality, might be taken for a dozen different people without exciting comment. With but slight curiosity he began to read the text, a review of a murder committed in a mining camp some months before. The criminal had escaped but a recently discovered clew had caused a revival of the case. Woodbridge turned to his dinner. The large, low-studded dining room contained only one other person, a cowboy, if one might judge from his rough riding clothes, seated way over in the opposite corner behind the cashier's desk with his back towards Woodbridge. When the latter finished his meal and paid his bill, the waiter lingered a minute as if he had something on his mind. After a second's hesitation he picked up the paper lying on the table and pointing to the same picture Woodbridge had noticed, he nodded towards the man in the corner.

"He 's the man."

"Not the criminal?"

"No, but it was his brother who was killed. Made this feller sort of crazy. Does nothing but roam round looking for the murderer. Came here terribly excited to-day, thought he saw the man last night over yonder somewhere on the river. Followed him up and shot at him, but missed. What 's the matter, sir?"

"Nothing."

The man hesitated a moment.

"Do you know," he said at last, speaking half apologetically, "I would n't let him see me if I was you. Of course you ain't really the one, but——"

"I 'm not really the what?" Woodbridge exclaimed.

Just then he noticed that the half-breed had entered and was standing silently by, so near that he must have overheard the whole conversation.

"We 'd better start for home," he interrupted gruffly. "It 's late."

As they went out of the door, the man in the corner stirred. The waiter stepped quickly in front of Woodbridge, but the ranchman made no outcry. Only the glass of liquor he had raised half-way to his lips suddenly fell to the floor. With his eyes fixed on Woodbridge's face

Digitized by Google

in a dazed expression, he stooped mechanically to pick up the bits of glass. The young man carried long afterwards the picture of the haggard face with a deep, white scar that seamed one cheek growing whiter as the man struggled with his faltering memory. They mounted and rode away. As they turned the corner Woodbridge glanced back into the restaurant. The man had risen and stood talking with fierce gestures to the waiter.

"Guess I got away none too soon."

Woodbridge put his horse to a fast trot. Suddenly he turned sharply to his companion.

"Was that the reason you mistrusted me when we met last night?" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"What about me made you change your mind?"

"Nothing about *you*," the other said scornfully.

"Amiable as ever," muttered Woodbridge. He bit his lip and was silent.

The fresh damp smell of twilight was in the air as they rode out of the city and into the forest. The horses crunched beneath their feet the sweet fern and pale green sage that sent up its faint fragrance from the mossy path covered with golden light filtering down slantwise from the sun. Masses of clematis and wild grape made a tangle in the branches overhead and hung in festoons across the road, but the half-breed pushed resolutely on with scarcely a word until they halted for the night some three hours' ride from their destination. A cliff shelved upward many feet over a ravine through which wound a thin stream of turbid water that widened out directly below into a shallow, fern-fringed pool. The light of the moon just rising flooded the deep hollows and abrupt hills, throwing them into wild and fantastic shapes. So it seemed to Woodbridge, who stood on the edge of the cliff drinking in with a sort of intoxication the strange beauty of the lonely defile. In spite of a keen sense of enjoyment, he felt nervous and threw himself down gratefully by the cheerful brushwood fire Nahmi had kindled. The wind in the pines and the chirping of the crickets sounded unutterably lonely. Something cold touched his hand and he jumped, though it was only a lizard

Digitized by Google

that darted quickly away. He wished the half-breed would talk, but Nahmi sat against a tree smoking and silent as usual. For the fiftieth time that day, Woodbridge tried to draw him out.

"Miss Maxwell has told me something very interesting about you," he began, watching the other curiously, but Nahmi did not seem to resent the personal reference, so he went on. "About the power you have of transferring yourself where you like when you die."

Nahmi nodded indifferently.

"It 's true."

"Will you tell me about it?"

"The story is too long."

"But when you die?"

"You shall see for yourself, perhaps." He spoke impatiently and turned away without more words.

Woodbridge rolled up in a blanket to sleep, with the vague, indefinable whisperings and footsteps of the forest all around him. The half-breed soon followed his example and the ravine became absolutely still except for the cry of a night hawk now and then far away in the forest. The night wore on to the darkest part that precedes the daybreak. The fire beside which Nahmi was soundly sleeping had died to glowing embers when suddenly a piercing cry rent the stillness. The half-breed sprang to his feet in time to see Woodbridge on the brink of the precipice swaying in the desperate embrace of the ranchman of the afternoon's episode. In the dim firelight the scar that marked his cheek was unmistakable. With a bound, Nahmi reached them but before he could prevent it the man's knife had gleamed in the air and buried itself in Woodbridge's shoulder. The stranger turned ferociously on the half-breed. Woodbridge, suffering acutely in the half sitting position in which he had fallen, was powerless to help what filled the next few seconds, for it was all over in a minute. The stranger and Nahmi rocked and swayed in each other's grasp, working their way steadily nearer to the edge of the cliff. The ranchman had his back to the abyss, Nahmi was gaining, when the other suddenly lurched heavily backward, dragging the half-breed with him in his murderous grasp. They went over the cliff together. The rocks echoed the splash below and all was as

Digitized by Google

silent as before. Overpowered by a horrible fascination, Woodbridge tried to drag himself to the edge of the cliff to look down, but became mercifully unconscious before he reached it.

About three o'clock that morning Professor Maxwell was startled out of a sound sleep by a light touch upon his arm. In the faint light of dawn he saw the half-breed guide standing by his bedside. Nahmi had often before slept in the house to wake him when they wanted an early start for a day's fishing, but though he ransacked his brains for such an expedition that he might have planned and forgotten he could remember none.

"How did you come here?" he asked bewildered.

The half-breed pointed to a long French window that stood wide open to let in the cool night air from the veranda. In the fewest possible words, he explained that he had left Woodbridge badly wounded in the forest. He told the most direct road to the scene of the disaster and begged Maxwell to bring help at once. Then with a last hurried remark he left the room.

Maxwell lay still a minute half stunned, idly watching the man vanish along the river path, before he realized the terrible meaning of his words. Then with the greatest possible speed, he sought the only physician in the settlement and by six o'clock they had found Woodbridge, lying unconscious beside the still smouldering fire.

"Yes, we got here just in time to save your life," the physician said in reply to the young man's first question on gaining consciousness an hour later. "How did we happen to come? Why the half-breed"——

"Come here," Maxwell interrupted hoarsely. He had gone to the edge of the cliff and was gazing fixedly downward into the pool below, where the sunlight was penetrating through the transparent water to its depths.

"Why, Maxwell," the physician ejaculated as he drew near. "You look as if you 'd seen an apparition."

Maxwell turned and faced him.

"And if I have?" he asked.

—Rachel Florence Riley, 1902.

Digitized by Google

UNCERTAINTY.

THE night-breeze drifts with a bird-note by,—
A sob low-stilled to a silver sky,
A whisper soft as a baby's sigh,

A sound like a raindrop splashed in two,—
Oh breeze, oh bird,—was it only you?

—EMILY DIXON, 1901.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

IN "Sartor Resartus" there is the following sentence: "Remark too that the character of the man, nowise without meaning in such a matter, becomes less enigmatic; amid so much tumultuous obscurity,—almost like a diluted madness,—do not a certain indomitable Defiance and yet a boundless Reverence loom forth as the two mountain summits on whose rock strata all the rest are based and built? We may, I think, take this as the briefest character sketch of Carlyle himself and accept indomitable Defiance and boundless Reverence as the two most prominent traits in his make-up. We have to trace the evidences, the manifestations of these characteristics in his life.

Carlyle says that he can detect in himself the character and the influence of both his parents. In his simple peasant home, with its fear of God, its rugged morality, and its struggle with poverty, his life was determined. There he gained his religious habit of thought and his training for hard and persevering labor. "Religion was the polestar of my father," he tells us, and "he was a man of strength and a man of toil." From his home life he gained also a sense of spiritual independence as the one principle to be held to in life, a brusque sincerity in speech and manner, together with a capability for that elemental experience of passion which Wordsworth ascribes especially to the peasant

Digitized by Google

class. Both defiance and reverence were present in that home and both Carlyle must have absorbed unconsciously as he grew to manhood.

His sincerity is the first great manifestation of such defiance, a defiance of convention. Sincerity in thought, word, and action was the principle of his life. To it he held as to the one essential condition of spiritual independence and for it he staked everything that he had, or hoped to have. "If I be true to myself," he says, "how can the whole posterity of Adam and its united follies and miseries quite make shipwreck of me?" In this spirit he worked out his own destiny; lied never nor glossed the truth, spoke his inmost thought openly and honestly, refused all offers of advancement which meant sacrifice of principle; would bind himself to no master; starved, struggled, suffered, but was free. Contrary to the hopes and wishes of his family he gave up the idea of a divinity career, because in it he could not be true to his own belief. He adopted the law because as he said, "No mean compliances are requisite for prospering in it." In later life, in extreme poverty, he yet refused employment on the *Times* because such employment might bind him to a service of other ends than those of truth. He once said that he was "born to be a Bedouin," and while physical liberty was often unattainable he yet strove fiercely for a spiritual independence—and attained. When most sorely tried with doubts he yet clings to his desire for truth, for perfect sincerity and fairness of mind. He writes to his wife: "One thing in the middle of this chaos I can more and more determine to adhere to—it is now almost my sole rule of life—to clear myself of cants and formulas as of poisonous Nessus shirts; to strip them off me, by what name soever called, and follow, were it down to Hades, what I myself know and see. It is a great misery for a man to lie, even unconsciously, even to himself."

Carlyle was sincere, not alone in his outward relations and in his thought, but in his work. It was always his best. "This is the end and beginning of all philosophy," he says, "we must just do the best we can." His work was sincere as the expression of his inmost thought on vital questions. He himself speaks of the "French Revolution" as "the sincerest book the nation has got offered to it for a good few years or is like to get for a good few." His books he considered as direct mes-

Digitized by Google

sages to his time; there must be no insincerity or uncertainty in them. He has been accused of affectation in style. His expression was not simple, it was extravagant, overladen with metaphors, almost lurid at times, but yet the unpolished and straightforward expression of deep feeling and profound conviction. Its extravagance we may ascribe to three sources,—his great imaginative power, the influence of his father's diction (always, we are told, strangely figurative and forceful), and his own deliberate desire to gain a hearing for his message. "Know thy thought, believe it, front heaven and earth with it in whatever words nature and art have made readiest for thee."

With defiance of convention came necessarily defiance of public opinion. The public might "maunder and mumble" to her heart's desire without influencing Carlyle. Neither friend nor foe could persuade him to be one whit less *himself*. "I will speak out what is in me," he says, and might well have added, "and in my own way." He speaks again of the "French Revolution": "What I do know of it is that it has come hot out of my own soul, born in blackness, whirlwind and sorrow; that no man for a long while has stood speaking so completely alone under the *eternal azure in the character of man*—or is likely to stand."

Such outspokenness where euphemism was at a premium, naturally kept Carlyle aloof from the thought, the society of his own time. He had few friends, if any, and he realized keenly his own solitariness. "Lonelier probably is no man," he writes, yet in part his aloofness was voluntary. For the generality of mankind he maintained a splendid scorn. Among his contemporaries in European letters he found but one whom he called master and that in his earlier days—Goethe. Emerson he loved. In one place he writes, "I feel as if Emerson were the one I would soonest *try* to speak with"; but Burroughs suggests that he would have much preferred that Emerson should have been liker himself. His touchstone for men was effectualness, sincerity. He remarks of Irving, "There is a fund of sincerity in him"; of Emerson, "I love Emerson's book because there is in it an unmistakable air of it being his and a real utterance of the human soul, not a mere echo of such"; of Wordsworth, "A genuine but small diluted man."

The truth was that Carlyle, once having found his bearings in regard

Digitized by Google

to life and the world, did not need equals in friendships,—literary or personal. His own individuality was too pronounced to admit of his accepting on terms of equality the dicta of another mind. Goethe says that he rested on an original foundation and was so happily constructed that he developed out of himself, not out of contact with others.

The ground of his defiance, then, lay in the consciousness of his own power? So we are led to believe, and in the consciousness of his own power, as God-given and God-directed. Carlyle himself, as we see in "Sartor Resartus," recognized the religious idea as all-powerful in the character of a man or of a society, and the religious idea in his own thought, the apprehension of God through an emotional insight, was the originating principle of conviction in his character. This emotion was not a vague sentiment, but the getting at the heart of things by a penetrative passion, an intuitive conviction. Carlyle had a great emotional endowment, an almost abnormal capacity for feeling. His whole life was a mood, now of exaltation, now of correspondingly intense depression. This shows in his work. "Work is not possible for me except in a red-hot element that wastes the life out of me," he writes. All of his great books were written under this strain and followed by a reaction into excessive fatigue. So in religious things this capacity for emotion was evinced in a small theology but a great faith. He lived daily in the thought of God. This shaped his thought, his work, his action. When the manuscript of the first volume of the "French Revolution"—the product of an unknown agony of toil—was burned soon after its completion, Carlyle cries out, "Oh that I had faith! Oh that I had. Then were there nothing too hard or heavy for me. Cry silently in thy inmost heart to God for it. Surely he will give it thee. At all events it is as if my invisible schoolmaster had torn my copy book when I showed it and said, 'No, boy! Thou must write it better.' What can I, sorrowing, do but obey,—obey and think it the best." Such faith as this gave him his power of steadfast endurance, of indomitable defiance of all circumstances; and in such faith too we find the source and expression of his boundless reverence. *"Wer darf Ihn nennen?"* he writes to Sterling, who quarreled somewhat with Carlyle's theology, "I dare not and do not."

Digitized by Google

Another phase of this emotion we see in his relations with his home people and with his wife,—a power for affection. His letters to them show a tenderness which the ruggedness of his life makes the more deep and precious and which in turn gives grace and human sweetness to the barren aloofness of his nature. Throughout his life he maintained an unswerving devotion to his home, wrote constantly, sent many gifts there, and often, wearied in mind and body, returned there for rest and comfort. In "Reminiscences" Carlyle expresses the love which he gave to his father, and both there and in his letters we are convinced that in spite of discords he held a deep and loyal affection for his wife. "My heart is very weary, wayworn too with fifty-three rough years behind me: but it is bound to thee, poor soul! as I can never bind it to any other."

Life never dealt kindly with Carlyle. Always there was allotted him a struggle for existence, coupled with public censure, private unhappiness, and constant ill-health. Such struggle might well have broken the spirit or soured the temper of the most fiery or the most placid of men. Upon Carlyle, considering him as a private individual in relation with others, it worked with most disastrous effect. His spirit it could not break,—but it could and did embitter his very existence until he cries, "It is not a joyous life. What life is?" Expressions of deep melancholy, of dissatisfaction with life, of restlessness, and mental as well as physical distress occur constantly in his letters and journal. They show a view of life at times harsh, always stern, graced sometimes by a pathetic humor and saved from utter despair only by a grasp of eternal things. "God is good," he says. "All this life is a heavenly miracle, great, though stern and sad."

Carlyle's faith, his conviction, is embodied in the practical gospel of work. He obeyed his own precepts and turned always from fruitless self-searchings to know what he could work at. Action to him was a necessity, physical as well as mental, in the early days of his life. Later he came to an abiding sense of his mission, of the mission of every man to work, and to do his best work. Though performed at a peculiar disadvantage, his duty was not unlovely to him, for it always possessed that charm of powerful excitement which he so coveted. In work, at least,

Digitized by Google

he found some relief from a melancholy which might easily have driven him mad or to suicide.

Such is the power of the character of Thomas Carlyle,—a power whose elements are a simple and sturdy sincerity, a deep emotional insight, an abiding religious faith, and a capacity for labor and for endurance.

The corresponding weakness is perhaps inevitable. With such power, and the consciousness of such power, few men could escape egotism. Carlyle did not. With all their beauty of style, their wealth of suggestiveness as to the man and his character, their interest for us, both relative and intrinsic, the Carlyle letters are wearisome because of their egotism. The full extent of this trait, less euphemistically called selfishness, we see perhaps only in his relations with his wife. He allowed her, a delicately constituted and nurtured woman, with brilliant intellect and a heart craving affection, to undergo for years the slow torture of overwork and neglect, in ministering to his comforts and fulfilling his wants. The story is too well known to make the repetition of painful details necessary or desirable. The facts are there. How are we to account for them? We must admit from all evidence that the selfishness was due to blindness rather than to will. This blindness had complex causes: prominent among them, Carlyle's supreme devotion to his work, to his mission in the world, which made no sacrifice, of himself or of another, too great. In addition, constant ill-health had increased the disposition of self-centeredness natural to a dominant personality; and we must remember in this connection that early home, where the man was the master of the house, and where Carlyle himself was humored, petted, and spoiled.

Other faults the man had,—an irritable temper, this again aggravated by ill health, an overbearing and dogmatic manner, with a certain scorn of all beings, living or dead, with one or two exceptions, a chronic inadaptability which made his present situation always the worst possible.

This may be laying too great a stress upon the weak points in a remarkable character. They are really beyond the reach of blame because absolutely unconscious. In the old phrase, Carlyle lived "according to

Digitized by Google

his light," and lived a courageous, steadfast, unutterably sad life, which well-nigh deserves the name heroic. It is easy, and is it not desirable, to blur over the weakness of the man; to dwell most entirely upon the conception, the idealized conception if one will, of his power and passion, so great even in the shadow of his brooding melancholy.

—Emily L. Covell, 1901.

BETTIE'S BACK YARD.

In the days when Bettie was a little girl, there was no place that appealed to her quite so much as her own back yard. It was neither a very large nor a very remarkable back yard. It was bounded on two sides by vacant lots, which Bettie regarded with mingled feelings of longing and fear,—longing because she was not allowed to play there, and fear because some of the older children had told her awe-inspiring tales of the strange animals that lurked within their borders, and of the policemen who sometimes came there when the boys played ball. On the other side lived the kind neighbor who kept chickens, and had an unlimited supply of peach and cherry trees. Few days in Bettie's calendar were marked with redder letters than those on which she was invited to pay a visit on the other side of the fence, for the purpose of inspecting the yellow balls of fuzz, which their owner assured her would in time be real chickens with feathers, or of testing the quality of the early Crawfords.

These were indeed gala days, to be long looked back upon, but such happiness was too much for every day. The *summum bonum* of ordinary life was, on a bright and joyous day, to be clad in the dress of the afternoon before, which one need feel no compunctions about soiling, and then to be told to run out and play in the back yard.

There were so many things one might do there. In the first place, there were always the flowers,—sweet peas, perfect thickets of them, and forests of poppies, and acres and acres of pansies, and sweet, old-fashioned pinks, and nasturtiums such as grew nowhere else. In June there were

Digitized by Google

the roses, but Bettie was not so fond of them on account of their thorns, and then in the fall there were asters and salvia and cosmos. Bettie liked the nasturtiums best of all. One could eat them, and the leaves made excellent salad for dolls' luncheons. The morning glories were favorites too, because one could make delightful pops with the faded blossoms.

Bettie's own little garden was a marvel. Here, under her older sister's direction, she sowed the letters of her mother's name in mignonette, and she will never forget the joy she felt one morning as she dragged her mother out before breakfast to see the first green, straggling traces of her name. There were some radishes for her father, a little clump of pinks for grandma, a border of parsley for the maid, and catnip for the cat. It must be confessed that Bettie's success in gardening was not what it might have been, owing to her innocent curiosity to see how both ends were growing.

Bettie always showed a commendable interest in the fruit trees. It was such fun to see the tiny green plums and pears grow and grow until they were golden and ripe, for Bettie to eat when she had been a very good girl. The chief interest about the cherry tree was the swing, which Bettie's father made for her one summer.

Between the back yard and the side yard was a lattice with a gate, which had many possibilities. The gate was a fine thing to swing on, and Bettie can remember now how she used to do this, and at the same time carry on conversations with some of her imaginary companions, of whom she had many. Where the lattice joined the fence there was a beautiful little pigeon-hole that made the best place imaginable to hide precious bits of china and stones.

One corner of the yard, by the back fence, was Bettie's undisputed domain. Here she and Archie, the little boy who lived across the way, used to dig deep holes, in search of the central fires, and many a time they called some of the elders down from their stupid, peaceful pursuits on the side piazza, to feel how warm the bottom of the hole was getting. Making wells was a favorite pursuit. A hole was dug, care being taken to make it as square as possible, and then it was lined with flat pieces of board. Water from the kitchen faucet was then poured in, but some-

Digitized by Google

how the well never seemed to be a permanent success. It was necessary to replenish the water supply quite often. Another sport devised by Archie was to dig up earthworms until quite a number were secured, wrap them up in newspaper and, then bury paper and worms in the earth. The point was to return some time later, dig the paper up, and see if the worms had managed to crawl out. It was invariably found that they had. Bettie would not recommend this diversion now. In the light of more recent knowledge it seems to her a little cruel.

One of the chief joys of Bettie's childhood was playing with what she then called "rotten stone," but which she now supposes to have been a kind of soft sandstone. It was dark brown, in appearance much like maple sugar, and so soft that it could easily be scraped with a knife. It abounded in the vacant lots, and Archie was always willing to secure large quantities of it. Its uses were numerous. It served of course as a substitute for sugar, and made a very superior kind of mud pies.

"Keeping store" was an amusement that never lost its charms. Stones of various sizes answered for potatoes, eggs, and many other things. Sand had almost as many uses as stones. Water was in turn milk, vinegar and molasses. Heads of Timothy grass made excellent bananas. The little green fruit of the common mallow, which Bettie called "cheeses," made a fine addition to the stock-in-trade, because they could actually be eaten. A shingle balanced on a brick, with stones for weights, served the purpose of scales. If a market was kept in connection with the grocery, steaks and chops were represented by leaves of various kinds.

But the times in the back yard which Bettie liked best, and which she loves most to recall now, were the quiet Sunday evenings in spring and fall, when the whole family would gather under the cherry tree, and read and talk together. Bettie would curl up in her father's lap, and he would tell her stories of what happened when he was a little boy, or recite poetry to her, of which he knew an almost inexhaustible amount. Bettie can recall now the thrills that used to go over her when he began, "The cold wind swept the mountain wild." At the end there were always two or three stories about Joseph or David or the little Christ child. Soon the sun would go down into the west, the stars would come

Digitized by Google

out one by one, and Bettie's head would sink lower and lower on her father's arm. In a little while she would dimly hear him say, "This little girl is about ready for bed." Then she would be borne around to give the elder people sleepy good-night kisses, and carried off to her little bed to dream strange dreams of the back yard.

—Helen C. Bowerman, 1901.

AN OLD ATTIC.

Soft footed shadows steal across the space
The sunshine touched but now to laughing light,
And in the quiet folding of the night
Lies all the lonely, long-forgotten place.
Lingering I gaze, and the faint outlines trace
Of ancient things, with love's illuming bright;
Lingering I gaze—till slow there shapes the sight
Of a fair, faintly seen and wistful face.

A slight form moves across the garret old.
What melody is drawn from yellowed keys?
Oh so bright form, and fading, fading fast,
As fades the evening sunshine, whose faint gold
So fled; the flax wheel stilled that turned. To these
Thine own I leave thee—vision of the Past.

—E. L. C., 1901.

YE PASTYMES OF YE MAYERS.

For some time all loyal Mount Holyoke daughters have been interested in the Elisabeth Miller Bardwell Fellowship Fund, and the undergraduates have not been behind the alumnæ in their efforts to secure the desired amount. The latest addition to the fund came from the pro-

Digitized by Google

ceeds of the May Day entertainment, which was under the supervision of the senior class, though members of all classes gave their hearty coöperation. It was planned originally to have the celebration on the first of May, but it was decided to postpone it until May 16, so that the guests who were here for the Inauguration might have an opportunity of witnessing the sports.

The committee in charge planned to reproduce as far as possible the sports and pastimes of an English May Day of the sixteenth century. Old manuscripts were consulted, old prints looked up, and much care taken to make all details historically accurate.

The day of the celebration was fine, though a trifle warm for those who spent the afternoon in a dragon's skin or the ermine-trimmed robe of a winter maiden. Early in the afternoon people began to stroll towards Prospect Hill, on whose summit the sports were held. At the bridge at the foot of the hill they were stopped by a gayly dressed gypsy, who offered the souvenir programme books for sale. These set forth in quaint, attractive form "Ye Pastymes of Ye Mayers," stating that "Against Maie, every parishe, towne and village assemble themselves together, even all indifferently." When one had reached the top of the hill, she was almost ready to believe this true, for besides the large number of students present, there were many guests from outside.

The first event of the afternoon was the procession, which started from the gymnasium, and wound slowly up the hillside. First came a band of gay little heralds, in green and white costumes. Then came a float representing a "mocke conteste" between "ye maydens of winter," and "ye maydens of summer." Spring flowers proved more effective than cotton snowballs, and the winter maidens were forced to acknowledge themselves defeated by Flora and her attendants. Then came the gods and goddesses of Rome, and Queen Elizabeth and her court, "ye women of note" being represented by the presidents and vice-presidents of the four classes. The Duchess of York conversed in a friendly manner with her ancient rival of Lancaster, and maidens from King Philip's court chatted in broken English with "ye early members of ye Blue Stocking."

A motley crowd of maskers and revelers followed the floats. Robin

Digitized by Google

Hood led the fair May Queen's pony, the milkmaids guided a lowing cow, and four "shepherdesses, faire and gay," devoted themselves to one poor lamb. The morice men in their fantastic costumes made a gay appearance, as did the band of gypsies. The "fantastic chimney sweepers" and the clowns with their donkey added to the grotesqueness of the effect. The dancers about the May pole and the actors in the various plays completed the procession.

The May pole dance came next, and the figures of the dancers, in their gay costumes, made a pleasing picture, as they wound the bright ribbons in and out. Following this dance two sets of plays were given simultaneously on different parts of the hill. These plays were repeated, so that all had an opportunity of seeing them.

"Ye Playes of St. George," taken from a book of pre-Shakespearian dramas, presented in realistic fashion the adventures of King Alfred, St. George, the Dragon, and other ancient favorites of the English stage. Two dances, that of the morice men and that of the gypsies, were given in connection with these plays.

The adventures of Robin Hood and his merry men were given in a series of four short plays, compiled from the Robin Hood ballads. A pretty dance by the milkmaids followed these plays. The last event of the afternoon was an old classical play, "The Arraignment of Paris." It was given on that part of the hill that the girls call "The Forest of Arden," and one could almost imagine herself transported to that mystic place, as she watched the figures flitting in and out among the trees, in the light of the setting sun.

The gods and goddesses vanished, and were replaced by mortal girls; perhaps one recognized her best friend beneath the dragon's skin or the clown's disguise; but still the feeling of the old-time charm was strong, and it was hard to bring one's self back to the realities of the twentieth century. —H. C. B., 1901.

Digitized by Google

IN SHORT.

AN OLD CHANSON.

(Adapted by Victor Hugo.)

THY door is yet unlatched, tho' day is born,
O my Beautiful, and dost thou still sleep on?
When wakes the rose,
Shouldst not thine eyes unclose?
O my Sweet,
Wake and hear
Thy lover's song
And heed his tear.

All life is knocking at thy door;
The morning says: "I am Aurore;"
The bird sings, "Harmony am I";
And, "I am Love," is what my heart doth cry.
O my Sweet,
Wake and hear
Thy lover's song
And heed his tear.

I love thee for the beauty of thy face;
I worship the grave pureness of thy grace.
The God who made me feel thee fair and sweet,
He was it made my life thro' thee complete.
O my Sweet,
Wake and hear
Thy lover's song
And heed his tear.

—ELIZABETH M. JELLIFFE, 1902.

Digitized by Google

Pirates.

It was one of those rainy days when music boxes won't work, dolls are naughty and fussy, and even rocking-horses balk. Bud and I had, after scurrying around most of the morning, just found something to do, when Aunt Jane came in and told us to stop splashing the water all over everywhere. We had to take our boats out of the bath tub and were sent up to the play-room. Bud and I had almost climbed the narrow flight of stairs to the attic when he said suddenly: "I 'll tell you what! If she won't let us play boats *with* water, let 's play without. We 'll have one big one so 's we can get in it, an' then we 'll be pirates, an' go off an' find lots of gold, an' never come back, unless Aunt Jane will say we can play in the bath tub."

But how could we make a boat big enough? my judicious mind inquired.

"Course you don't know, 'cause you 're a girl, but you just come with me—I 'll show you."

Just as if it was my fault because I was a girl! But Bud was scampering downstairs, and I was too anxious to find out what he was going to do to argue.

Downstairs, through the hall to the cellar door, then he turned and with his finger on his lips said, "We 've got to discover the ship and then capture it from some other pirates. Now I 'm the captain an' you 're my wife, an' "——

"No, I *won't* be your wife. I 'm going to be a captain too, so there!"

Here was mutiny; at the most critical moment, too! Bud looked at me and I looked at Bud. At last he said: "Well, if you won't be my wife, I s'pose you can be my lieutenant, but I think you 're mean."

I had no idea what a lieutenant was, but it sounded big, so I consented. On tiptoe, our hands shading our eyes, we began a tour of the cellar. Once I stepped on a dead coal; it crunched, and the whole place resounded. Bud turned around and said in awful tones, he 'd kill me if I was n't careful. On we went; I trembling with fear. Suddenly he stopped so unexpectedly that I bumped right into him, and a little squeal escaped me.

Digitized by Google

"There now! you must n't blame me if the pirates cut you up and eat you! After all the noise you 've made they know we 're here and maybe we can't conquer 'em. There they are now in that corner!"

I looked and saw what to me resembled a large packing box. But I was thoroughly cowed by this time and said nothing. Then with an awful shriek Bud charged at the unoffending packing case, and clambering in, called to me for help. In two seconds we were killing pirates by the hundreds and incidentally giving each other black eyes.

When all our foes were lying dead at our feet, we sat down to rest and talk over the battle. Bud said we went down in the cabin; he also said that the ship was in a very bad condition, and unless it was fixed up and we had some provisions, we might die.

"Now, you go up an' get Mary to give you some cookies an' I 'll mend the ship."

Hesitatingly, I climbed out, not quite sure whether I had rather not starve than ask Mary for the cookies. But Bud called out: "Ooh! there 's a great big whale coming after you." In terror I fled to the stairs.

When I came back Bud showed me over the ship, as a kind of a reward, I suppose. At one end he had fastened a broom, from which was suspended a big piece of burlap.

"When you were gone I found a cave full of diamonds an' now while I steer, you must load the ship with 'em." Then with a great air of mystery he led me to the coal bin. I shall never forget how hard I worked, how hot I was, nor how welcome the sound of the dinner bell was. Neither shall I forget what Aunt Jane said when we rushed into the dining room.

"You dirty, dirty girl! Why can't you keep clean, as Bud does?" Oh why indeed!

—Ina Clayton Atwood, 1904.

Digitized by Google

A Study in Color.

"We none of us enough appreciate the nobleness and sacredness of color. . . . Of all God's gifts to the sight of man, color is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn."

These words of Ruskin came into my mind as I sat under the trees, and literally drank in the beauty of the scene around me. A carpet of moss, shimmery green, lit up here by the beams of sunlight, here darkened by the shadows from the trees; dull quiet browns in the branches around me, relieved by the gray and bronzy lichens; farther up, where the branches spread, little tufts of leaves, delicately hung and daintily colored, yellows and greens, dignified by the rich red blooms of the maple; and above, beyond, through all and over all, that wonderful sea of azure, from which pours down this flood of sunlight, penetrating every nook and crevice, and making every blade of grass stand up in soldier-like fashion to bear this exacting scrutiny. In short, vivid green and blue, with shades of brown and yellow between, to soften the strong contrast,—a simple color scheme, but inexpressibly beautiful; so restful that it seems as if one could always look at it, yet so stimulating in its strength and vigor that one must needs be up and doing, so that it is not with entire regret that I hear the stroke of the bell calling me to the laboratory and to work.

A row of gleaming test tubes filled with colorless solutions, with the exception of a red or a green, a few prosaic-looking laboratory instruments, some acids and gay-colored crystals, and I am ready for Group III A. A little of this and a little of that, some heat and some shaking, and behold my row of test tubes! No longer the original solutions in them, but wonderful colors,—blues, variously described as Prussian blue, green, blue, gray-blue, red-brown, and blood reds, vivid yellows and clear white, and here, the last, my pet production, a deep greenish-blue above my filter-paper, and below, a beautiful peach-blossom tint, so exquisite in its coloring that we cannot but exclaim and wonder. The marvel grows when I discover that the results are always the same, governed by unchangeable law. But no more reverie! It is time to throw them away, and I feel like a destroyer as I pour the beautiful things out. I take up each one carefully, reverently, look at it and through it, and ask, Why? Why?

Digitized by Google

I am out under the trees again. The greens and blues are here just the same. Was the blue of the sky made the same way as I have made my blues, and is the yellow of the sunshine my chrome-yellow, and the green of the grass the chrome-green I started out with? I wonder. I sit down at the foot of the big tree, a monarch of its kind. Here is a violet blossom on each side of me. Why is one purple and the other white? There is a bright patch under the trees over there. I go, and discover a few pansies some one has dropped. Royal in their velvet, it seems as if all the color outdoors and in the laboratory is concentrated in them. Here is my chrome-yellow again, the magenta of my permanganic acid, the blood-red and red-brown of my iron, the deep blues and gray-blues,—all, all are here!

What was that?—"Color is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn"? I bow my head and wistfully ask, Why? Why?

—Florence Messer, 1902.

A FANCY.

Light and airy,
Fleet as a fairy,
Born of the sunshine, the dew and the rain,
Child of the rivers
Sun-wooed, the givers
Of life to the cloudy ethereal train,
Sprung from the glow bright
Masking the twilight,
Hiding with splendor the evening's fall,
Danceth a maiden
With robes sunset laden,
Fair as a dream 'gainst the glowing sky wall.
Treading a measure
In gay stately pleasure,

Digitized by Google

Spite of my fancy, she seemeth to be
Some rare picture story.
Flit from the glory,
Wraith of my dream-love, and float down to me.
—B. B. G., 1902.

THE child was alone a great deal but she was not lonely, for she had herself to play with and whole fields of summer beauty for a playground.

The Child and the Fairies.

She was an imaginative child and liked to tell stories to herself, pretending they were true until she really believed them. One of her favorite "pretends" was about the fairies. She had been told there were no fairies nowadays, but why not? If they lived in the Green Fairy Book, why should n't they live in the beautiful green world? Especially when there were such dainty moss tables spread with tiny red cups, just suited to fairy fingers.

One day the child lay beneath her favorite tree beside the brook, dreamily watching the fluffy clouds drift lazily across the blue. She was thinking about the fairies and wondering where they kept themselves. She was a "mortal," she knew; at least that was what the fairies called the maidens in the Green Fairy Book, and mortals nowadays were not permitted to see the fairies, but that was n't because they were n't there, only because there were no kind godmothers to tell them how. And then the child felt lonely, because there was no godmother, and no playfellow to take counsel with.

Just then the swaying tendril of a wild grapevine which stretched lightly over her head from maple to birch tree, waved gently in the soft air. The child sprang up,—why of course! That must be the fairies' telephone. Had n't mother told her just yesterday all about the wonderful invention and how convenient it was to be able to talk to people, whom you could n't see? *She* could n't see the fairy people but she could talk to them. Softly she tiptoed to the nearest end of the vine and with eager little face bent close, whispered softly:—

"Dear fairies, I love you and want you to love me, but I can't see

Digitized by Google

you, because I 'm a mortal. I wanted to send you a message and tell you that I am all alone and want you to be friends with me. If you hear, won't you please pull the wire?"

A stronger puff of wind danced the vine more quickly than before and to the simple belief of the child it was certain proof.

She was alone no longer, for she had found the fairies.

—Ethel Stirling Osgood, 1901.

A ROMANCE.

I followed the brook as she hurried along
And sang to herself a sweet, murmuring song.
I knew 't was a love song, though hidden the words,
For the sounds were as tender as wooing of birds.

Then I said: "Lady Brook, will you tell me, I pray,
To whom you are hasting so gladly to-day?"
But the brook only dimpled by way of reply,
And hid in the grove, from my questioning eye.

As I followed, still hoping the lover to see,
She came to a river deep-hearted and free.
With passionate impulse that nothing could stay.
She leaped to his arms, and he bore her away.

—Rowena Keith Keyes, 1902.

An Incident.

Save for the busy crackling of fire and occasional hitch of a chair or rattle of newspaper, there was a profound stillness in the little country drug store. The two proprietors sat with chairs tilted on hind legs and crossed feet resting high on the barrel of the stove while they devoured the day's news and waited for a customer. Soon shuffling footsteps, followed by a noisy raising of the

Digitized by Google

latch, broke the silence. With a rush of damp May air, a tall, loosely-jointed young Swede, paint bespattered from head to foot, entered the store. His empty red face lighted up with a broad genial grin as he fumbled a little with the latch and bade the two a cheerful "Go-mornin'." The proprietors looked questioningly at each other for a minute and then the younger, seeing no inclination on the other's part, reluctantly drew down his feet and lounged lazily behind the show case. The Swede had already taken his stand before the straw colored wooden box which annually exhibited alluring packages stamped with splendid blood red beets and rosebushes borne to the ground with much flowering.

Pointing with a long red forefinger to a package on which gay-colored poppies were blooming galore, the would-be purchaser demanded the price in an uncertain mumble. "Ten cents," replied their owner in a noncommittal voice. For a few moments the Swede, with his guileless face all tied up in thoughtful frowns, carefully considered the matter. But it was a knotty problem and he shifted from one great foot to the other, while his red face grew redder yet.

At last he looked helplessly up at the proprietor and in his jerky, hesitating English begged to be told if those flowers were suitable for his little baby's grave,—he and his little woman wanted something, they did n't know what, and they could n't pay much, but they wanted *something*. While the man was speaking the proprietor's face had undergone a transformation. Without a word, he handed to the Swede a package of a white "ever-blooming" variety. One by one the purchaser drew from a dirty string-tied wallet five one-cent pieces and carefully deposited them on the show case. His great red hands made two or three attempts before they could grasp the thin little package and lower it gently into a worn side pocket. For some minutes after the last shuffling footstep had died away, only the crackling fire could be heard in the room. One man stood with his hands in his trousers pockets, gazing straight through the window at the muddy water hurrying down the gutter, but he did not see the water or the gutter. The other stared hard at striking two-inch headlines without knowing they were there. "Say, Frank," declared one as he slowly wheeled about, "I believe Olsen will settle up in time. It 's been a mighty hard season for him with so much rain.

Digitized by Google

I say we tell Thatcher not to serve that attachment just yet." For a second the two looked into each other's eyes. "There 's a postal there on the desk, you can write to Thatcher while I finish the paper." A pen scratched busily for a few minutes and it was done.

—Rena E. Barron, 1901.

Before the Exam.

It was at dinner table the day before the dreaded English Lit Exam.

"Well I guess it will be a tragedy for most of us."

" 'A Comedy of Errors,' rather."

"Not 'As You Like It,' anyhow."

"Well, this certainly is n't 'Much Ado About Nothing.' "

"I should send her some flowers to propitiate her, but I fear it would be 'Love's Labor Lost.' "

A Chemistry Tale.

The Sophomore snatched her blue-book—its contents all unknown—from the pile on the lecture-room table, and dashed precipitately down the stairs, avoiding the group at the door. Alone in the grove, she glanced within; then throwing herself upon the ground, she dissolved in tears. Her handkerchief was soon saturated with the salt solution, yet the supply did not seem to be reduced. "Alas!" she sobbed in acid tones, "I have failed the test! I have no affinity for study—that element was left out of my composition. I try to concentrate my mind, but with no result. There is n't an atom of hope for me!" And her grief seemed unalloyed.

But the sunshine, filtering through the density of the boughs overhead, shed its neutralizing influence upon her woe; the breeze experimented with her flying hair and a reaction set in. Her volatile spirits reasserted themselves and a change was effected. Springing up, she dashed away to the tennis court and the occurrence was forgotten.

—M. L. Richardson, 1903.

Digitized by Google

THE FANTASIE ON THE HOLYOKE COLLEGE SONG.

FORTH from the organ rolls the well loved theme;
Then soft repeated once and yet again
Brings thoughts of friendship and of twilight, when
We find communion as we hope and dream.
But now the harmonies in struggling stream
Rush headlong, and our hearts feel sudden thrill
Of strenuous life, of grief and joy, while still
Through all, and all uniting, sounds the theme.

The prelude of the fantasie of life
Must end; yet soft repeated to our ears
Shall come the theme we loved in college years,
Life's mad on-rushing harmonies above,
Interpreting in beauty all their strife,—
The simple theme of duty, truth, and love.

—R. K. K., 1902.

THE LITERARY DIGEST.

Curious Cakes and Adam's Ale.[1]

Penelope's English Experiences.

Cream together a cupful of cheerful view of life with one of international love story, and add several lively anecdotes (hitherto unpublished), six cupfuls interesting description, a large tablespoonful of genuine humor, and enough flowing style to make a smooth paste. Flavor with extract of rose, and bake in a small loaf. Make a cream of dialect frosting, and ornament the top with some sly hits.

This favorite recipe has been recently varied by substituting extract of thistle or shamrock for that of rose, thus producing Scotch or Irish experiences.

Digitized by Google

Take a cupful of Revolutionary history and half a cupful of queer characters. Place a mysterious heroine in the center, and stir all together with a couple of foils. When well mixed add, one at a time, several Indian adventures of high improbability, and bake. When cold, fill with a custard made of warmest affections well flavored with sentimentality.

Eclairs a la Alice of Old Vincennes.

Boil together a few Hebrew ideas of uncertain date, a large handful of nineteenth-century Anglo-Saxon reflections, and a young sprig of American enterprise. Keep it from the light for several months, then, when plenty of irreverence has been mixed in to make it sparkle well, it is ready for use.

Adam's Diary.

—J. B.,1902.

QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER.

Much has been said recently about the demand for some fiction other than the historical novel. That branch of literature has been largely represented in the last few years, and while the books are, as a rule, well written and popular, their very nature gives them a certain sameness. Perhaps it was a consideration of this general desire for "something different" that caused the writing and publication of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," a recent addition to the list of American novels. "Different" it surely is, but in such a way that its popularity—if that be measured by the sales—is difficult to explain.

A Book Review.

The part usually played by the plot of a novel is in this case supplied by several familiar stories—the infant rescued from shipwreck, who eventually proves to be the "daughter of a hundred earls"; the young authoress whose first stories are eagerly accepted by leading publishers, whose dramas are played to crowded theaters; the poor young amanuensis who suddenly finds herself the long-lost niece of a wealthy Frenchwoman. Through this assortment of romances, calmly rides the hero apparently untrammeled by any plot of his own. His function seems to be to scatter five and ten dollar bills among the "Mason's Cor-

Digitized by Google

ner folks," to provide gowns, carriages, and refreshments for village weddings—in short, to play "My Lord Bountiful" generally. He it is who causes the daughter of an earl to learn her identity and find her grandfather, who restores the long-lost niece to her aunt. He cheerfully acts as amanuensis for the young authoress in her temporary blindness, brings her work before the publisher, then ends by marrying her—the only thing possible under the circumstances. There are no obstacles which, aided by his father's wealth, he does not gracefully overcome, and our last glimpse of him is as the Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The style of the book is not unlike the subject-matter. There is, apparently, no attempt at force or beauty. There is no suspense, no wonder aroused as to the final outcome of any incident. The different events are simply related one after the other, with an attention to detail that becomes very monotonous. We are told, for example, the exact dimensions of a certain woodshed, though the building is quite unimportant and but once or twice mentioned. A certain room is minutely described, the exact number of tables and chairs, the pattern of the carpet. We naturally conclude that some Sherlock Holmes detective work is to be done there, but no, it is simply a room where the heroine happens once to spend a few moments. The different hours at which Mr. Sawyer, the hero, rises and retires are carefully given; and each time he parts from any young lady of his acquaintance it is recorded that he gave "her little hand a quick, firm pressure."

Without interest of plot or characters, without force or beauty of style, what has this book to justify its existence? The little bits of philosophy, the few amusing situations or incidents are so buried in the mass of dry details and stupid conversations, it is real labor to find them. There are some interesting pictures of New England life of thirty years ago, but more interesting pictures can be found in other New England stories. The teaching is not helpful, such a false estimate is given of what is worth while in life.

On the whole "Quincy Adams Sawyer" deserves but a brief career, and it is to be hoped that it will receive its deserts.

—Ruth Thomas, 1901.

Digitized by Google

EDITORIAL.

PERHAPS there were few of us who, after listening to the addresses on Inauguration Day, did not come away asking ourselves whether it is true, as was hinted in one of the speeches, that the highest intellectual culture for woman along such lines as science, mathematics, and the ancient languages is detrimental to her womanliness, destructive to a certain grace and sweetness inherent in the highest conception of her character. In other words, does the college woman of to-day sacrifice her inheritance of gracious courtesy to her desire for knowledge and because of her attainment of it? We do not wish to think so, we would far rather believe otherwise, and yet we must acknowledge that the college woman is too ready to emphasize this intellectual side of her life to the neglect of the æsthetic element. It is not strange that this is so. Courtesy in the world outside the campus is far too swiftly being trampled down in the rush of twentieth-century life; why should not the same influence be felt inside college walls? The spirit of hurry is here and its result is the same as elsewhere. In our haste for intellectual culture we do not take time to be courteous, for courtesy, like all things of real value, requires time. In theory we all admire it, we appreciate its worth and the indescribable touch of beauty it gives to life, we know women in college circles who are the living embodiment of it; but in everyday life we push our way through the crowd to the mail, hurry to an examination in Williston regardless of the people we jostle against, sit speechless through an entire meal in a brown study over some impending zoölogy lecture, pack our trunks in self-centered haste, monopolizing all the baskets, and say when conscience gives us an uncomfortable prick, "Oh, I really didn't have time, I was in such a hurry."

Yet it is all a matter of perspective. In the days of our Puritan grandmothers the moral side of woman's nature was cultivated to the exclusion of all else; later the æsthetic element tempered and beautified that stern morality; now the intellect has claimed its right to con-

Digitized by Google

sideration. When we think for how short a time this new culture has been possible we cannot wonder that for many women it fills almost the whole field of vision, nor doubt that, with the vindication of woman's right to the highest intellectual culture already secure, will come also a transition to a more perfect union of these three sides of her nature in one harmonious whole, where the æsthetic shall sweeten and soften the intellectual and the moral—a union already attained in the ideal and to some extent, at least, in the actual.

In the course of her Inaugural Address President Woolley said, "A synonym for college woman should be gentlewoman." There is an old-time graciousness and beauty that clings to the word gentlewoman, and the woman who would not warp her nature cannot afford to leave the lesson of courtesy out of her college course.

We all know that a knowledge of current history is an important factor in a general education. Yet we also know that most of us have but a poor understanding of what is going on in the world while we are at college. A visit to the Current Events Club, with its scanty attendance of perhaps two or three dozen, will convince one that interest in public events is not great and a little inquiry among the students will disclose the open secret that the average girl does not read the newspapers. Perhaps she enters the reading room in a spare moment before chapel and picks up the *Republican*. Probably she turns first to the column of local news and satisfies her curiosity about Holyoke, then in the time that is left she looks at the columns of more general interest. But before she has got more than the most cursory outline of the news, the chapel bell is tolled and she leaves the reading room, not to return again that day. She has spent perhaps five minutes in trying to comprehend the problems that all the world is puzzled over. And so on for the four years of her college career. Unless her interest is stimulated by some special course of study that necessitates the reading of the paper, or is aroused by some particular event like the campaign of

Digitized by Google

last autumn, she does not keep informed about world topics. Consequently she loses practically all that goes on during her course, four years of history of the most vital importance, and which cannot be recovered if once lost. The place in her intelligence that should be filled by it remains a blank.

The reason for this lack of interest is not hard to find. We are not immediately affected by what happens outside, for college life is first of all self-sufficient. Practically all our interests are centered here, nearly everything we need for four years is supplied for us in South Hadley, and we seldom come into contact with the larger happenings of the world. College life can go on just the same whatever the state of politics may be in New York or Chicago, or whichever way the war in South Africa may be turning. We can get along very comfortably without thinking of these matters and so we slight them and spend our valuable free time in other ways, our free time, we say advisedly, for most of us regard the news as a sort of luxury to be indulged in only in spare moments.

Yet though the neglect of reading the paper can be accounted for, it remains a serious neglect. Aside from the broadening and humanizing influence it has on a girl's mind, in showing her the aspirations and failures of other people, and the important practical value it has of showing her the connection between actual life and the theoretical knowledge she possesses, it makes very little difference to her while she is in college. But she will feel the difference keenly as soon as she gets into active life. The world at large is interested in current events, they are the neutral subjects upon which every one can talk and does talk,and if the college girl is unable to show an intelligent interest in them because she has not taken the trouble to follow their issue day by day, she will find herself in an awkward situation, to say the least, whether she is in society, teaching or at home.

Digitized by Google

COMMENCEMENT.

MOUNTAIN DAY.

MOUNTAIN Day this year came at the very first of the Senior vacation, Monday, June the tenth. As usual, the various committees left early in the day, and other parties went at different times during the morning and afternoon. Every one arrived in time for supper, however, and with the toasts, we felt that Mountain Day had really begun. Lavinia Rose presided as toastmistress. In the evening the entertainment provided by the committee for that time was followed by a dance, and at twelve came the class meeting. This occasion was less solemn than the circumstances would indicate.

Florence Phillips presided at breakfast, which was followed by the arrival of Professor and Mrs. Hammond, together with the mail. The varied assortment of letters and messages was much enjoyed, and the class proceeded to pass judgment upon the work of the grind committee. Every one received such a very liberal dose herself, however, that the critical spirit was rather dampened. During the morning the class also heard the class history, as compiled by Emily Covell, and the class prophecy, wherein Mabel Judd indeed looked into the seeds of time. Surely when Rossetti remarked that the future was a "sealed seed-plot," he did not foresee Miss Judd.

Anna Moore was toastmistress at dinner, where we were both grave and gay. During the afternoon girls wandered off by twos and threes to revisit the place where they had learned their class yell some three years before, or seen their first ovenbird, or enjoyed some particularly hilarious or otherwise time. Then every one left, with singing and laughter, and perhaps a few tears. Nineteen One's Senior Mountain Day was ended. —E. L. C., 1901.

SUNDAY, JUNE 16—BACCALAUREATE SERVICE.

Sermon by the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D.

MONDAY—IVY DAY.

11.00 A. M.—Ivy Exercises.

1. Grove Exercises.
   Song.—Rose Alden.
2. Planting of the Ivy.
   Ivy Song—Helen Bowerman.

Digitized by Google

4.30 P. M.—Junior Play, "Twelfth Night."

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Orsino, Duke of Illyria,.....MAE BROCK
Sebastian, brother to Viola,.....BLANCHE HORTON
Antonio, friend to Sebastian,.....ALICE LITTLE
Sea Captain, friend to Viola,.....BLANCHE HAMSON
Valentine, friend to Duke,.....ELIZABETH BRIGHAM
Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia,.....GRACE GILMAN
Malvolio, steward to Olivia,.....RUTH HOLMES
Fabian, servant to Olivia,.....GERTRUDE GARLAND
Feste, a clown,.....LOUISE GILMAN
Viola,.....ELIZABETH GULICK
Olivia,.....BLANCHE HELLYAR
Maria,..... KATE FISHER

8.00 P. M.—Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Club Concert.

TUESDAY—ALUMNÆ DAY.

10.00 A. M.—Alumnæ Meeting.

Programme:

Organ Solo,
Business Meeting,
Vocal Solo,
Paper on Art, by Miss Elizabeth H. Denio, Ph.D.
Alumnæ Song.

SUBJECTS CONSIDERED AT THE BUSINESS MEETING.

Action upon the proposed amendments to Articles VII, VIII, and XII of the constitution. (See annual report for 1900.) Action upon the plan of organization and administration adopted for trial during the past year. (See annual report for 1900.) Action upon the completion of the Bardwell Memorial Fellowship Fund. Reconsideration of the new method of voting for the nomination of alumnæ trustees, as given in clause 2 of report of committee, in annual report for 1899. Plans for securing the coöperation of *all* local associations in the fulfillment of our pledge for the Athens School, and also in the carrying out of the recommendation of the General Association in 1898, that the local associations incorporate into their constitutions an article providing that ten per cent. of their membership fees be sent to the treasurer of the General Association to defray expenses of printing, stationery, postage, and voting for alumnæ trustee. Election of a Secretary. Election of one member to the Board of Directors.

Digitized by Google

2.00-4.00 P. M.—Class Reunions.

4.00-5.00 P. M.—Reception to the Alumnæ—in the grove.

5.00-7.00 P. M.—Alumnæ Banquet.

6.30 P. M.—Step Exercises.

8.00 P. M.—Senior Dramatics, Tennyson's "Foresters."

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Robin Hood,.... .....LAVINIA ROSE
King Richard,.. .....CHARLOTTE HUNT
Prince John,.....MABEL WARREN
Little John,..... .....ANNA MOORE
Will Scarlet,.....JANE KENDALL
Friar Tuck,..... .....FRANCES MAY
Much, ...MARY HOFFMEIER
A Justiciary,.....CLARA HIRST
Sheriff of Nottingham,.... .....LUCY HARRIS
Abbot of St. Mary's,..... ..SARAH DEMAREST
Sir Richard Lee,.....MABEL JUDD
Maid Marian,.... .....SUE HAPGOOD
Kate, ...MARGARET STEEN

WEDNESDAY—COMMENCEMENT DAY.

11.00 A. M.—Sixty-fourth Annual Commencement.
Address by Dr. James Canfield, Librarian of Columbia University.

4.00 P. M.—Organ Recital by Prof. William C. Hammond.

8.00 P. M.—President's Reception to the Class of 1901.

DEPARTMENT NOTES

THE LIBRARY.

THE number of volumes added within the year has already reached 1243; of these 230 are periodicals, 688 are volumes purchased, and 325 are gifts.

Especially noteworthy among the purchases of the year are the back volumes of periodicals which complete, or nearly complete, library sets. These are the American Chemical Journal, Chemical News, Science, Pedagogical Seminary, American Journal of Psychology, Mind, American Journal of Physiology, and American Mathematical Society Bulletin. A few more of the

Digitized by Google

larger acquisitions are Larousse: Grand Dictionaire Universel; Laplace: Mecanique Celeste; George Washington: Writings; Duruy: History of Rome and the Roman People; Goedeke: Grundriss zur Geschichte der Deutschen Dichtung; Rashdall: Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages; and Malory: Le Morte Darthur, edited by H. O. Sommer.

The individual donors are Miss Susan Anthony, Rev. S. G. Barnes, Miss Ellen S. Bulfinch, Mrs. Julietta Cooley Canfield, Mrs. Jonas Gilman Clark, Edwin W. Davis, Mrs. A. E. Douglas, Miss Mary F. Farnham, Miss N. E. Goldthwaite, Rev. Lewis Grout, Mrs. H. F. Gulliver, Miss Alice J. Hamlin, Miss Mary F. Leach, Mrs. E. S. Mead, A. L. Murdock, Miss M. O. Nutting, Miss Helen M. Searles, A. E. Winship, Henry Wood. From the Smithsonian Institution, the United States and state governments have come one hundred and eighty-six volumes and some pamphlets; from publishers, twelve volumes; from different institutions, twenty-one bound volumes, and a large number of pamphlets. The University of the State of New York has sent, as in previous years, many of its valuable publications. Twenty-eight volumes for the Sunday Library have been purchased with money given for this purpose by Mrs. B. B. Edwards. The Class of '95, in memory of Marian Leavitt Davidson and Grace Nye Herbert, presented Ruskin's Modern Painters, Seven Lamps of Architecture, and Stones of Venice, nine volumes in all, in the best, large paper edition, with the author's drawings. This was a gift for which there had been especial need, since students find Ruskin as artist the interpreter of Ruskin as author. The largest gift of the year is Hubert Howe Bancroft's Works, left to us by the will of Mrs. Julietta Cooley Canfield of the Class of 1844. This is the authority for the history of the Pacific States, including Mexico, Central America, British Columbia, and Alaska, and has made available to scholars a great mass of manuscript and hitherto unwritten material. It will be of especial value to the students who do research work in history. The set is in thirty-nine volumes, in the finest bindings.

There have been two or three responses to the request for Mount Holyoke catalogues previous to 1897. Some of the alumnæ have sent to the library copies of their own publications, but the collection is not complete. We would extend a very earnest appeal to all alumnæ to make their Alma Mater the richer by whatever they have added to the world of letters or the sum of knowledge. The publications of the seminary, the college, the students and the alumnæ will make a library of great interest and value.

HISTORY OF ART.

On Inauguration Day a gift to the college was announced of full membership in the Egypt Exploration Fund, to which Mount Holyoke has previously been a subscriber.

Digitized by Google

This timely and delightful gift secures to the library of the Dwight Memorial Art building the continued series of valuable publications, illustrating the work of exploration in Egypt, conducted by the Fund. Our thanks are due to the generous donor, Miss Mary A. Dickinson, Romeo, Michigan, non-graduate of the class of '50.

A "Purchase List" of the casts required for the Dwight Memorial Art building is now ready, giving the name and price of each object. Further announcement will be made soon as to the character and purpose of the list.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE Goddess of Music has held almost uninterrupted sway this month, a goodly number of the events of the past few weeks having been either concerts or recitals. By far the most important of these was the concert, on the tenth, by Leonora Jackson, the famous American violinist. Miss Jackson was assisted by Josephine Elburna, soprano, and Selden Pratt, pianist. The programme was exceptionally well rendered and was enjoyed by one of the most enthusiastic audiences of the year. The programme:

1. Scherzo, B flat minor,.....*Chopin*
   MR. PRATT.
2. Waltz Song,.....*Arditi*
   MISS ELBURNA.
3. Concerto No. 4, D minor,.....*Vieuxtemps*
   (*a*) Introduction and Cadenza.
   (*b*) Adagio religioso.
   (*c*) Finale, allegro marziale.
   MISS JACKSON.

INTERMISSION.

4. Largo, for Violin, Piano, and Organ,.....*Handel*
   MISS JACKSON, MR. PRATT AND MR. HAMMOND.
5. (*a*) Romance,.....*Rubinstein*
   (*b*) Toccata,..... *Sgambati*
   MR. PRATT.

Digitized by Google

6. (*a*) Nocturne (D flat),.....*Chopin—Sarasate*
   (*b*) Humoresque (Russian),.....*Tschaikowsky*
   (*c*) Madrigale (Italian),.....*Simonetti*
   (*d*) Zephyr, ...*Hubay*

MISS JACKSON.

7. Songs,
   (*a*) May Morning,.....*Denza*
   (*b*) "Ouvre tes yeux bleux,".....*Massenet*
   (*c*) The Maiden's Wish,.....*Chopin*

MISS ELBURNA.

8. Ronde des Lutins (Hobgoblin Dance),.....*Bazzini*

MISS JACKSON.

Somewhat of a novelty was the recital, on the evening of the third, given by Herr Wilmar Robert Schmidt of Berlin, on the Janko keyboard. The programme, which was of a varied character, was so arranged as to bring out the peculiar advantages of the Janko over the old keyboard, and was interesting on that account.

Safford Hall, and a few invited guests, are indebted to the Misses Stevens for a most delightful "Hour of Music," given on the afternoon of the eighth, by Mr. George W. Steele and Mrs. M. F. Marks of Hartford, Conn. A second piano was secured for the occasion, and the following programme very artistically rendered:

1. Quintette, Op. 16,.....*Beethoven*

Arranged for two pianos.

Grave. Allegro ma non troppo.
Andante cantabile.
Rondo, allegro ma non troppo.

2. Menuet, ...*Mozart*

Arranged for two pianos.

3. Aufforderung zum Tanz, Op. 65,.....*Weber*

Arranged for two pianos.

4. Barcarolle, Op. 60,.....*Schytté*

Arranged for two pianos.

5. Belisario, Op. 27,.....*Goria*

For two pianos.

One of the most enjoyable recitals of the term was that given on the tenth, in honor of the Senior Class, by Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hammond, assisted by Miss

Digitized by Google

Flora Beeching, a very pleasing soprano, and Mr. Frank Flanagan, violinist. A reception in the parlors of Pearsons Hall followed immediately after the recital, and was attended by a large number of the Seniors and their invited guests. The programme follows:

1. Symphony in B minor, No. 8,.....*Schubert*
   Arranged for piano and organ.
   I. Allegro moderato.
   II. Andante con moto.
2. Aria, Farewell, ye Hills (The Maid of Orleans),.....*Tschaikowsky*
   Miss Beeching.
3. (*a*) Caprice, Alceste,.....*Gluck—Saint-Saens*
   (*b*) Barcarolle, No. 3,.....*Rubinstein*
   (*c*) Gavotte, ...*Gabrilowitsch*
   Arranged for piano and organ.
4. Romance, ...*Saint-Saens*
   For violin, piano, and organ.
   Mr. Flanagan.
5. Songs, (*a*) "Greeting,".....*Hawley*
   (*b*) "The Fairy Lullaby,".....*Mrs. H. H. Beach*
   Miss Beeching.
6. (*a*) Serenade, ...*Widor*
   (*b*) Pas des Fleurs,.....*Delibes*
   Arranged for piano and organ.

On the following Friday Professor Hamilton C. McDougall of Wellesley College gave an organ recital here, a pleasant return for the one given by Mr. Hammond at Wellesley the week before. The programme was rather unusual, comprising, as it did, the three schools, German, American, and English, with an entire absence of the French. The programme:

Prelude and Fugue on the name Bach,.....*J. S. Bach*
Prelude in B flat minor, from the Well Tempered Clavichord,
Book I,.....*J. S. Bach*
Allegro pomposo in B flat (from the Sixth Concerto, Third Set), *G. F. Handel*
Air with Variations (Posthumous, printed in 1898),..... *Mendelssohn*
Allegro in D minor, Op. 29, No. 2,.....*Arthur Foote*
Nocturne, Op. 6, No. 1,.....*Russell King Miller*
Canzonetta, Op. 36, No. 1,.....*H. W. Parker*
Concert-piece in E flat, Op. 17, No. 1,.....*H. W. Parker*

Digitized by Google

"On a Bass" (Variations on a Ground Bass),.....*Sir John Stainer*
Pastorale in E major,.....*E. H. Lemare*
Fantasia on Themes from Weber's Quartette (piano and strings), in B flat,.....*Dr. E. H. Turpin*

The Guilmant Club of Holyoke gave a very enjoyable concert on the twenty-fourth. The club is a French organization and studies exclusively French music and composers. The programme, consisting of vocal, piano and organ numbers, was entirely French, and consequently somewhat lighter than our usual recital programmes, but none the less enjoyable on that account.

The two vesper services on May twelfth and June ninth were as well attended and as thoroughly enjoyed as usual. The first was almost entirely a musical service, and the choir, which had been doing especially hard work in preparation for the Inauguration, showed a marked improvement in chorus work.

The Inauguration (for a full account of which, see the special Inaugural number of the MOUNT HOLYOKE) took, of course, the prominent place in the events of the month. Beside that there were, however, the usual number of social events, large and small.

Psi Omega had its second delightful literary and social evening on the twenty-first, when Miss Edith Welsh, of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., gave an hour of dramatic readings. Mrs. Bourdon met the Seniors on the afternoon of the fourteenth and gave a very interesting informal talk on the Alumnæ Association, dwelling chiefly on its aims and privileges. We were fortunate in having with us, the first three days of June, Miss Effie K. Price, Secretary of the Student Department of the National Y. W. C. A., who spoke informally to the students and conducted the regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. on the afternoon of the second.

The first lawn party of the year was given the twenty-second by 1904 in honor of the seniors. The grove was turned into a fairyland by means of several hundred Japanese lanterns, and made comfortable by the aid of divans and numberless sofa pillows, while the music of the Second Regiment Band of Springfield gave enjoyment, not only to the two classes for whom it was primarily intended, but to the whole college as well.

The Sophomore-Senior banquet came off this year on the twenty-eighth, in the dining room of Pearsons Hall, and was thoroughly enjoyed by both classes. Decorations of white roses transformed the hall, and the soft music of an orchestra filled the air with harmonies. Not the least enjoyable event of the evening was the informal talk given by President Woolley, who is an honorary member of 1903.

Digitized by Google

The annual Junior Prom. was given this year, as usual, in the gymnasium, on June fifth. The music was perfect, and the decorations in white, to which red roses lent the requisite touch of color, as artistic as could be desired. Supper was served in Wilder and was as enjoyable as the rest of the affair.

The celebrations in honor of "Ye merrie month of Maie" were begun on the afternoon of May first, when the seniors covered themselves with glory by planning and carrying to a triumphant finish the one and only "County Fair" of the year, with all its necessary adjuncts of pink lemonade, peanuts and popcorn. There were exciting chariot races, thrilling horseback races, and all the rest of a circus programme,—to say nothing of the side shows, which were literally "too numerous to mention," comprising, as they did, the "Capture of Aguinaldo," "The Snake Charmer," and others familiar to every one. The celebrations were continued on the sixteenth, when the regular May-day festivities occurred.

The annual field day events were held on the twenty-second, the place being the field near the bridge. This is the first time that field day has been entirely under the supervision of the gymnasium instructors, also the first time that the competitors have undergone systematic training, and the improvement in both records and form was marked. The events were the 50 and the 75 yard dash, the running broad and high jump, the low hurdle, throwing the ball, and both single and double oar boat races. The sophomores, who already held the basket-ball championship, won forty-one points, the freshmen, twenty-four, and the juniors, seven, making 1903 the all-around athletic champions of the year.

June fifth was the date set for Freshman Mountain Day, and a large number of the class had a pleasant outing on Mount Holyoke.

Still the Safford Hall Library grows. The set of Temple Shakespeare is now complete, and the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary in Russia binding, with several other books, have been received—all from the Boston friends.

The Debating Society still flourishes. At the closed chapter meetings on May fourth and June ninth, informal and impromptu debates were held. The fourth open interchapter debate took place on the eighteenth. The question as stated read, "*Resolved,* That Lady Macbeth is the villain of the play." Miss Emily Covell, 1901, and Miss Rachel Riley, 1902, debated for *Τό μὲν* on the affirmative; Miss Florence Wilder, 1901, and Miss Beth Gilchrist, 1902, for *Τό δὲ* on the negative. The vote of the judges was in favor of the negative on the merits of the debate, while the house went for the affirmative on the merits of the question. *Τό δὲ* has now won all of the four interchapter debates held this year. In a closed meeting after the debate the society listened to a short and very interesting talk by Mr. Huntington of Harvard, who had been invited to act as the critic of the evening.

Digitized by Google

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

THE annual meeting of the Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association of Boston and Vicinity was held on Saturday afternoon, May eighteenth, at the Hotel Vendome. The following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year: For president, Mrs. J. Frederick Hill of Cambridge; vice-presidents, Mrs. D. B. O. Bourdon, Mrs. George G. Phipps, Mrs. Walter R. Dyer; recording secretary, Miss Grace M. Burt; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Mary I. Fuller; assistant corresponding secretary, Miss Helen I. Kendall; reporting secretary, Miss Ruth S. Arnold; treasurer, Miss Harriet B. Harmon; auditor, Dr. Elizabeth I. Samuel; directors, for one year, Mrs. George T. Buffum, Mrs. Charles L. Kingsbury, Miss N. Eveline Coolidge; for two years, Miss Caroline L. White, Miss A. Josephine Forehand, Miss Kate L. Adams; for three years, Mrs. M. D. Kneeland, Mrs. H. H. Leavitt, Miss Jane S. Tower. Mrs. Bourdon, the retiring president, presided, and in a few well chosen words thanked the association for the help and support which had been given her during the three years of her service as president. Mrs. Mary I. Fuller, in behalf of the association, expressed their appreciation of Mrs. Bourdon's able leadership and devotion to her work. The new president, Mrs. Hill, very gracefully accepted her new office, and by a rising vote all the members present pledged her their hearty co-operation and support. A most interesting account of the inauguration of President Woolley was given by Mrs. Frank Benner for the benefit of those who could not be present at the college on that occasion. A very pretty gift from the students at Safford Hall, a book containing a number of souvenir views and representing the work of the girls themselves, was presented to the association by Mrs. Bourdon. After the business meeting, a musicale was given, for which dainty illuminated programmes had been prepared by Miss Eva Mellor, and the afternoon closed with the usual social and tea.

The quarterly meeting of the Hampshire County Alumnæ Association of Mount Holyoke College, Mrs. Anson D. Morse, president, was held Saturday afternoon, May 4, from 3 to 5 o'clock, with Mrs. B. H. Williams on North Prospect street, Amherst, Mass. The guest of honor was President Woolley. The house was prettily decorated with palms, roses, and arbutus. Mrs. Williams received the alumnæ and friends and presented them to Miss Woolley and Mrs. Morse. Most of the members of the association living in town were present, with many from Northampton, Easthampton, South Hadley, and adjoining towns. The trustees of the college were represented by Dr. Hitchcock and Professor Garman. No set speeches were made, but Miss Woolley had a cordial word for

Digitized by Google

every one. Mrs. Morse read several communications from the college, among them an invitation to this association to attend the inauguration of Miss Woolley. Refreshments were served and a delightful social time was enjoyed by all present.

The Michigan Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association held its fifth annual banquet and election of officers at the Russell House, Detroit, on Saturday, April twenty-seventh. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Leartus Connors of Detroit; vice-presidents, Mrs. Warner of Jackson, Miss Candler of Detroit, Miss A. E. Coe of Detroit, Mrs. Gold of Flint; recording secretary, Mrs. Arthur Mosley of Detroit; corresponding secretary, Mrs. J. D. Wiley of Detroit; treasurer, Mrs. G. W. F. Chamberlain of Detroit; directors, Miss A. E. Coe, Miss E. S. Candler, Mrs. Arthur Mosley, Mrs. Amelia E. Ellis, Mrs. Rachel E. Batchelder. The banquet was a very pleasant affair. Twenty-six ladies sat at the tables, which were beautifully decorated with flowers. One feature was a souvenir cluster of roses at each plate. Fine instrumental and vocal music was rendered by Miss Lulu May Barnhard of Mount Clemens, pianist, and Miss Grace Gray of Detroit, soloist. The toasts were as follows: "College Friendships," Mrs. Layette E. Eldred, Detroit; "College Girls of Spain," Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick of San Sebastian, Spain; "College Girls of America," Mrs. G. F. Mosher of Hillsdale College. Mrs. Gulick's graphic picture of the opening of educational advantages to Spanish girls was intensely interesting. The programme closed with singing the alumnæ song in chorus.

The Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association of New York held its sixteenth annual meeting and luncheon, Saturday, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The usual routine business was transacted at the morning session, followed by the report of the special committee on the Bardwell fellowship.

The fellowship that they desire to establish in memory of Miss Elisabeth M. Bardwell, who was for many years professor of astronomy in Mount Holyoke College, is just now uppermost in the minds of the members of the alumnæ association, who are raising a fund of $10,000 for the purpose. It was announced that nearly $5000 had been collected, and it is hoped that the remainder will be secured before Commencement. The president, Mrs. W. I. Barry, gave a decided impetus to the cause by promising to double the amount that shall be sent to her before June fifteenth.

Professor Bardwell was a teacher in Mount Holyoke for nearly thirty-three years, in which time she taught algebra, trigonometry, physics, and astronomy. After 1886 she devoted herself to astronomy and became widely known, having been elected a member of the British Astronomical Association, the

Digitized by Google

American Association for the Advancement of Science and the Astronomical Society of the Pacific. She was greatly beloved in the college, and after her death, in 1899, it was decided to establish a fellowship as the most fitting memorial. It will provide for graduate work in the universities of this country or Europe, and will be called the Elisabeth Miller Bardwell fellowship.

The alumnæ also discussed with much animation the new art building now being erected for the college by John Dwight, of New York. It will be a memorial of Mrs. Nancy S. Everett Dwight and Mrs. Clara Leigh Dwight, and is on the site of the old Dwight homestead, in South Hadley, Mass., on one corner of the college campus.

The officers elected were Mrs. W. I. Barry as president; Mrs. Edwin F. Ward and Mrs. J. Douglas Walton, of New York; Miss Josephine Brink and Mrs. W. H. Hoole, of Brooklyn; Mrs. Thomas Carter and Mrs. F. W. Dorman, of New Jersey, vice-presidents; Mrs. T. W. Cleaveland, recording secretary; Miss Carrie Smith, corresponding secretary; Mrs. E. O. Hovey, auditor, and Sarah E. Boynton, treasurer.

After the luncheon, William M. Chase gave a talk on James McNeill Whistler as man and artist. Mr. Chase spent an entire summer with the eccentric artist and told many amusing anecdotes to illustrate his peculiar gift for repartee and sarcasm. One bit of characterization was: "When not painting Whistler is posing, but he never poses when he paints." Mr. Chase said also that Stevenson might have had him in mind when he wrote Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, as Whistler was two personalities as distinct as those. "It is his ambition to die without leaving a friend, and he will probably succeed," said Mr. Chase; "but that is of little consequence since he leaves his wonderful art."

Miss Randolph, one of the faculty of Mount Holyoke, then made a brief address, after which Dr. Stimson spoke on the Mount Holyoke of the present. The speeches were followed by a reception to Mrs. Mary T. C. Bourdon, president of the National Alumnæ Association of the college. Among those present were: Mrs. Edwin Atwell, Emma Demarest, Ellen C. Parsons, Mrs. I. W. Sylvester, Mrs. Charles O. Cooper, Marietta Freeland, Mrs. L. B. Smith, Harriet Van Nostrand, Miss Lydia Day, Mrs. H. L. Mallory, Mrs. Peter A. Welch, Miss Emily Paine, Miss Mabel Eaton, the Rev. Dr. Stimson, Miss Catherine Young Glen.

'44. (Non-graduate) Louise M. (Torrey) Taft is the mother of Hon. William H. Taft, at the head of the new commission in the Philippines. Her husband, the late Alphonso Taft, of Cincinnati, Ohio, was Attorney General in President Hayes' cabinet.

Digitized by Google

'61. Miss Lucia F. Clark is at present visiting friends at Mills College, Cal.

'65. Mary E. Simmons has for several months of the past year been employed in the John Crerar Library in Chicago.

'66. Elizabeth H. Denio has recently returned to her old home in Albion, N. Y., where she will probably spend the summer on account of the serious illness of her sister.

'88. (Non-graduate) Laura H. Wild, a graduate of Smith College and Hartford Theological Seminary, has been called to Butler Avenue Church, Lincoln and Rokeby, Nebraska.

MARRIAGES.

'98. Alexander—Andrea. At New York city, February 26, 1901, Clarence Alfred Alexander and E. Rhena Andrea. At home in June at 110 West 109th street, New York city.

BIRTHS.

'95. Eva (North) Craver, a son.

'98. (Non-graduate) Ethel (Dack) Cambridge, in April, at Peacham, Vt., a daughter.

DEATHS.

'43. Mary (Taylor) Fairbanks, May 4, 1901, at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

'49. (Non-graduate) Susan (Marsh) Camp in March, at Delavan, Wis. Mrs. Camp was the first president of the Wisconsin Branch of the Woman's Board of the Interior. She was seventy years of age, and left a husband and a son in Washington.

'51. Sarah (Greenfield) Wallace, March 17, 1901, at Rochester, N. H.

'58. A daughter of Adeline (Johnson) Belcher, Mrs. Mattie (Belcher) Cooley, May 4, 1901, at Marysville, Cal.

REUNIONS.

'51. The members of the fifty years class who have returned at Commencement time are entertained at the college. Among those present at the reunion are the following: Lucy A. Barrett, Susan M. Brown, M. Augusta (Green) Greene, Maria E. (Mead) Hilburn, Amelia R. (Gere) Mason, Frances M.

Digitized by Google

(Leavitt) Noyes, Martha A. (Loomis) Patrick, Sarah (Fairbanks) Stone, Josephine (Ayer) Warner, Helen (Gorham) Warren, Sarah W. Bigelow.

'81. The twenty years class makes its headquarters at Mrs. Kellogg's.

'86. The fifteen years class has a good representation and makes its headquarters at Mrs. Purington's.

'99. The class is located at Mrs. Miller's, and among those present at the reunion are the following: Carrie (Blanchard) Carr, Eugenie Broeksmit, Alice Chase, Florence Clark, Fanny Dean, Sue Doane, Grace Hammond, Sadie Hillhouse, Edina Johnson, Jennie Kelso, Clara Mallory, Grace McKinley, Lilla Morse, Anna Mower, Julia Owen, Carrie Plumb, Louise Roraback, Bessie Sargent, Katherine Shearer, Clara Sturtevant, Jean Turner, Antoinette Wayave, Carolyn Wilson, Mary Woodman, Bertha Whittemore.

There are also reunions of the thirty, twenty-five, ten, and five years classes.

MOUNT HOLYOKE STORIES.

NOT enough college stories of merit have been received to make the publication of a book of Mount Holyoke stories possible. The committee will be glad at any time to consider stories for the book, but none will be forthcoming unless it can excel other books of college stories. The stories must be of exceptional interest, and as well written as short stories which appear in the leading monthly magazines.

Further information will be given upon application to Mabel Leta Eaton, 501 W. 142d street, New York city.

OTHER COLLEGES.

THE American Philological Association will hold its annual meeting during July in the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard, the time to be spent in the reading of papers.

The resignation is announced of Professor William Watson Goodwin from the Harvard faculty. Professor Goodwin was made tutor in Greek at Harvard in 1856 and stands third in the faculty in the length of service. Since 1860 he has held the Eliot Professorship of Greek Literature. He was the first director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, and is a mem-

Digitized by Google

ber of most of the learned societies in this country and Europe. He has received the degree of LL.D. from Amherst, Cambridge, Columbia, Edinburgh, and Harvard, and that of D.C.L. from Oxford.

The Northfield Students' Conference will begin June 28 and continue to July 7, under the leadership of John R. Mott. Among the speakers are the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan of London, Robert E. Speer, Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie of Cambridge, Rev. M. D. Babcock of New York, President Seth Low of Columbia, and Dr. J. Howard Taylor of the China Inland Mission. The Normal Bible classes will be under the supervision of C. C. Michener.

The choice of electives by the present junior, sophomore and freshman classes at Yale show that for the first time in the history of the university English has taken the lead among the subjects selected. Since Yale was founded the ancient languages have received the greater part of the undergraduate's attention, constituting indeed from one third to one fourth of all the instruction given to members of the college. This prominence given the ancient languages was probably largely due to the fact that they were required subjects, for when the faculty opened an elective system to all the undergraduate classes this spring, the ancient languages were relegated to a second place, while English was voted in the lead.

The Yale corporation has recently accepted the plans for a new building of the Sheffield Scientific School Young Men's Christian Association. Till within a few months, the association of the academic and scientific departments have been consolidated. The association of the Sheffield school withdrew and became a separate body in March and will work independently as soon as it occupies its new home.

At the cost of more than $500,000, exclusive of grounds and equipment, the University of Pennsylvania is about to erect a Medical Laboratory building, which will be unexcelled in every respect. The trustees are also contemplating the erection in the future of a new Medical Hall, Anatomical building, and auxiliary buildings, which will form one of the most extensive systems of buildings devoted exclusively to the teaching of medicine in America. The botanical department of the University has been presented with the largest herbarium collection of plants in the United States. The collection includes specimens of every important plant grown in America during the past forty years. It was the property of the late D. T. Bernard Brinton, a foremost plant specialist.

In the course of erection at Radcliffe is Bertram Hall, the new hall of residence which is expected to be ready for occupancy by the opening of college next autumn.

The awards made by the Paris Exposition authorities to the Exhibit of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology included the *grand prix* in the class of

Digitized by Google

Special Industrial and Commercial Education, gold medals in the classes of Higher Education, Special Education in Fine Arts, and Working of Mines, Ore Beds and Stone Quarries. A gold medal for an exhibit of the Students' Coöperative Society was also awarded. A request has been received recently on behalf of the French government for the presentation of a number of the large architectural designs to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

The Hon. Stafford Little, of Trenton, has given to Princeton University $100,000 for a new dormitory.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has lately given to Vassar College $110,000 for a new residence hall. It is hoped that the building will be ready for use by Christmas time.

EXCHANGES.

THE best of sweets, if devoured too rapidly, become distasteful, and the best of fiction, especially if taken in the form of short story tidbits, palls upon the reader. Yet we suspect that the feeling of satiety we experienced after the perusal of the month's fiction was not due to this general truth alone. Contributors to college magazines suffer under one great disadvantage—the lack of experience in the world. For the writing of literary essays and lyrical verse their educational and social surroundings afford certain advantages, and in these departments they may reasonably be expected to excel; but in the writing of fiction they necessarily fall short. A very few of the month's stories are so excellent in form and subject matter that they make a distinct and lasting impression upon the memory. Among these are "The Cats of Miaulx," in the *Harvard Monthly*, and "The Love of Gabrielle" in the *Yale Literary Magazine*. Next there is a goodly number of well-written tales which are pleasing in themselves, but which through the commonplace character of their subjects sink into a confusion of memories. Still lower in the scale we find those whose faults of style and structure destroy the possibilities afforded by their suggestive subjects, as "Nathan Smithson, Wizard," in the *Trinity Tablet*. Still others have little merit in either form or substance. So, while the fiction of each individual magazine is not bad, the mass as a whole is a weariness to the brain.

The Morningside gives us two rather sensational stories, which are, however, remarkable for their strong and rapid movement. They are "A Noticeable Fact" and "At Brinker's."

Digitized by Google

The *Sequoia,* while not excelling in fiction, affords us some charming views of nature in "Two Pictures," and the verses, "The Sea-bird's Cry," and "With a Handful of Rushes." These touches of western scenery are especially interesting to the eastern student.

The annual women's edition of the *Inlander* is attractive, both without and within. The discussion of "The College Play and the College Woman" is of special interest, citing as it does the practices and opinions of many colleges, and stating clearly the advantages of dramatic practice for women. The point that the woman's tendency is to subjectivity, and that "she needs the exercise of entering into others' lives—thinking others' thoughts and doing others' deeds," seems to us particularly well taken. Among much other good material we note the articles on German universities and on Oxford, and, in an entirely different line, the editor's remarks on "Making Friends."

The *Sepiad,* published by the students of the Women's College in Brown University, made its first appearance with the April number. In this issue the magazine is well proportioned and gives promise of the success which we most heartily wish to it. The amusing sketch of "Dennis," and the verses—both serious and comic—on the name "Sepiad," are of special interest.

We quote the following:—

A FRAGMENT.

Alone, upon the shores of Monterey,
In the soft silence of a western night,
I stand; before me spreads the even bay
In all the grandeur of reposing might.
Far in the distance, past the slumbering town,
The bold Pacific wanders ever on:
Beyond the point, I see the fearless Drake
Sweep proudly in and drop his anchor down.
He stands where now I stand, and then has gone
Now fades his sail—now sinks the star-strewn waek.

The Stanford Sequoia. —W. J. C.

THE SEABIRD'S CRY.

The waves are still, and touched with crimson light,
Along the shore is scarce a line of foam;
The world is listening for the coming night;
The restless waterfowl fly swiftly home.

Digitized by Google

The calm, still air is filled with the low moan
Of the great ocean; and for day to set
Scarce waiting, two wee stars come out alone
While merged in fire, the sun and sea are met.

Far out where that lone rock stands as if hurled,
Is one small bird whose note sings sweet and clear;
And all the lonely longing of the world
Is bodied in the haunting cry we hear.

Oh little soul of melancholy! fire
Thou never felt burns in the heart of man,
The passion and the power of our desire,
The leagues twixt what we would and what we can

How canst thou know? And yet thou speakst it all,
The longing, and the striving, and the pain,
The tragedy of triumph and of fall,
The disillusion when our ends we gain.

The Stanford Sequoia. —Edith F. Parsons.

HAMLET.

Like a strong swimmer, struggling in high surf,
Tho' drawn and beaten in the blinding swirl,
With racking chest and poor tormented eyes,
Still gaining ground, tho' less by his own will
Than by the sweeping waves, until he gains
At last the shore; and then, too weak to stand,
His goal quite reached, the undercurrent slow
Stretches strong hands, and trails him out to sea.
So Hamlet blindly reached at last his goal,
So struck, and then, confessed defeat and died.

The Smith College Monthly. —Fanny Hastings.

Digitized by Google

BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY.

April 20 to May 20, 1901.
Total Number of Accessions, 215,
Including 81 Volumes of Periodicals.

BIBLIOGRAPHY AND GENERAL REFERENCE.

Cumulated index to the books of 1898-1900. 2v.
Fletcher and Bowker. Annual literary index, 1900. 1901.
United States catalog; books in print, 1899. 2v.

EDUCATION.

Rashdall, Hastings. Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages. 1895.

RELIGION.

Dale, R. W. Laws of Christ for common life. 1899.
Lea, H. C. Studies in church history. 1883.
McCurdy, J. F. History, prophecy and the monuments. 1901.

SOCIAL SCIENCES.

Grout, Lewis. Miscellanea, 1900.
Lloyd, H. D. Newest England. 1900.
U. S.—Indian Commissioners. Report, 1900. 1901.

LANGUAGE.

Ayres, Alfred. The Verbalist. 1900.
Bennett, C. E. *and* Bristol. Teaching of Latin and Greek in the secondary school. 1901.
Bréul, Karl, *comp.* Handy bibliographical guide to the study of German. 1895.
Carpenter, G. R. Principles of English grammar. 1900.

Digitized by Google

Hinsdale, B. A. Teaching the language-arts.
Murray, J. A. H., *ed.* New English dictionary. v. 4, F and G. 1901.
Sayce, A. H. Introduction to the science of language. 2v. 1900.
Sweet, Henry. Primer of phonetics. 1892.
Teall, F. H. English compound words and phrases. 1892.
Tolman, H. C. Art of translating. 1901.
Vietor, Wilhelm. Elements of phonetics, English, French, and German. 1899.
German pronunciation; practice and theory. .1890.

MATHEMATICS.

Burnside, W. S. Theory of groups of finite order. 1897.
Kelland, P. *and* Tait, P. G. Introduction to quaternions. 1882.
Lachlan, R. Elementary treatise on modern pure geometry. 1893.
Manning, H. P. Non-Euclidean geometry. 1901.
Russell, B. A. W. Essay on the foundations of geometry. 1897.
Scheffers, Georg. Einführung die Theorie der Curven. 1901.
Whitehead, A. N. Treatise on universal algebra. v. 1. 1898.

PHYSICS.

Dolbear, A. E. Modes of motion. 1897.

GEOLOGY.

Lyell, Charles. Geological evidences of the antiquity of man. 1873.
Marr, J. E. Scientific study of scenery. 1900.
Ries, Heinrich. Clays of New York, their properties and uses. 1900.

ETHNOLOGY.

Smithsonian Inst.—Ethnology Bureau. Annual report. 1895-96, pt. 1; 1896-97, pt. 1.

ZOÖLOGY.

Evans, A. H. Birds. 1899.
Jordan *and* Evermann. Fishes of North and Middle America. v. 4. 1900.

Digitized by Google

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

Atkinson, Edward. Science of nutrition..1896.
Flügge, Carl. Grundriss der Hygiene..1897.
Knight, James. Food and its functions. 1900.
Mass.—State Board of Insanity. Report, 1899-1900. 1901.
Poore, G. V. Essays on rural hygiene. 1894.
Sykes, J. F. J. Public health problems. 1892.
Thompson, W. G. Practical dietetics. 1900.

FINE ARTS.

Dolmetsch, H. (Der) Ornamentenschatz. 1897.

LITERATURE AND RHETORIC.

Saintsbury, George. History of criticism. v. 1. 1900.
Scott *and* Denney. Composition-rhetoric designed for use in secondary schools. 1897.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Daniel, P. A. Time-analysis of the plots of Shakespeare's plays. 1877-9.
Evans, Sebastian, *tr.* High history of the Holy Grail. 2v. 1899.
Gollancz, Israel, *ed and tr.* Pearl. 1891.
Guest, Lady Charlotte, *tr.* Mabinogion, from the Welsh. 1877.
Gummere, F. B., *ed.* Old English ballads. 1899.
Holland, J. G. Bay-path. 1899.
Hyde, Douglas. Story of early Gaelic literature.. 1895.
Malory, Syr Thomas. Le morte Darthur. 3v. in 2. 1889-91.
Wycliffe, John. English works, 1880.
Morris, William, *tr.* Story of Amis and Amile. 1898.
Vigfusson *and* Powell, *eds.* Corpus poeticum Boreale. 2v. 1883.
White, R. G. Studies in Shakespeare. 1899.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Borchardt *and* Wustmann, *comp.* (Die) sprichwörtlichen Redensarten im deutschen Volksmunde nach Sinn und Ursprung erlautert. Ed. 5.
Golther, Wolfgang. Handbuch der germanischen Mythologie. 1895.

Digitized by Google

LATIN LITERATURE.

Catullus. Catulli Veronensis liber; ed. by R. Ellis. 1878.

GREEK LITERATURE.

Aristophanes. The birds; ed. by W. C. Green. 1898.
The birds; ed. by W. W. Merry. 1896.
The clouds; ed. by W. W Merry. 1899.
The frogs; ed. by W. W. Merry. 1901.
The knights; ed. by W. W. Merry. 1895.
Plutus; ed. by W. C. Green. 1898.

Buchholz, E. Anthologie aus den Lyrikern der Griechen. Ed. 4-5. 1898-1900.

Dunbar, Henry. Complete concordance to the comedies and fragments of Aristophanes. 1883.

Herodotus. Book 3, ed. by G. C. Macaulay. 1897.

Herodotus. Books 5, 6, and 9; ed. by Evelyn Abbott. 2v. 1887-93.

Schmidt, J. H. H. Die Monodien und Wechselgesange der Attischen Tragodie. 1871.

Thompson, D. W. Glossary of Greek birds. 1895.

ARCHAEOLOGY.

Peet, S. D. Prehistoric America. 3v. 1892-99.

BIOGRAPHY.

Langley, S. P. *and others.* Memorial of G. B. Goode.. 1901.

HISTORY.

Bancroft, H. H. Works. 39v. 1883-90.
Contents:
Native races. v. 1-5.
History of Central America. v. 6-8.
History of Mexico. v. 9-14.
History of North Mexican States and Texas. v. 15-16.
History of Arizona and New Mexico. v. 17.

Digitized by Google

History of California. v. 18-24.
History of Nevada, Colorado, and Wyoming. v. 25.
History of Utah. v. 26.
History of the Northwest coast. v. 27-28.
History of Oregon. v. 29-30.
History of Washington, Idaho, and Montana. v. 31.
History of British Columbia. v. 32.
History of Alaska. v. 33.
California pastoral. v. 34.
California inter pocula. v. 35.
Popular tribunals. v. 36-37.
Essays and miscellany. v. 38.
Literary industries. v. 39.
Duncan, Francis. The English in Spain. 1834-90.
Myers, P. V. N. Rome; its rise and fall. 1901.
Oman, C. W. C. The Dark Ages, 476-918. 1901.
Polybius. Histories, tr. by Evelyn S. Shuckburgh. 2 v. 1889.
Poole, Stanley Lane. History of Egypt in the Middle Ages. 1901.

Now lovely June in cap and gown
Makes lively every college town,
And Seniors grave, their school days o'er,
E'en wish that they were tenscore more.

Sweet these days of student life,
There are no such friendships in the after strife;
Yet always, ever as of yore,
You can order books from Johnson's store.

Digitized by Google

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Vol. XI. OCTOBER, 1901. No. 2.

BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST, 1902, *Editor-in-Chief.*

Editors.

RACHEL FLORENCE RILEY, 1902. ETHEL COLLINGWOOD HALL, 1903.
ROWENA KEITH KEYES, 1902. MABEL MARGARET HUBBARD, 1903.
MAY FISKE, 1903.

HARRIET CROSS VAN WAGNER, 1903, *Business Manager.*
HELENE MAUD POPE, 1904, *Assistant Business Manager.*

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, D.D.

II Epistle to Timothy 1 : 6,7. "Wherefore I put thee in remembrance, stir up the gift of God which is in thee. . . . For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

Romans 12 : 2. "And be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God."

THIS is a suggestive hour in the history of the college. The strong Christian spirit of this institution ever has given an accent of importance to the Baccalaureate Sermon. It has been regarded as a serious message to the religious life of students. To-day the occasion is invested with special significance. A new administration of the college has begun with the entering in of a new century. An opportunity hereby is provided to affirm the old tradition in

Digitized by Google

the presence of new facts and new forces. In common with many others, I feel the realism of this hour; its appeal to the best things in our hearts. And this, alike, for those that are departing and for those that are remaining. The word for this hour should be a living word. One should not be content with formal and academic deliverances. One should speak to life; to the life of the individual; to the life of the individual in the light of to-day. My theme is *A Positive Life and its Right of Nonconformity.*

"Wherefore, I put thee in remembrance, stir up the gift of God which is in thee. For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind."

"And be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God."

In undertaking to apply these strong, and, I may say, manful, words to students in a woman's college I expose myself to possible criticism on two grounds: on the ground that the first text was addressed specifically to a man and not to women; and on the ground that the second text, advocating independence or nonconformity, is little needed when college life already tends to make the personality of women sufficiently independent if not unduly independent and unduly positive.

It is true that our first text records the words of a man to a man, and to a man about to enter public life as a minister. By the laying on of hands Timothy had been set apart. By the laying on of hands the ordination gift had been conferred. And the exhortation to fearlessness and power was timely counsel to one who was to be the preacher of a faith little known and dimly understood. But we must remember to-day that the moral appeal of Christ to human lives strikes beneath all earthly distinctions down to that depth where a soul is simply a soul in the presence of God. It matters not whether it be the soul of the Greek or the Jew, the soul of the bond servant or of the free man, the soul of the man or of the woman. It is all one to Christ. In Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female. The ideal is one, the law is one, the way is one, the entrance to that way is one. Under other systems of religion the commandment, the promise, the crown, are for the man; the portion of fear, of repression, of an empty life, is for the woman. Not so where Christianity is under-

Digitized by Google

stood and freely carried to its conclusions, as in our land and in our day. The commandment, the promise, and the crown are for the woman as much as for the man. The gift of God is in the woman as much as in the man. In this, as in much else, God is no respecter of persons. But it may be objected that there is no call to plead in a woman's college, for independence, or nonconformity as a note of the Positive Life; for, as some think, college life already tends to make the personality of women sufficiently independent, if not unduly independent and unduly positive. It is not well to dismiss such an objection too summarily. It has the value of a cautionary signal. It points to a possibility. Were the college to make the woman unwomanly, to train her away from her normal development and make her the product of a false system of education; to harden her into the disuse of her distinctive sensibilities, and rob her of that gentleness of feeling and that fine instinct of dependence which are her glory, no amount of scholastic gain could offset the vital loss that would accrue to society. Far away from every such tendency lies the message that is given us this day. The Positive Life which is the best fruit of Christian education is attained by no sacrifice of the finer instincts. It calls for no surrender of those choice and holy gifts that glorify true Christian womanhood. It develops at the cost of no quality that is of the essence of a pure and refined and radiant personality. Where this Positive Life exists the woman is but the more womanly; where it exists not, the woman simply fails of being all that she might be under the happy conditions of intellectual liberty that make modern Christian education the noblest path to self-expression ever opened in the world's history.

This day the words of our two texts affirming the Positive Life and its right of nonconformity may well be uttered in this place. For we are here simply as souls in the Presence of God. It matters not what attribute of personality may distinguish us one from another; it matters not where or how we are appointed to live our lives. We are persons; we are educated persons; we are educated in the Christian atmosphere and under Christian standards. To us, then, pertains this message of the Positive Life, the best fruit of Christian education. "Wherefore I put thee in remembrance, stir up the gift of God which is in thee. For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind."

Digitized by Google

The gift of God which is in thee! Many great utterances of Holy Scripture are coming to us in these days with new meaning, as the conception of God becomes clearer and more comprehensive with the advance of philosophy. And this phrase, "The gift of God which is in thee," is one of the utterances transfigured by the conception of God as immanent, dwelling *in* man. If we think of God only as the High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity, the King eternal, immortal, invisible, dwelling in light which no man can approach unto, it is extremely difficult to realize a gift of God which is in ourselves. We can understand how God should give to prophets and apostles special gifts that equipped them for their unique leadership. We can also recognize in modern life richly endowed souls that are set apart from ordinary lives by the hand of God. But it does not seem credible that this High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity should take knowledge of each of us, and place in our keeping a personal and peculiar gift. And this sense of unreality must probably continue so long as our thought of God conceives Him only as away from us, in Heaven, surrounded by royal glories. We say to ourselves: "Surely God would not take special note of me, and make a special gift to me. My life must be such a simple, small thing in His sight, it cannot be that He would condescend to turn from His vast affairs and do for me as an individual life." We have no difficulty in conceiving ourselves as individuals governed under a system of natural and moral laws; even as the individual citizens of an empire although never seeing the king, or in any way coming into personal contact with him, are taken up into the system of government, and are directed and protected under the sweep of common laws. If I may so say, this monarchical view of God makes God a great King in His Palace. We, His subjects, can of course believe that we are governed by His laws and protected by His care, but the personal contact of His Life with our lives seems to some unreal, to some impossible. But this unreality, this sense of distance from God, is dispelled when, without surrendering our conception of God as the High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity, we add to that true but partial view of Him that great corresponding view which is indeed clearly set forth in Scripture but which, only within our own time, has become assimilated as an essential part of our philosophy of religion. I mean the conception of God as the Pres-

Digitized by Google

ence that is everywhere, that fills all life with His fullness, that abides in each one of us, not as a special act of condescension to a few, but as a necessary condition of His own infinity ; communicating Himself, giving Himself to each child of His, so that His Spirit acts upon our spirits just in so far as we will yield ourselves to that action. More and more do I feel that the relation between the nature of our fundamental conception of God and the tone and atmosphere of our daily living is a vital relation. The determining factor is not *that* we believe in God, but *what* we believe concerning God. One may believe in God, yet live a life untouched by His influence, God being conceived of as remote, vague, wholly objective. God may be to one no more than a name, a term, a symbol of the religious idea of Infinity.

But it is another thing to believe in God *as a Presence*, compassing our path and our lying down, an atmosphere of Personality in the midst of which we live and move and have our being ; a Life that touches our life ; a Spirit that seeks to communicate its force to our spirit, and visibly to express itself upon earth through the channel and medium of our personality. To believe this concerning God is to make real to one, and vital and intimate, those words, "*The gift of God which is in thee.*" There is a gift of God Himself *in you*. The gift *is* God. He gives Himself. His Spirit approaches your spirit, offering power, which is placed at your disposal. As the incense, compounded of holy and beautiful elements, was laid in the censer of the priest of Israel, awaiting the moment when he should take the coal from the altar and kindle that incense, that it might burn and fill the sanctuary with fragrance, so God, the self-giving Presence within you, places His holy and precious elements of personal power on the altar of your life and invites you to kindle them into expression with the live coal of a positive intention. "Stir up the gift of God which is in thee." The Greek is magnificent. "Kindle into a flame the gift of God which is in thee." The incense of divine potency for living, heaped on the altar of your heart by a self-giving God, waits to be transmuted into the burning elements of a positive life by the volition of your human spirit.

It is, I think, the highest result of Christian education to grasp this truth. The higher Christian education is worth all it costs if it leads up to the point where a young heart brought by its educational and spiritual advantages to realize the divine possibilities

Digitized by Google

that God Himself has placed within it, conquers that fear which ever tempts to the suppression of one's best, and boldly kindles to a flame the incense of the heavenly gift. The spirit of fear keeps many back in the negative life. They fear to invite criticism by frankly coming forth as the supporters and advocates of the highest type of living; they fear to offend by seeming to cast reflections on those who have other standards of conduct; they fear the social publicity that often waits on moral and spiritual independence; and so, to their own infinite loss, they keep back in the negative, colorless life of unquestioning social conformity. Happy are they who know that that spirit of fear, however natural, is not of God. God hath not given us the spirit of fear. Happy are they who dare to set the live coal of purpose on the God-given incense, committing themselves to the positive life of power, and of love, and of self-control. For by these three evidences does the positive life that is the gift of God reveal its origin. *By power!* It is not ashamed to confess the higher things, to stand for them openly, to commend them everywhere. *By love!* A great compassion fills it, for all who know not these higher things; a great yearning to share them with others; a great joy in winning even one out of the vast majority of the negative, into the happy minority of the positive, lives. *By self-control!* It is that intelligent view of self which is born of the noblest Christian education, which finds its joy not in the indulgence of inclinations but in the exercise of gifts.

Doubtless there is before me to-day such a life as I have described, the best product of Christian education. It realizes the gift of God within itself. It has broken from that fear which makes for self-suppression. It has set the live coal of purpose to the incense of heavenly possibility heaped on the altar of the heart. It is prepared to go out into the world with power, with love, with self-control. But lo! the world, to which it goes, has little sympathy with these higher views. The life is a new creature in Christ Jesus, seeing all things with new vision; the world in which it must live is the same old world, going on the same old paths in the same old way. The standards of this young life have suddenly and gloriously risen; the world's standards are quite what they were before. How many have stood, how many may now be standing, at this parting of the ways! A great light has come to them yet they do not clearly

Digitized by Google

know how to follow it; a vision of higher standards is before them, yet with it an honest uncertainty whether one may, without offense against propriety, dare to be true to the best one knows.

It is at this point, where many have stood, hesitant; where more than we know may now be standing, that the message of to-day enters and utters its counsel with no uncertain sound. It is the message of the Positive Life and its right of nonconformity, addressed to those who, having been raised to realize higher standards of life, are asking themselves how far loyalty to those standards is both practicable and desirable in the present state of conventional opinion. "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." What this message shall mean to any one of us depends upon our interpretation of the idea of nonconformity. It is strange but true that this message may have two, contradictory and mutually exclusive, interpretations. To one it may appear as a Law of Bondage, to another as a Declaration of Independence. To one, I say, it may appear as a Law of Bondage, a stern injunction against indulgence, against bowing down to the Baal worship of the world, against taking part in agreeable but forbidden pleasures. To another it may appear as a Declaration of Independence; that one need not be bound by standards above which one has been raised up by Christian education; that one does not sin against propriety by reserving the right to leave the highway of conventional conduct if one so desires, and, for ends that are not selfish, and that are not pharisaical, to seek the less frequented path of more simple or more abstemious living. Whether the message of this text shall be to anyone a Law of Bondage or a Declaration of Independence depends upon one's interpretation of the idea of nonconformity. I submit that the prevailing idea of nonconformity has been too negative and too narrow. The accent has been thrown upon the renunciation of pleasurable things and the pain of sacrifice. The world has been painted in alluring colors as the palace of delights in which all that is human in us longs to be. The nonconformist has been made to appear as a martyr to principle, who has resisted the beguiling errors of the world, who has trodden its temptations under foot, who, by heroic effort, turns away and keeps away from its indulgences. Undoubtedly

Digitized by Google

this martyrdom to principle describes the case of some who keep back from some worldly indulgences. Their craving for these things is great, but it is held in check by moral force. They want to do these things but are kept from doing them by the restraint of duty. But all this is on the negative side, and affords no real conception of what is fundamental in true nonconformity. I honor those who for conscience' sake refrain from indulgences that they covet, and by the strength of self-denial leave undone things they would prefer to do. I rejoice that there is a power in the grace of God that can enable one to crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts, and quietly, patiently, turn one's back on gratifications intensely desired. But this self-restraint, this self-denial, does not begin to be a full statement of the content of the idea of nonconformity; it makes no mention of that element in the idea which is its determining element, and which imparts to the idea of nonconformity its majesty and its liberty. We have not yet seen the true nonconformist if we have regarded only him who is struggling with himself to keep from doing the things he longs to do. We have not seen the true nonconformist until we have seen the man who has been led by the force of circumstances, or by the growth of experience, or by the revelation of God, from the level of the average up to some point of vision where has unrolled before him a wider prospect of life and duty, and who, filled with the exalting influence of that broader outlook, finds it impossible to go back and to go down, to the level of the average, to thoughtless conformity with the ways of those who have not seen what he has seen.

True nonconformity is not eccentricity. The nonconformist knows much of loneliness, for he is always in the minority. The many walk abreast in the highway, the few climb separately and painfully where often there are few paths and fewer companions. But that loneliness is not the bizarre and repellent loneliness of eccentricity. For eccentricity is usually a morbid overgrowth of selfishness; but on that hard, high path of nonconformity many have walked in whom all thought of self was buried beneath the flood of conviction, or consumed on the altar of heroic purpose.

True nonconformity is not Pharisaism. It is utter tyranny to affirm that by non-participation in any given custom of the world one is making a show of goodness and rebuking those who

Digitized by Google

do differently. What then is liberty, if it be not the right of choice? If one has been led by force of circumstances, or by growth of experience, or by God's revelation, up to that newness of life where new interests crowd out old interests, where new pleasures destroy the taste for old pleasures, why should he go back and go down to things which from his present point of view would be bondage and not liberty? Surely there is no Pharisaism in doing things one most wishes to do, and no rebuking of one's brother in not doing the things for which one no longer cares.

For, once again, true nonconformity is not self-denial. There is, as I have said, a real and noble victory over desire; a taking of the cross; a crucifixion of the flesh; a war with rebellious passion; a resistance of the devil in one's self. But that is one thing and true nonconformity is another thing; not negative, but positive; not self-denial, but self-expression. The nonconformist refrains from doing this or that, why? Not because for duty's sake he is holding in his desires, like hounds straining on the leash, from doing this or that; but because, having been brought to another point of view, other things, and to him greater things, have commanded his attention and called forth his powers and he is engaged, not negatively, in restraining his worst, but, positively, in expressing his best.

St. Paul, the open-minded champion of liberty, was, in the highest sense, a nonconformist. He claimed to be standing well within his rights in doing aught that any virtuous man might do. "All things are lawful for me." But when, through the abundance of the revelations given unto him, he entered deeply into Christ's thought for men and came to realize what little things and what common matters of conduct may stand between men and Christ, joyously he resolved that no act of his (however well within his rights) should ever put a stumbling block in his brother's way. "If meat make my brother to stumble, I will eat no meat while the world standeth." It is through him who claimed for himself this liberty of non-participation, that God brings to us our message for this first Baccalaureate Sunday of the twentieth century. "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed, by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." It is a Declaration of Independence spoken for the comfort of those who, having been raised by

Digitized by Google

Christian education to realize higher standards of life, fresh enthusiasms and new ideals, are asking themselves, in hesitation, how far loyalty to those higher standards is both practicable and desirable in the present state of conventional opinion. There may be those in this assembly who are facing a crisis in the evolution of conduct. Light has come to them; clear light upon a kind of life that rises, in its simplicity and its sweet independence, far above the average; how far shall they dare to trust themselves to that beautiful but lonelier path that seems to break from the highway and wind upward to levels where comparatively few are caring or daring to walk; is it worth while to take on the strain of living more nearly in accord with those greater and diviner things that God's grace has revealed to one's heart? Or shall one just go on as before, and travel with the crowd and obey its unwritten law and give up the thought of spiritual power?

Three things are given us in this strong message. Happy are they who can receive them. *The right of nonconformity:* "Be not conformed." *The transforming power of a new point of view:* "Transformed by the renewing of the mind." *The enthusiasm of demonstration:* That ye may prove what is God's will for our life,—good, acceptable, and perfect.

Here are three truly great thoughts. May I in these closing moments set them forth in their outline?

The right of nonconformity: "Be not conformed." For those to whom the average standards of living are satisfactory, who are pleased with things as they are, who feel no spiritual incentive to anything better, these words have no message. But here are many who look at all things from a new and higher point of view. And to them comes the question, Ought I to be different from the majority? Have I a right to take a path by myself? Is it setting myself up above others? This is the answer: "Be not conformed," when conformity would be bondage. You have a right to conform to the best that you know. If indeed it is true, not, that you are setting yourself up, but, that you are being raised up by the glory of the Father to walk in newness of life, your right of nonconformity becomes a moral right which you cannot surrender without wrong against yourself and against God; for "to him that *knoweth* to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

Digitized by Google

And then: *The transforming power of a new point of view.* "Transformed by the renewing of the mind."

Why is it that, when the positive life comes to one, the whole world seems changed and every relationship modified? It is very astonishing. The estimate of God is changed. He used to be far away, a distant and academic idea. Now He is a Presence in one's life, dealing with one personally, understanding one's thought, compassing one's path and one's lying down, and shining into one's soul in the face of Jesus Christ. The estimate of pleasure is changed. Things that once seemed very absorbing give place in interest to other things that once meant very little. The estimate of people is changed. Some once admired seem more unsatisfactory and barren of real feeling, others once neglected reveal a strange and satisfying attractiveness. The estimate of life changes, it is wider, it is deeper, it is higher, it is sacred, it is great with beautiful possibility. What means this change that seems to touch all things? It is in yourself. Things are the same, and people are the same, but you are not the same. God has given you a new point of view, and that Lord Christ to whom you have surrendered, and who has given Himself in power to your heart, has said: Behold, I make all things new. You are "transformed by the renewing of your mind."

And why this transformation? Why has He changed you so? Ah! hear this, for this is the great end and object of nonconformity. It is that henceforth your life, lived on new lines, walking in new paths, may *be a demonstration to others* of the type of life that is according to the will of God. "That you may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." Among the various standards and types of living that prevail in the world, God has led you up to your new point of view that henceforth you shall demonstrate the true type, the type that is according to His will.

By what a splendid triad of terms is that type of the Risen Life described. "Good, acceptable, perfect."

"*Good!*" It shall stand for the value of your new life in its relation to society. It is beneficent, profitable, helpful, a life that others can trust, a life by which others can be helped.

"*Acceptable!*" It shall stand for the value of your new life in its relation to God. It is well pleasing in His sight. God can own it and approve it, and bless it.

Digitized by Google

"*Perfect!*" It shall stand for the value of your new life in its relation to yourself. It is your completest and most thorough self-realization. By daring to be true to the best that you know you have made the most of yourself. Amen.

MEMORIES.

"How lovingly we linger in the past,"
Stray down the sunny lanes where mem'ries old
Live in the buttercup's enameled gold
And gleam in bird wings swift that flutter past.

How lovingly we linger—till the days
That are, recall us to the aching fret,
The fear, the present pain, and yet
Still gleams afar the magic of those ways.

—E. L. C., 1901.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS.

ONLY the recent college graduate who has come from a lecture schedule of fifteen hours a week from September to June, with much guidance from professors and little original work, will find a readjustment of habits the first necessity. Advanced students who have already pursued graduate work in the universities of America or Germany will easily adapt themselves to the methods of the School at Athens.

Formal and regular lecture courses will not begin before the first of November; for the beautiful Greek October must be utilized for the important travel study which forms so delightful and beneficial a phase of the school work. In preparation for this, various lectures are given by the Director and his assistant, bearing upon the topography and history of the places to be visited; while

Digitized by Google

the admirable library of the School affords material for the requisite reading, and the Mycenæ room in the National Museum is the spot on all the earth where that early civilization may best be studied from its remains. Perhaps these autumn trips will be made into Bœotia, or down to Argos, Mycenæ, Tiryns, and Epidaurus, and they are under the guidance of the Director, who adds to the value of these tours by the lectures which he gives at the various places visited.

The American School provides two regular courses of weekly lectures from November until April; one on Greek Sculpture by Professor Richardson, Director of the School, and one on Epigraphy by the Professor in the School, usually the head of the department of Greek in some one of the supporting colleges in America. During this same season Professor Dörpfeld, head of the German Imperial Archæological Institute in Athens, gives a course of outdoor lectures on Topography and Architecture on Saturday afternoons, which all students of the American School are expected to hear—and understand.

Thus the student is provided for a period of five months with three regular lectures a week,—not three "hours," as each lecture may occupy two or three hours. Those of Professor Richardson are held in the National Museum or in the Museum of the Acropolis, where are collected all objects found there in the later excavations of the Acropolis made by Professor Dörpfeld. The student of Art History finds in these two museums treasures of Greek art worth crossing an ocean to see and which can be seen only here. Their value and significance as fragmentary monuments of a beautiful civilization are clearly presented in the lectures of Professor Richardson.

The lectures on Epigraphy are held in the library of the School or in the Museum of Inscriptions and are supplemented by squeeze practice on the part of the students. In addition to these lectures by the assistant director, a shorter series is usually given each year in the museum by Dr. Wilhelm, the scholarly epigraphist of the Austrian Institute. To these the American students are most cordially invited, for the fraternal spirit existing among the five foreign Archæological Institutes in Athens proves that the truly great are not only simple, but good and generous.

Although other spots and ruins in Athens are studied under

Digitized by Google

the leadership of Professor Dörpfeld, his lectures are mostly held upon the Acropolis, where for hour after hour, in the purest German ever heard, he gives an account of his excavations, discusses the problems arising from them, and gives his own views with frequent quotations from ancient authors and respectful reference to modern authorities, American as well as European.

Preparatory to all these lectures it is expected that students will avail themselves of the rich library material bearing upon the subjects discussed. This will include ancient authorities, especially Pausanius, that ancient traveler of modern spirit, modern books, articles from journals of archæology, reports of government institutes,—and much besides, in English, French, German, and Modern Greek. Added to the three regular lecture courses are the public meetings, sometimes held, not only at the American School, but also at the British, French, and German Institutes, where subjects of common interest are presented, sometimes by advanced students, sometimes by men who stand in archæological circles as great original authorities. Other lectures, also, not set down in the year's schedule, may at any time be announced by professors of the various institutes or by archæologists, American or European, who are temporarily in Athens.

The winter is preëminently the time for research in library and museum, for the writing of the papers occasionally asked from the students, or for work on more important theses, as well as for fidelity in the pursuit of Modern Greek, which will be so useful, if not absolutely necessary, when the time comes for independent travel in Greece. It is the time for short trips in the neighborhood of Athens which may be made in a day; to Sunium, Marathon, Eleusis, Phyle, Salamis, and other places of interest to the student of archæology.

The coming of spring is the signal for the closing of lecture courses, the desertion of library and museum, and for the beginning of study of another and not less important sort. The two famous annual expeditions of Professor Dörpfeld, to Peloponnesus and to "The Isles of Greece," are open to all and occupy several weeks of the season when this part of the world is a paradise. These "personally conducted" tours, however, do not exhaust the student's programme of travel. The men of the School explore Greece extensively, wafted on the wings of their bicycles; the women

Digitized by Google

also, by rail, steamer, bicycle, and trudging donkey; for travel in Greece is now so safe that women who can speak Greek and thus make their own terms with Greeks can safely and easily find their way without male escort, even as far north as Thermopylæ and southward to the land of the Spartans.

An important feature of the spring work of the American School is the conducting of excavations at Corinth under the headship of Professor Richardson, a privilege in which the women of the School have thus far had no share, save as interested and intelligent on-lookers, or as cataloguers of objects found. We are proud, however, of the record of Miss Harriet Boyd, for several years a member of the School, who, in the spring of 1900, was granted by the eminent English archæologist, Mr. Hogarth, the privilege of carrying on excavations on her own account in his rich field of Crete. May she prove to be, not a notable exception, but the pioneer of a long line of American women who shall become distinguished in this practical branch of archæological work. The large collection of vases found by her was catalogued the following year by Miss King and Miss Thallon, members of the School, who also described for publication the architectural terra cottas found at Corinth.

This is but a meager outline, a superficial indication of the outward phases of work at the American School. There are marked variations from year to year. Individual students carry on their own private pursuits in special study and research so quietly that their aims are hardly known to others. Travel programmes vary also, some students traveling but little, even in Greece, others extending their topographical explorations from Sicily to Egypt, Asia Minor, and Constantinople; for, to the archæologist, Magna Græcia still exists.

Whatever individual specialties may be, all will find the circumstances and environment most favorable for classical study. We could hardly overestimate the inspiring influence of the land itself, of earth and sea and sky, the outward world in which the old Greeks lived. Accurateness of geographical knowledge resulting from travel, a clearer comprehension of history from acquaintance with historic spots, and a deeper insight into ancient Greek life and civilization from a study of its remains, constitute a rich fruition and a "possession forever." It will be seen that

Digitized by Google

only those need be disappointed who, forgetting that "Art is long and time is fleeting," expect too much of themselves. It will be apparent, too, that the extent of achievement and success will depend, here as elsewhere, upon completeness of preparation and diligence in labor.

One cannot long enjoy or observe the advantages of the School without being deeply impressed with the foresight and beneficence of those American scholars and friends of classical learning who founded the Archæological Institute of America. Every effort put forth, every dollar expended, has elevated the ideals and standards of classical scholarship in America. Nor can one leave Athens at the end of the school year without a sense of warmest gratitude to the Director, Professor Richardson, his wife, and daughters, whose unstinted hospitality and unceasing kindness have made impossible the thought that one is a stranger in a strange land.

—Laura L. Watson, '71.

THE MASCOT.

I.

The Mascot hurried up the stairs leading to the post office as fast as his short brown legs would carry him. With a cursory glance in passing at the Sophomore bulletin board on whose black surface, among the fluttering white notices, could be here and there descried a faint chalky scrawl, a fading memento left by the last visiting glee club, he stopped abruptly before the goal of this unusual haste and exertion, a big poster on the next board. The Mascot stood back and surveyed this poster as scrutinizingly as if he saw it now for the first time, although it was but half an hour since he had been there engaged in the same searching examination that embraced even the private mark in the corner. With feet wide apart, hands clasped behind his back, round eyes glued to the triumphant blue and white figure in gymnasium suit so proudly disporting itself ball in hand before him, the little fellow stood, his

Digitized by Google

very back eloquent of admiration, each long yellow curl tingling with its own separate current of pride and delight.

Having finished his careful scrutiny of the athletic figure with the pigskin he turned his attention to the reading matter accompanying it, always of secondary consequence in the Mascot's estimation. How often he had spelled down the list of games, stopping now at one, now at another! To-day it was the last line that he picked out slowly, letter by letter, in spite of the fact that he could have glibly recited it from memory and not missed a word.

1900 vs. 1901 Friday, June 2, at 4:30.

The Mascot retired to the conveniently low and broad window ledge to commune with his own thoughts for want of a more active occupation. It was but a few days since he left home with his mother for a visit to the college of which his aunt had told him so much. Then he had been only a little boy, now he was a Mascot. Everybody called him that, from the funny little pigtailed Freshman to the sedate and spectacled member of the Faculty who always came late to chapel and had to take her seat while they were singing the first hymn. On all sides it greeted him —

"Ah, here's the little Mascot."

"Hello, Mascot, where are you going?"

"Come for a row with me, Mascot."

Once somebody asked, "Where's that big green and yellow bow walking you off to, Mascot?"

But it was all in fun and the girls smiled even when they teased him about his colors and "his team." He decided that he liked "The Mascot" better than Ted for a name. His mother and his Aunt Clara still used Ted except when he was bad. Then his mother called him Theodore.

A masculine sense of superiority was dimly foreshadowed in this proprietary interest the Mascot took in "his team." In his estimation, next to being a football player like Bob—the height of his ambition ever since he had attended the Yale-Princeton game the previous fall—came the Mascotship of a girls' basket ball team. Then, too, it was at present more practicable for him than football, so he had carefully laid away the latter project in a corner of his brain to simmer quietly until farther notice was given it, only retaining for immediate use a healthy interest in the sport and in

Digitized by Google

its devotees, particularly at Yale. He was even ready to admit that the Mascot of Nineteen Hundred at Mount Holyoke had some points of vantage over a Yale football player, especially in the game he had witnessed, inasmuch as it is far more pleasant if one is officially engaged in an enterprise, to win and beat the other fellow than to have the conditions reversed. He had felt so much distressed at the result of the Yale-Princeton game that he had lifted up his voice and wept copiously, and in this Bob would have liked to join, he shrewdly fancied, had not his dignity denied him that privilege of the very small boy. Instead he had scowled very hard and exclaimed irritably, "Do, for goodness' sake, Ted, stop that racket."

This remark, though impolite in his host, the Mascot had forgiven on the score of Bob's sorry looks, and he only regretted more than ever that his Aunt Clara had been unable to get away from college to come to the game. She had such an uncommonly successful way of comforting a person. Perhaps she might have helped Bob. There was no danger of Aunt Clara's needing comfort; she was the captain of the team and he was its Mascot, a state of affairs which fully warranted, to his way of thinking, the two victories already gained and was ample guarantee of the championship.

He discontinued his reflections long enough to lift one plump leg and carefully place it over the other. It was an operation that required time for accurate adjustment on account of the shortness of his legs, but the attitude was a favorite one with him in the accomplishment of which he openly acknowledged Bob as his example. The president leaving her office for a moment smiled at the little fellow as she passed; a girl with a pink sunbonnet came through with Bob—she was the girl to whose hospitable mercies the Mascot had heard his aunt confide the young man.

"I 've a recitation, Kate, and a special rehearsal—just a short one—and I don't know what in the world to do with him. Won't you take him off my hands for a little while? It 's an awful bother to have a man around at this time with the game to-day and the play coming so soon."

"We 're going to have some ice cream, Mascot. Want to come, too?" called the girl.

Digitized by Google

The Mascot's eyes gleamed. He started to jump up, then he remembered and shook his head with Spartan fortitude.

"I 'm in trainin'," he answered mournfully, "like the team."

"But ice cream's very healthy, Mascot," expostulated the girl, "and besides I saw one of the team eating some yesterday."

"Well," explained the Mascot, "they let 'em do about ice cream mostly as they like, you know, only Aunt Clara don't ever eat it and I guess I 'd better not, too."

He wondered as he watched the heavy doors swing behind them why Bob had not gone back to New Haven this morning. He had missed his car after the organ recital the night before and now he seemed to find it quite convenient and in fact necessary to stay over another day. There must be other trains, thought the small boy, but Bob's ways were past finding out and he had wisely desisted from the attempt, privately deciding that Bob wanted to see the game—all-important subject in the Mascot's mind. He saw no good reason why the Yale man should not be present although an objection seemed to have been raised by somebody for he had heard his aunt and some of the other girls joking Bob about it last night. "You can sit out on the steps during the game," they said, "and we 'll send the Mascot out from time to time to keep you posted."

Was that one of the duties of a Mascot? He took his office seriously, this small boy. It was a very important position the girls had told him. "Why, everything depends on the Mascot sometimes," the tall guard had cried. "Nerves up the team, you know. Last year at the games one team had a bull dog—muzzled him—made him look fierce—scared the life nearly out of him with the yelling and everything. Anyway, in the middle of the game, intermission, you know, dog bolted—cleared the premises entirely—class lost the game. Yes, direct result—cause and effect." She nodded emphatically at the smiling faces around her.

That bull dog had much impressed the Mascot. His mind was made up to do his duty like a man, and as his duty clearly appeared to be attending every practice of the team, punctually though somewhat sleepily, he even submitted to a nap in the middle of the afternoon, an ordeal necessary to persuade his mother to allow him to sit up so late in the evening. Incidentally through the good offices of the nap he had been initiated into the mysteries of fudge and a fudge party—that was before he went into training

Digitized by Google

—at which the only drawback to his perfect happiness lay in the comments most girls felt it incumbent upon them to make in regard to his curls. Those curls were the bane of his life and the pride of his mother's. He noticed that the team never felt of, nor fondled them, in the senseless way some people did and he had a shrewd suspicion that his Aunt Clara might have said something to them about it. Bob's comfortable lack of observation in this direction had won for him the Mascot's everlasting gratitude and a particularly soft spot in that small boy's heart. The subject of curls was never mentioned between them.

The man had brought over the mail from the village post office and the girls were beginning to gather awaiting its distribution. A continuous hum of voices rose from the crowded space before the boxes. More girls came hurrying in on the way to and from recitations, laughing and chatting, each with one eye on her particular box and the other on the clock.

Two Seniors on the way out stopped before the Mascot's perch.

"Here's the little Mascot. Let's take him along with us. Hello, Mascot, want to come down to the gym? Your beloved game does n't come off for some time yet."

The Mascot hastily untangled his legs. "What for?" he asked eagerly.

"Rehearsal for the play. Guess you won't interrupt the proceedings like some of your sex." As they went on she added, turning to the other girl, "Heard what just happened? They were in the middle of the love scene; Clara, down on her knees before Jes, happened to glance up and there on the running track was a girl—Kate Clinton, I guess, looked like her pink sunbonnet—and a man with her, fairly doubled up laughing. You ought to have seen Clara's face!"

"Have you ever noticed," asked the other girl, "how amused and bored men always look during the love-making in a play?"

"Just so, while the girls are intensely interested. There's philosophy for you, but draw your own deductions."

The Mascot did not in the least understand what they were saying, but he got the idea that he was going to the rehearsal because he could be relied on not to laugh, and that to laugh would distress his Aunt Clara, a sin some one had already committed. Was this, too, a part of his duty as Mascot?

Digitized by Google

II.

The gymnasium was fast filling with an eager and excited crowd. Girls, three deep, lined the running track and thronged the open space at the head of the stairs. Around the railing above the basket at the stage end were draped the colors of the contending classes, green and yellow bunting marking off the right side of the track for the even classes, green and white beckoning odd numbers to the left. Flags, streamers, and pennants of all shapes, sizes, and materials waved from every available spot; on the one side green and white rosettes and fluttering ribbons stared askance at huge bunches of buttercups on the other. An eager hum of voices rose, broken now and then by a cheer as some favorite member of the Faculty wearing the colors of the team of her choice was escorted to a seat among her allies. Belated girls hastened in from laboratory or recitation.

On the floor the umpires were talking together in a little group. A few privileged spectators began to take their places by the windows opening into the director's office and the trophy room. A cheer broke out from above as the girls relieved their overwrought feelings, and from the other gallery came an answering song,—

"There 's luck in odd numbers."

A few of the players came on to the floor and began to throw the ball about; more followed; the goal throwers tried the basket.

The cheering now commenced in good earnest. Over and over again rang out the short yell of Nineteen Hundred, the leaders with their green and gold wands of office mounted on chairs at their stations along the gallery.

Osky — wow — wow,
Wisky — wow — wow.

Crisp and incisive came the response of the green and white.

Songs were bandied back and forth followed by another babel of cheering. The older people, guests unused to the demonstrations accompanying a basket ball championship game, listened and laughed in half-amazed, half-amused interest. The girls did not laugh, except in an excited nervous way, they were too much in earnest; perspiration poured down their faces and they yelled themselves hoarse with hearty good will.

Digitized by Google

Just outside the door opening into the gymnasium from the dressing rooms below, the Mascot was watching the scene; he longed to be out there but his team as they came back from practicing had told him to wait a little; he thought it must be nearly time to begin. The Seniors had gathered around his Aunt Clara on the stairs and she was talking earnestly to them.

"Keep cool, girls, and *fight*," he heard her say. "Throw for the basket every chance you get. Be careful to cover your men, and, guards, *don't* let them make any goals. It 's our only hope."

The Mascot did not agree with his aunt. He had watched the team play, he had seen them win two victories already over other classes, and he was not in the least alarmed to-day; he only felt a supreme pity for the Junior team who were going to get beaten and who did n't know it. Then somebody handed the Mascot the ball and said, "All right now, go ahead."

He clutched it firmly and stepped into the gymnasium, greeted by a storm of applause. So much engaged was he in getting safely down the short flight of stairs by the stage, an operation he was obliged to accomplish with a sidewise, crablike movement, because of the size of the ball which prevented his seeing much of anything ahead of him, that he had no attention to spare for the cheering. When that difficult feat was accomplished he perceived that a little girl in a white sunbonnet with a green bow had come out of the other door and was following him down the gymnasium. The Mascot carried the ball to his mother as he had been told to do amid cheers and exclamations from the galleries.

"Nineteen Hundred's Mascot. Is n't he cute!"

"Sweetest little thing!"

"Ball 's as big as he is——"

From the covert of his mother's side he turned to scrutinize the little girl. The ball as it rolled away had stopped before the child. She surveyed it a moment with a somewhat surprised air, then slowly and deliberately raised one plump foot and gave the ball a little tap that sent it rolling back. The applause increased; girls were leaning out over the railings in delighted interest. Evidently the child was not troubled with shyness. One of the umpires stooped down and returned the ball gently; the enthusiasm of the galleries became more intense. Some one offered the Mascot a chance but he declined. There were too many girls' eyes focused

Digitized by Google

on one spot; he did not object to a good many, but he could not stand hundreds with equanimity. The little girl grew tired of the sport and walked away from the ball.

The teams came in and took their places on the floor, the Juniors conspicuous in their green bloomers and white sweaters, the Seniors with only a big white naughty-naught on each chest to brighten their dark suits. The cheering broke out afresh and with redoubled vigor, the long yells, the short yells, now in unison, one side shouting for the other, now in opposition, each striving to outdo and drown the clamor of its rivals.

The Mascot was hurried upstairs and joyfully ensconced in the midst of the faithful supporters of the gold and green. His curly head shone bright as the buttercups that some one stuck in the front of his little jacket—they tickled his chin but he would have endured much more in his loyalty to Nineteen Hundred.

The long, shrill whistle of the timekeeper cut in on the cheering. It died away in broken exclamations. The ball was tossed up and the game was on.

The Mascot drew in his breath and fixed his eyes on the tall, lithe figure of his aunt.

"Sure catch," muttered a girl near him. "Ah, that's fine!"

"Best center in college," returned her neighbor.

The Mascot's eyes flashed. He was leaning over the railing, his curls bobbing excitedly up and down, one of the girls grasping his jacket firmly behind.

"A-a-a-h!" A sigh, long drawn out, almost a moan, escaped from the right gallery.

"Did you see that?" breathlessly. "Went in and jumped out again!"

"Shoot! Shoot!"

"Look! What's the matter? Somebody hurt—no, she's up again. Good for her!"

"Splendid play!"

Scattered exclamations reached the Mascot's ears. He wondered whether Bob was out on the front steps, but he kept his eyes on the game.

"H'm! There's the whistle. First half up and not a point made."

A long sigh broke from the galleries as the tension was les-

Digitized by Google

sened. The referee stepped forward, book in hand, "Score, nothing to nothing. No fouls made on either side."

The spectators straightened up. Those so fortunate as to have chairs leaned back and drew a deep breath. The leaders of the yells sprang to their places and waved their wands.

"Pitch it low!"

Girls cheered doggedly, grimly regarding each other across the intervening space, their throats dry from excitement, hoarse from constant straining. They sang huskily with forced bravado, each side making mental reservations in case what both so confidently predicted did not come to pass.

"They 're desperate now," commented a girl as the teams came back after ten minutes of rest and refreshment.

"A tie would be awful——"

"Better than defeat."

The excitement was at white heat. The Mascot looked down on the struggling figures below him, springing here and there, now bunching, now scattering, turning, twisting, running back and forth; at the ball hurtling through the air or skimming close to the floor, urged on, passed from hand to hand, fought over with relentless persistence.

"Scrap," whispered a girl laconically.

"Stop her! Why don't they stop her throwing like that? missed!"

Suddenly the Mascot saw the ball sweeping through the air in a clean easy curve toward the Junior goal; he heard a wild cheer only half suppressed burst from the green and white throng opposite, a cheer that was dulled by the groans of the girls around him.

"Two to nothing!"

"We 're done for! They have n't time to make it up."

A troubled look crept into the Mascot's round blue eyes. He had a queer feeling in the pit of his stomach, almost as if he were hungry, yet he had had a lunch just before the game; there flashed into his mind the thought of the ice cream promised him directly afterwards when the champions were to treat the defeated team. He caught a glimpse of his aunt's face, white and set—both teams were playing against time and they knew it. The timekeeper raised the whistle to her lips and held it there, her eyes fixed on the watch in her hand.

Digitized by Google

Behind him a girl groaned, "Lost!"

Shrill and clear the whistle cut the air, but it was drowned in such a pandemonium of sounds as the Mascot in his short life had never heard before.

"Quick, girls, their yell," cried the leader behind him. "One, two, three——"

Osky — wow — wow —

On the floor below his team was gathered around their captain.

Wisky — wow — wow —

At the other side of the gymnasium he saw the white sweaters of the Juniors, their shoulders rising and falling to the rhythm of the Senior cheer,—

Nineteen Hundred,
Nineteen Hundred,
Holyoke — Century!

In the opposite gallery girls were wildly jumping up and down; wavy lines of green and white danced before the Mascot's eyes. He turned and buried his curly head on the shoulder of the girl in whose lap he was sitting. This must be the way Bob had felt.

III.

The Juniors were out celebrating. Tooting of horns interspersed with cheers floated across the campus to the porch of Safford Hall where sat the Mascot kicking his heels despondently against his chair. "They 're on the way to Rocky," said a girl, making a wry face as she came up the steps. "Painting Snow's barn now. Oh yes, got permission all right. They 'll be around here presently."

The Mascot tugged at Bob's hand. "Come up on Prospect," he whispered. "Aunt Clara 's there. I saw her go. Come, and let's find her."

At the foot of the long avenues overarched by their network of cool green, the brook was whispering softly to itself, slipping quietly here and there over some ledge of rock that lifted a jagged edge to dispute its current. On the lake several boats drifted idly, while the gay laughter of a lingering supper party rang out from the covert of grapevines on the farther bank. The Mascot stopped

Digitized by Google

on the bridge and dropped a stone into the clear water. It gave him a peculiar pleasure to disturb something.

Suddenly throwing away his handful of pebbles he started on up the hill, rejecting Bob's offer of a ride on his shoulder and perversely choosing to scramble up the steepest and most abrupt places he could find. He felt in a vague way that his mental condition demanded physical exercise. Bob followed with long, slow strides, lazily watching the exertions of the hot, grumpy little boy.

Now and then with his hands full of grass he plumped down in a surprised way at the young man's feet. Somewhat to his dismay the Mascot found that these frequent tumbles improved his temper. The touch of the larches as they brushed his cheek with soft detaining fingers soothed him; the smell of fresh, growing things bruised against his knees, even the stains they left on his little white suit, inclined him more amicably toward Bob and the world in general. A comfortable tired feeling began to creep over him.

Just below the brow of the hill they came upon his Aunt Clara sitting half hidden in the long grass, her white gown showing distinctly against the dark shadows of the pines, her hands full of buttercups. Bob threw himself down beside her and the Mascot crept into her lap.

The sun had set. In rugged outlines the hills stood bold and clear against the evening sky; through the gap in the range where flowed the river guarded by its sentinel peaks lay the "land of Beulah," its hills showing faint and far away like the peaks of some unknown country. Over Nonotuck a star shone with soft radiance while away on the southern horizon gleamed the twinkling lights of the city. Snatches of song, sweetened and mellowed by distance, floated up to them from the campus below. On the gymnasium steps the Juniors were gathered singing their class songs in the brilliance of green and white incense lights. Over the trees of the quadrangle rose the clock tower of Mary Lyon Hall; the glint of water shining in the light of the rising moon flashed out here and there below them. Now and then a little breeze whispered through the leaves or a bird twittered softly among the larches.

The Mascot wriggled a little and looked up at his aunt. He liked to watch the play of light on her hair and face; she reminded him of the girl in a story some one had told him the other day, a

Digitized by Google

girl who lived in the woods of Greece long ago. He thought they called her a nymph, whatever that was—she had another name, too. He was not very well versed in mythology; he 'd ask Bob about it to-morrow. He wondered drowsily whether Bob noticed how beautiful his aunt looked to-night. The Mascot was very comfortable, so comfortable that he began to grow sleepy.

Bob's voice came to him from far away, a word now and then.

"Rehearsal — sorry — laughed — forgive ——"

His aunt's low tones blended with and changed into the voice of a beautiful maiden in long shining robes, who was calling him to come away and play with her in a fair green meadow studded all over with basket balls. His aunt and Bob seemed to be talking about the play. He would leave them and go with this new friend to this basket ball field.

"Get tired — making love—over and over— oh, he 's asleep——"

The Mascot tried very hard to wake up.

"Change parts — let me — Clara, now ——"

But the Mascot was tossing basket balls about the green meadow in company with the shining maiden and he did not hear nor heed, for his ears were attuned to a different language, the mystical speech of the Land of Dreams.

—B. B. G., 1902.

IN SHORT.

LULLABY.

HUSH thee, hush :
One bright star glowing
Shines across the western sea.
Hush thee, hush :
The tides in-flowing
Murmur lullabies to thee.

Hush thee, hush :
From dark pines sleeping
Soft winds whisper their good night.

Digitized by Google

Hush thee, hush :
My heart is keeping
Tender vigil till the light.

—R. D. H., 1902.

A Reminiscence.

I NEVER knew whether it was with Joe or with Herbert that the scheme originated; in fact, so far back as I can remember, it was an established institution. I am inclined to believe that, like other systems of land tenure, it was the outgrowth of a progressive civilization. Some one had presented the boys with a box of toy money — dollars, dimes, and cents, all in pasteboard covered with deceptive silver paper. These had served for a while as a medium of exchange, when rainy days rendered temporary sale of toys and wearing apparel a diverting pastime; but such petty barter soon grew wearisome, and larger transactions were desired. So it came about that the boys became land owners and dealers in real estate, dividing between them the rooms of the house. My own share came later, I think, as a grant from their possessions.

Of course the toy money was no longer equal to our needs, and an old check book became the source of an immense issue of paper bills. Of the notes so issued none represented less than a hundred dollars, and some reached the millions; lesser sums were made from smaller bits of paper, printed on the boys' press, and the once prized silver bits were relegated to oblivion.

The different parts of the house now assumed relative values hitherto unknown. Heated discussions were held over the prices demanded, and sharp bargains were driven, of which not seldom I was the victim. On one occasion Joe suddenly annexed to his domain the attic, heretofore unclaimed territory, and Herbert, for the sake of enlivening a particularly dull afternoon, made a bid for its purchase. The transaction was made on the very spot, and Joe, in consideration of the attic's unfinished appearance, contented himself with the moderate charge of fifty thousand dollars. I, meanwhile, knew not even that the attic was on the market, and was quite bewildered when Herbert entered the nursery and offered to sell me the land "dirt cheap."

"How much ought it to be?" I asked innocently.

Digitized by Google

"Well," he replied, apparently weighing the matter with great care, "of course it's valuable because of its altitude, — the air is simply superb. And then, there are five windows, and they always come high. But I guess I can let you have it for a hundred and fifty thousand."

I gasped at the amount, for my fortune had been rapidly diminished through recent purchases; but the altitude — whatever that might mean — was a strong inducement, and it was not until I had counted out the bills and taken my receipt that it occurred to me to inquire how much Joe had demanded for the property.

As wealth increased, the need of a bank was felt, and with Joe as banker a complete system of checks and bank books was established. The intricacies of the game were now quite beyond my feminine intelligence; so Joe became my legal adviser, and my fortunes fared better.

I know no more of the system's end than of its origin. Certainly no financial disaster came upon us. Its day passed as mysteriously as passes the day of dolls. But still occasionally in some out-of-the-way corner we come upon a bit of the old-time currency, and recall the happy days when we "dealt in real estate," and a million dollars was to us as a dollar is to-day.

—ROWENA KEITH KEYES, 1902.

A Martha Washington Geranium.

MRS. ANNIE FOSTER was a widow, about sixty years old, short, stout, and unattractive. After her husband's death she sold her house, being of a thrifty turn, and bought a little cottage on a back street in my native town. Here she led a solitary life, varied only by the excitements incident to raising chickens and growing geraniums. These plants were the joy and pride of her life, and occupied all available space in her little house. To them she was indebted for the second romance of her life.

She stood at her front window one morning in early spring watering her favorite geranium, a choice specimen of the Martha Washington variety. While she was thus engaged, she attracted the attention of a certain Mr. Page, an old man who happened to be visiting relatives across the street. She looked so much like

Digitized by Google

his first wife and had to him such a charming and homelike appearance, that he immediately set out across the street to make her acquaintance, without the formality of an introduction. He knocked at the neatly painted door, and was admitted to Mrs. Foster's little front parlor, gay with red tidies and pink seashells. Here he entered into conversation with the surprised but polite mistress of the house, explaining that her geraniums had attracted him,—a master stroke, had he but known it. Mrs. Foster more than came up to his expectations. Such familiarity with the problems of chicken raising, such an evident mastery of all details of good housekeeping, and such sound common sense, he had seen in only one other woman. He finally went home, convinced that the proper successor to the first Mrs. Page had been found.

Other calls followed quickly, and various little attentions in the shape of bags of oranges, slips of new geraniums procured with difficulty from a distance, and fine sittings of eggs. The courtship progressed rapidly, and in two weeks Mr. Page proposed to the astonished widow. As she afterwards said to her confidential friend, Miss Martin, "she was struck all of a heap." She was quite content with her single life, and not inclined to leave it for any man. She told her lover kindly but firmly that she did not want to get married, but that she knew a woman who did. Though inconsolable at first, Mr. Page was soon paying marked attention to the "woman who did," under Mrs. Foster's direction, and in the course of a few weeks the courtship was brought to a happy conclusion. At the bride's departure for her new home, Mrs. Foster presented her with a slip of her Martha Washington geranium, a mark of favor vouchsafed to few.

—HELEN C. BOWERMAN, 1901.

Nell Studies.

NELL has expelled me from the next room because she is going to study and she can't have anyone in the room. I lean back in my chair with a satisfied little sigh thinking what a great student Nell is and what an honor she will be to the family. In the next room, I hear her rushing to and fro between the desk and bookcase getting her material all ready for the work. She meditates a few minutes before the bookcase,

Digitized by Google

then comes that peculiar soft rubbing noise as one book after another is pulled out. A few quick steps, then a grand slam-bang, followed by two or three soft little bumps. Nell has deposited her cargo of books on the desk. A thump or two as she pulls the heavy chair out into position, then a confused rustling and swish, swish, as my lady settles down to business. Slip and slide go the books, for each has to have a convenient position; a soft whir of leaves, a fluttering of paper, and a hurried scratching of a pen for a minute. Silence; a rip and a tear, —off comes that sheet! Scratch, scratch, goes the pen again; hesitation, a few more strokes, then a low mutter, followed by a heavy scraping sound and a rush of quick footsteps to the wastebasket accompanied by a crushing and crackling of paper. The process of reseating herself being repeated, perfect silence for at least half an hour. Curiosity at length gets the better of me. Picturing to myself an absorbed girl bending low over the desk with a studious frown on her forehead and a wise pucker around her mouth, I creep cautiously to the door; there lounges Nell in the big Morris chair reading the last *Munsey*.

—Carolyn H. Hyde, 1904.

THE LITERARY DIGEST.

TWO EXTRACTS FOR FLAVORING.

The Solitary Summer, September.

How I detest these all too numerous autumnal rains! Now that my garden is in the fullness of its beauty, and seven days each week spent entirely in it is all I need to keep me angelic, I am awakened morning after morning by the malicious sound of rain driven against the windows. All day I have been shut up in the house, chilly and dejected, with nothing whatever to entertain me. I could not seek consolation in my favorite books, for it is impossible for me to read Thoreau anywhere else than at a certain shady spot beside the pond a half-mile away, nor can I take up Goethe except in my special seat on the south side of the ice-house; and Keats is utterly silent in my presence except on a long forest drive at a rate of neither

Digitized by Google

less nor more than three miles an hour. Yet I feel I owe my forefathers a debt of gratitude for giving me this elevated taste which can enjoy books only at certain times and places. How empty a soul must be which is not thus constituted!

So, in default of books, I tried to talk with the babies; but the mixture of German and English which they speak is unendurable, and their questions on theology are so appalling that I soon sent them away to their little nurse, and sat down in a very big chair to think.

When the Man of Wrath came in to tea I attacked him thus:—

"Please, Man of Wrath, do invite some one to come here. I can't stay alone when I have n't my garden."

"My dear Elizabeth," he replied, putting his arm around me,—he can be uncomfortably affectionate at times,—"how often have I pointed out the folly of this solitary summer of yours! You do not seem to realize that all women, and especially yourself, are incapable of forming correct judgments. When will you learn to rely on my experience?"

"I don't like relying," I murmured, "but I do like to have visitors during rainy weather. There are plenty of ways in which I can get rid of them when the fine days come again."

"Very well, my dear," replied the Man of Wrath. "It is always best to allow a woman to do as she likes if you can, and it saves a good deal of bother. To have what she desired is generally an effective punishment."

Which shows how little the Man of Wrath really knows me. For I am sure that to have my own way is no punishment; on the contrary, if I do not have it, I cannot be good or happy or agreeable.

The Crisis.

Miss Virginia Carvel, as she stood on the porch of her father's house, was, but for the fashion of her dress, the very portrait of her great-grandmother, the famous Dorothy Manners, with whom and whose history the well-informed reader is no doubt acquainted. And before her stood Stephen Brice, who might almost have been mistaken for the renowned Richard Carvel, so great is the resemblance among the

Digitized by Google

heroes of novels. So, even as the ancestors of the fair Virginia, a hundred years agone, did these two torment each other.

"I am sorry I could not have seen you when I called," said he, "as I wished for the opportunity to tell you how much I enjoyed myself at your party. I have found everybody in St. Louis very kind to strangers."

Virginia was nearly disarmed. She remembered how she had opposed his coming. But honesty as well as something else prompted her to say :—

"It was my father who invited you."

Stephen did not reveal the shock his vanity had received.

"At least you were good enough to dance with me."

"I could scarcely refuse a guest," she replied.

He held up his head.

"Had I thought it would have given you annoyance," he said quietly, "I should not have asked you."

"Which would have been a lack of good manners," said Virginia, biting her lips.

Poor Stephen! He could not comprehend her cruelty. Nor could he know that in three hundred and fifty pages more his troubles would be ended, and he and Virginia would, at the beginning of their married life, be setting forth to visit old Annapolis, and would rehearse the history of Richard and Dorothy already mentioned.

For thus the historical novel repeats itself.

—J. B., 1902.

BOOK REVIEW.

"ARROWS OF THE ALMIGHTY," by Owen Johnson.

THIS novel, remarkable for its great earnestness, is a study in heredity covering two generations, the father sowing the evil seed that appears in the character and environment of the son and hero, John Gaunt. For a background, Mr. Johnson has selected a country estate outside of Baltimore, later the city of Cleveland, and in the last portion of the book various locations during the Civil War, when the hero renders valuable service in the commissary department, particularly in exposing a certain Kane who

Digitized by Google

is trying to sell to the government bales of hay filled with billets of wood.

There is first a sort of prologue showing, in a succession of gay pictures, a society ball in Baltimore and the "Rout of the Belles" by the willful and attractive Emily Orkney, her engagement and marriage to Harry Gaunt, a gentleman of leisure and a lover of Voltaire, and their unexpected retirement from society.

Then the "Arrows of the Almighty" begin to fall. Years elapse during which Harry Gaunt becomes a desperate gambler and a slave to opium, while his atheism develops into a horrible dread of death. The once gay Emily is dying of a broken heart, and the young John Gaunt appears in a scene lit by the "color of cards and the flash of coin," trying to solve with the "insistent inquisitiveness of childhood" his father's fear of the "Via Dolorosa." The boy's mental suffering when he begins to understand his father's wretched condition is analyzed with the greatest delicacy. It darkens and nearly ruins the whole of his life. For years he struggles against the "spectre of his father's doom" only sustained by the memory of his mother, whose influence is potent throughout his career.

John Gaunt's experiences at Yale, where he gains the title of "Johnnie Glum" and forms a life comradeship with the fat little class favorite, Jack Hazard, a series of bitter dealings with his guardian and the subsequent loss of all his property, a successful business career and a happy marriage, are some of the stages in the metamorphosis of the hero from a sensitive, over-proud, unhappy child to a useful, healthy man.

The young author, who is a recent Yale graduate, has achieved a great success in this, his first extended work of fiction. The plot is on the whole commonplace, especially in the introduction of Captain Brace, who remains a rather indistinct character to the end, and later in John Gaunt's married life and the semi-tragic accident that threatens to destroy his happiness. This last might well be cut out altogether. But the book is above reproach in its literary form, in its keen sympathy, and in its main interest, the psychical analysis and mental growth of the hero.

—1902.

The Macmillan Company. Price $1.50.

Digitized by Google

EDITORIAL.

Of all the popular fallacies concerning her that which reckons among the assets of the average college woman an unlimited amount of concentration is perhaps the most mistaken. Not that she is utterly devoid of the ability to fix her mind at a given time upon a given subject to the exclusion of all extraneous thoughts or influences — far from it — but that she does not ordinarily avail herself of this power must be acknowledged. By this disuse, it sinks gradually from a potentiality to an impossibility. The habit of concentration is one universally admired but seldom adequately practiced. It requires a certain amount of effort, greater or less in direct proportion to the degree of brain power obtained — and this the ordinary college woman expends to only a limited extent. In its lower stages the habit is not uncommon, but the lower stages are not those from which the most benefit is derived. The quantity of work obtained from one hour of concentrated energy may be the same as from three of moderate application, but in quality it is vastly different. For the worth of a student's work depends not merely on the amount accomplished, but even more on the way in which it is done, and if she comes to the class room from her three hours of study, dull-eyed, brain-clogged, and weary with what she terms a continual "grind," the kind of work she has done must be recognized as inferior to that of her classmate whose one hour of concentrated application has left her clear-thinking and quick-witted.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." With the multiplex interests of college life there is no time to waste in following the guidance of the addle-pated little imp of Mental Dissipation, and the college woman does well to reflect upon it. It is good for her, as for the business man, to take at the outset of the student year an inventory of her stock in trade, her mental forces and capabilities, that, if she has not already done so, she may include among them the art of concentration which, more than any other habit, can serve her in her college work.

Digitized by Google

THE New England Intercollegiate Press Association held its annual meeting and banquet in Boston at the Copley Square Hotel on May 27, 1901. To the editor of a college publication, immersed as is such an one in the particular interests of an individual paper, and vitally connected as he or she must be with those questions of management which are so constantly before the student press, the influence of this intercollegiate press meeting is broadening and in every way helpful. It is well to come in contact with editors of other magazines who have met and solved problems along lines the same as those of one's own development or radically different. Other people's experience is often a labor-saving device and the interchange of editorial ways and means cannot but bear practical results in the more able handling of the publications represented. The meeting occupies a unique place in the college world of New England and, to the editor or manager attending it, must certainly prove of great benefit.

DEPARTMENT NOTES.

ENGLISH.

THE department of English is reinforced by the appointment of Miss Beckwith and Miss Ball, Miss Beckwith to take half the freshman work, Miss Snell keeping the other half, and Miss Ball (1900) to read for Miss Wood, who has all the sophomore section. Miss Snell ('92) taught at Morrison Seminary in Kentucky, '92 to '94, traveled in Europe the summer of '95, taught in the Philadelphia Home School, '95 to '99, and studied at the University of Chicago, '99 to 1900. Miss Beckwith ('93) studied at the University of Chicago, '96 to '97, taught at Elmira College for two years, and spent six months studying in France and Germany.

DEPARTMENT OF ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

As previously, the large classes in History of Art meet this year, for the present, in Williston Hall lecture room.

The transfer of class work, soon, to more commodious and delightful quarters, in the Dwight Memorial Art Building, is eagerly anticipated.

It has been an important subject in connection with the fine new hall, these months past, to secure some immediate worthy equipment, of casts and other needed material in art illustration.

Digitized by Google

Of the casts required, forty separate pieces and more are already ordered from Athens and Berlin, through class gifts and otherwise; concerning which a detailed statement will appear in the November number of THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

MATHEMATICS.

MISS S. E. SMITH, head of the department of Mathematics, will spend the year in study at the University of Chicago.

Miss R. G. Wood, Smith College, '98, who took the degree of Ph.D. at Yale University last June, has been called to the position of instructor in the department.

A new course in Theory of Transformations is offered this year by Dr. Wood.

PHILOSOPHY.

THE work in philosophy as outlined for the current year shows considerable change. Six hours of work in the department will be required for graduation instead of eight as heretofore. Of these, three hours are given to the prescribed course in psychology; for the other three the student may elect one of several courses. The teaching force has been increased by the appointment of Miss Helen Bradford Thompson, Ph.D., as instructor in psychology. Miss Thompson was graduated from the University of Chicago in 1897. For the next three years she was a graduate student in psychology at the University, from which she received the degree of Ph.D. in 1900. Last year she held the European fellowship offered by the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ and carried on her studies in the University of Berlin and the University of Paris.

Through the generosity of Dr. Henry C. Houghton, of New York city, who has long been known as a faithful friend of Mount Holyoke College, this year will see the opening of a small psychological laboratory. Dr. Houghton has given the sum of one thousand dollars for the purchase of apparatus. The laboratory will be ready for use by the second semester, when an elementary course in experimental psychology will be offered.

PHYSICS.

MISS ELIZABETH R. LAIRD takes Miss Leiter's place in the Physics department. Miss Laird received the degree of B.A. from the University of Toronto, the degree of Ph.D. from Bryn Mawr, and has spent one year studying in Berlin.

CHEMISTRY.

MISS GIBBONS of this department is taking graduate work in Chicago University. Her place is filled by Miss Caroline Sheldon Moore, who received her B.A. from Chicago University, where she also did graduate work.

Miss Emma Carr, Mount Holyoke, '02 (non-graduate), takes Miss Angeline Adams's place.

Digitized by Google

ASTRONOMY.

THE Astronomical department has added to its equipment a 2½ inch portable telescope with alt-azimuth mounting. The instrument is fitted with astronomical eyepieces magnifying 72 and 108 diameters respectively. It comes from the factory of W. & D. Mogry, Bayonne, N. J.

BOTANY.

MISS HOOKER and Miss Baker attended the summer session at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Holl.

The Turkish Alumnæ have a very pleasant way of remembering their Alma Mater in a yearly contribution toward the support of the botanical gardens. This is given in memory of Mrs. Millingen.

The class of 1851, at their reunion in June, voted a gift to the college in memory of their classmate, Miss Lydia Shattuck. This has arrived in the form of a compound microscope—with fine appliances—to be used in the botanical department over which Miss Shattuck presided so many years.

GEOLOGY.

A CHOICE collection of lantern slides has been added to those already in this department, which will specially illustrate physiographic and structural geology. It is expected, also, that new appliances, either gas or electricity, will be furnished for the use of the lantern.

Miss Cowles spent several weeks of her vacation at the Summer School of Cornell University, and in field work and excursions to localities of special geologic interest, particularly in central New York and at Niagara Falls.

LATIN.

HELEN ELISABETH HOAG, A.B., Cornell, '94, assumes a position in the department after a year's study in Germany, Greece, and Italy. Miss Hoag was honored with the graduate scholarship at Cornell, 1894–5, and subsequently taught five years in Elmira College.

Vivian B. Small, A.B., Mount Holyoke, '96, acts as tutor and reader in the department.

Esther B. Van Deman, Ph.D., teacher of Latin for the past three years, spends the coming year in study at the American School of Classical Studies in Rome.

LIBRARY.

CHANGES in the library are noticed in the new porch at the entrance, which greatly improves the appearance of the building, and in the east windows of the main room, whose upper sashes of prism glass cast the light well into the center of

Digitized by Google

the room. These improvements are welcome, but the opening of this college year makes more apparent than ever before the need of a new library building. It is difficult under the present conditions to provide sufficient table room for the students from the constantly increasing classes, and the shelving is becoming crowded. Over a hundred books have already been catalogued this year, and a number of others have been received.

Miss Nutting has been made Librarian Emeritus and Miss Bertha Blakely takes her place as librarian, assisted by Miss Frances Haynes, Holyoke, '95, and, temporarily, by Miss Nan Evans (1901).

COLLEGE NOTES.

And now for work again! It seems almost as if our fairy godmother had waved her magic wand over the campus, if one may judge by the remarkable changes which have taken place since we left it in June. Dwight Hall — the new Art Building — is nearing completion, and will probably be ready for use on the first of November. West Hall has vanished from the face of the earth and, freed from its close proximity, Pearsons stands forth in new dignity. Mead Hall is finished and occupied by over a hundred members of the faculty and student body. The tall chimney and unsightly engine house, which formerly stood in the rear of Mary Lyon chapel, have been removed and the ground smoothly graded. The new engine house stands between Porter Hall and the lake, and from there sends steam heat and hot water to the college buildings. All the dormitories have been fitted with electric lights in the halls, parlors, and dining rooms, and are much improved thereby. Several changes in the grading of the grounds have been made, and concrete sidewalks have been laid, connecting Rockefeller with Mead, Wilder, and the Gymnasium.

There is a large entering class, which raises the total number of students to six hundred and twelve. The plan of the recitation periods has been changed again, and now we have fifty-minute periods, with five minutes between, thus procuring seven periods where last year we had but six. Another radical change is the placing of dinner at six o'clock, with lunch at noon.

The first social event of the year was the reception given to the entering class by the Young Women's Christian Association. This took place the first Saturday afternoon at four-thirty, in the Gymnasium, which was prettily decorated for the occasion. Perhaps the most enjoyable part of the afternoon was that taken up with the brief addresses of welcome given by President Woolley and Helen Broeksmit, president of the association.

Digitized by Google

Another opportunity for the new girls to become acquainted with the association was given on Sunday at the vesper service at five o'clock. On Sunday, September 22, the meeting was held in the chapel at seven-thirty and was addressed by Dr. Ballantine of Springfield in behalf of the Bible and Mission Study classes. Special music by the choir made the service more enjoyable.

On Thursday, September 19, the college, as a part of the great American people, paid its tribute to the memory of President McKinley. College work was suspended for the day, and chapel was held at nine, instead of at eight-thirty as usual. President Woolley made a short, impressive address and the choir, under the direction of Professor Hammond, rendered special music. In the afternoon the college joined with the townspeople in the service at the church, at which President Woolley also spoke.

Safford Hall received several valuable gifts during Commencement week. A handsome Persian rug in the reception hall is the gift of Mr. Hagop Bogigian, Boston, in honor of his wife, H. Josephine Carrington, class of '68. The Century atlas was given by the students comprising the family of 1900–1901; and a dozen plates of Limoges china for the tea table, by Mrs. Barry, class of '81.

The two chapters of the Debating Society held brief meetings on the evening of the twenty-first.

At the regular meeting of the Athletic Association, Saturday afternoon, the twenty-first, the following officers were elected: President, Charlotte Swinington ('02); vice-president, Elizabeth Colby ('03); secretary, Frances Flanagan ('04); treasurer, Gail Smith ('03); executive committee, Bertha Gysbers ('02), Annie Tracy ('03), Grace Webb ('04), Delight Hall ('05).

The senior class appeared in chapel in cap and gown on the morning of October first; seats were not assigned until later in the week, however.

The following house chairmen have been elected: Brigham, Jane Caskey; Safford, Rowena Keyes; Porter, Emma Southworth; Pearsons, Bertha Gleason; Rockefeller, Gertrude Sherman; Wilder, Blanche Horton; Mead, Amy Peters.

The names of those entering the class of 1905, and of students entering college with advanced standing, are as follows: —

Abbott, Edith Abigail	Randolph, Vt.
Abercrombie, Bertha Elizabeth	Lawrence, Mass.
Allen, Gladys	Middletown, N. Y.
Allen, Florence Isabel	Hartford, Conn.
Allen, Mary Dayton	Holland Patent, N. Y.
Allen, Mary Tuttle	Wallingford, Conn.
Allyn, Harriet May	New London, Conn.

Digitized by Google

Allyn, Mary Elizabeth	Groton, Conn.
Anderson, Margaret	Andover, Mass.
Avery, Alice Rosalia	Westfield, Mass.
Ballard, Martha Frances	Davenport, Iowa
Barrows, Edna Eunice	Augusta, Me.
Bartholomew, Nena	Glen Ridge, N. J.
Bartlett, Eleanor Hamilton	Bradford, Pa.
Beard, Mary Louise	Shelton, Conn.
Becker, Lucia von Lueck	Reading, Pa.
Bieber, Ina Ellen	Binghamton, N. Y.
Blodgett, Ethel S.	West Newton, Mass.
Blust, Mae J.	Freeport, Ill.
Bowen, Marguerite E.	New Bedford, Mass.
Bradley, Edith Coley	Westport, Conn.
Bragaw, Alice Irene	Newark, N. J.
Brown, Mary Norton	Evanston, Ill.
Buck, Helen I.	Manchester, N. H.
Bullard, Helen Bulkley	East Orange, N. J.
Burpee, Mary Genevra	Houlton, Me.
Burr, Edna	Plainfield, N. J.
Burtiss, Anna B.	Jamaica, N. Y.
Carter, Florence Isabel	Winchendon, Mass.
Chandler, Ethel	Indian Orchard, Mass.
Chapin, Etta Eliza	Medina, N. Y.
Child, Bessie M.	Burlington, Vt.
Clark, Mary A.	Westfield, N. J.
Clement, Louise W.	Albany, N. Y.
Coe, Amy B.	Springfield, Mass.
Cole, Bertha M.	Lebanon, N. H.
Cook, Maysie Gwendolyn	Merryall, Pa.
Cook, Ruth Hilma	Woonsocket, R. I.
Courtright, Nellie Brooks	Aurora, Ill.
Cowell, Marion Louise	Ashburnham, Mass.
Cram, Margaret E.	Mt. Vernon, Me.
Crawford, Helen	Lawrence, Mass.
Cruff, Maude Edith	Thompson, Conn.
Curtis, Flora S.	Pawtucket, R. I.
Cutler, Ruth Loring	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Cummings, Julia Victoria	Hadley, Mass.
Cutting, Iza May	Nobscot, Mass.
Dale, Edith	Springfield, Mass.

273553

Digitized by Google

Davis, Edwina Gertrude	Rockville, Conn.
Day, Carolyn Barton	Colchester, Conn.
Demarest, Elizabeth Baldwin	New York, N. Y.
Dixon, Mary Faison	Roxbury, Mass.
Dodge, Alice Townsend	Billerica, Mass.
Dodge, Mary M.	Buffalo, N. Y.
Dunton, Edith Fawar	Belfast, Me.
Durkee, Mabel Flora	Dudley, Mass.
Earle, Ruth Stanton	Worcester, Mass.
Eaton, Norma Frances	Hartford, Conn.
Elder, Jane Belle	Lewiston, Pa.
Ellis, Ruth Elizabeth	Keene, N. H.
Emmons, Blanche	Detroit, Mich.
Farwell, Alice Marion	Keene, N. H.
Ferris, Anita Brockway	Nyack, N. Y.
Ferry, Edna Louise	New Haven, Conn.
Field, May E.	Conway, Mass.
Fitch, Addie Belle	Milford, N. H.
Foss, Florence Winslow	Dover, N. H.
Fowler, Elizabeth Burdon	Central Falls, R. I.
Fraser, Nellie E.	Genesee, N. Y.
Gamsby, Ruth S.	Bridgeport, Conn.
Gaston, Ethelwyn	Newark, N. J.
Gerrity, Helen Veazie	Bangor, Me.
Gilnack, Anna Belle	Rockville, Conn.
Gold, Winifred	Amherst, Mass.
Goman, Lillian M.	Montclair, N. J.
Griffin, Hester Jeannette	Lenox, Mass.
Grimes, Avis Genevieve	Franconia, N. H.
Grimes, Emma C.	South Hadley, Mass.
Hall, Delight Walkly	Andover, Mass.
Hamilton, Grace H.	Newark, N. J.
Hanscom, Edythe H.	Haverhill, Mass.
Harwood, Ethel Iola	Barre, Mass.
Haskell, Phœbe Gibbs	Rochester, Mass.
Hennick, Lottie Gertrude	South Hadley Falls, Mass.
Holbrook, Edith Gertrude	North Grafton, Mass.
Holmes, Kate Turner	Seattle, Wash.
Howe, Addie Stearns	Leominster, Mass.
Howe, Amy Elizabeth	Orange, Mass.
Hoyle, Ethel Gertrude	Concord, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Huggett, Laura Frances	Fall River, Mass.
Hunt, Edith Starr	Brattleboro, Vt.
Huntley, Hazel	Springfield, Mass.
Hutchinson, Mary D.	Parkersburg, W. Va.
Isham, Flora Annabel	Hampden, Mass.
Jacobs, Helen Gertrude	Dudley, Mass.
James, Bertha Clarkson	Rahway, N. J.
Jennings, Lucy Buffum	Winchester, N. H.
Jerome, Irene Elizabeth	Wolfeboro, N. H.
Johnson, Florence Emily	Worcester, Mass.
Johnson, Ruth Hazzard	Monson, Mass.
Johonnott, Ruth	Burlington, Vt.
Jones, Christie L.	Ridgefield, Conn.
Jones, Helen Natalie	Oshkosh, Wis.
Jones, Jane E.	Amsterdam, N. Y.
Kaulbach, Ella Frances	Haverhill, Mass.
Keeney, Helen	New York, N. Y.
Kelly, Mildred M.	Peoria, Ill.
Kelton, Faith Comint	Holyoke, Mass.
Kent, Mary Emma	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kimball, Lorenia Maude	Bennington, N. H.
Kite, Grace Lillian	Rockville, Conn.
Knight, Esther Isabell	North Brookfield, Mass.
Knowlton, Helen	Farmington, Me.
Lane, Lottie Rowe	Rockport, Mass.
Larned, Margaret	Phillipsburg, N. J.
Lee, Harriet A.	Marash, Turkey.
Lester, Ella Cecelia	Norwich, Conn.
Lebby, Sara Boothby	Westbrook, Me.
Loba, Julie Bradley	Evanston, Ill.
Lord, Grace Elizabeth	Norwich, Vt.
Loring, Sarah Nye	Holyoke, Mass.
Love, Harriet Otis	Albany, N. Y.
Lukins, Gertrude	Streator, Ill.
Mallary, Theresa Scudder	Lenox, Mass.
McIntosh, Grace Jean	Jamestown, N. Y.
McLean, Ellena Risley	Bolton, Conn.
McMartin, Janet C.	West Galway, N. Y.
Melvin, Minnie Tenney	Derry, N. H.
Meserve, Susan Blanchard	Allston, Mass.
Metcalf, Elsie Raymond	Franklin, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Morrill, Belle Chapman	Amesbury, Mass.
Morse, Margaret	Amherst, Mass.
Moseley, Clara L. Townsend	Bergen, N. Y.
Murdock, Susan M.	Spencer, Mass.
Newell, Clara Loring	Gloucester, Mass.
Newell, Gertrude Fannie	Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Newton, Lucy P.	Lenox, Mass.
Nixon, Frances Margaret	East Brentwood, N. H.
Norcross, Gertrude L.	Milford, N. H.
Norcross, Mary Florence	Milford, N. H.
Olmstead, Edith B.	Walton, N. Y.
O'Neil, Maude V.	Haverhill, Mass.
Osborne, Mary Frances	Great Barrington, Mass.
Paddock, Laura Helen	Waterville, N. Y.
Peabody, Elsie Preston	Danvers, Mass.
Peace, Lillian B.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Pease, Mabel Alice	Springfield, Mass.
Perkins, Carrie Ethel	Springfield, Mass.
Perkins, Florence Juliette	Norwich, Conn.
Perkins, Elsie C.	Winsted, Conn.
Perry, Katharine Cleveland	Hartford, Conn.
Pettee, Elizabeth Wilson	Okayama, Japan.
Phelps, Alice Elizabeth	Warehouse Point, Conn.
Phipps, Ethel Williams	Prospect, Conn.
Pike, Florence Ella	South Framingham, Mass.
Pitts, Bertha May	Harrison, Me.
Pond, Mary Elizabeth	Unionville, Conn.
Prindle, Julia Beth	Williamstown, Mass.
Purinton, Grace E.	Hartford, Conn.
Ramsey, Florence M.	Olean, N. Y.
Reed, Agnes Fidelia	Dalton, Mass.
Rice, Isabella Dixon	Geneva, N. Y.
Rice, Marion McCune	Brattleboro, Vt.
Rippey, Elizabeth May	Geneva, N. Y.
Robinson, Kathleen	Auburn, Me.
Robinson, Sylvia Harriet	Walpole, Mass.
Rutt, Ella Grove	Holyoke, Mass.
Sanderson, Ruth Elizabeth	Moosup, Conn.
Saunders, Winifred A.	New Haven, Conn.
Shackley, Helen Paige	West Brookfield, Mass.
Shaw, Mary Louise	Monson, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Sherwood, Elizabeth Lee	New Haven, Conn.
Shields, Margaret C.	St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Shumway, Priscilla	Holyoke, Mass.
Sickman, Bertha Mae	Holyoke, Mass.
Skillin, Edith Marion	Spencer, Mass.
Sleeper, Harriett D.	Lawrence, Mass.
Smith, Christine Lilian	Norwood, Mass.
Staber, Hilda Louise	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Stafford, Mary Florence	Lawrence, Mass.
Stamm, Elizabeth Annie	Augusta, Me.
Starrett, Alice Gardner	Mount Vernon, N. H.
Stebbins, Lucy Annette	Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Stolz, Mary Rosalie	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Swan, Mary Hannah	Las Palomas, New Mexico.
Taft, Elizabeth N.	Worcester, Mass.
Tappen, Alice Catharine	Jersey City, N. J.
Telford, Grace Catharine	Newburgh, N. Y.
Thissell, Ethel A.	Clinton, Mass.
Thompson, Alice L.	Potter Place, N. H.
Thomson, Rena May	Rutland, Vt.
Tillinghast, Helen	Davenport, Io.
Todd, Charlotte E.	Newark, N. J.
Towne, Addie Ethel	Franklin Falls, N. H.
Towle, Theodora Avery	Westfield, Mass.
Trask, Ethelyn Osborne	Salem, Mass.
True, Helen E.	West Somerville, Mass.
Tyler, Mabel Nina	Exeter, N. H.
Unangst, Mary Gertrude	Bloomfield, N. J.
Underhill, Ida Florence	Somerville, Mass.
Waite, Rosamond Cordelia	Cambridge, Mass.
Van Gorder, Lucille Blanche	New Castle, Pa.
Waller, Amelia C.	Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Waterhouse, Lucy Carlton	Bourne, Mass.
Waters, Miriam Orswell	Ipswich, Mass.
Watson, Bessie Beatrice	Northwood Narrows, N. H.
Wentworth, Mary Malvina	Rockland, Me.
Willcox, Helen L.	Holyoke, Mass.
Wilkins, Bess	Marysville, O.
Williams, Evelyn E.	Bismarck, N. Dak.
Williams, Susan L.	Peacham, Vt.

Digitized by Google

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

THE Michigan Association accepted an invitation for its last monthly meeting of the season, May 25, from Miss Brown, who lives at Mt. Clemens, near Detroit. The president, Mrs. Connor, had a copy of the *Springfield Republican*, containing a full report of the inauguration exercises of President Woolley, and the addresses on that occasion. The description of the ceremony and President Woolley's address she read to the association, and these they heartily enjoyed.

At the annual banquet of the Michigan Association Mrs. L. E. Eldred, in response to a toast on "College Friendships," read an original poem, from which we quote a few verses: —

Motto: "Friend is a word of Royal tone;
Friend is a poem all alone."

—*A Persian Poet.*

Over and over I 've whispered the words
Like a murmur from grottoes elysian
Till into my spirit the spell has crept;
The magical spell that for aye has kept
The dreamy land where his dust has slept
In whose soul grew the beautiful vision.

At the touch of a wand invisibly waved
I am wafted through infinite spaces
O'er mountains and valleys and months and years,
I pass to the springtime of hopes and fears,
The land of forget-me-not wreaths and tears
As I look into welcoming faces.

* * * * *

But I wake from my dream of Long Ago
In the halls of our Mother of Learning,
To find that alone in the dusk I sit,
And these thronging shapes are but ghosts that flit
In the fitful glare of the fires I 've lit,
On the altar of Memory burning.

Digitized by Google

Think not that these friendships are ever *lost*,
Though they break with the school life's ending;
For these are the lessons we *learned by heart*,
And unto each life they perforce impart
Or pattern or tint with a deathless art
In which evil and good are contending.

The annual meeting of the New Hampshire Association was held at Franklin, May 29, in the drawing room of the Daniel Webster homestead, which is now a part of the New Hampshire Orphans' Home. The business transacted included the election of the following officers: President, Mrs. B. W. Lockhart, Manchester; vice-president, Mrs. C. F. Pitman, Laconia; treasurer, Mrs. Isabella G. Mack, Manchester; clerk, Mary M. Tolman, Manchester. Money was appropriated for the School of Archæology and Languages at Athens. Miss Tolman, the secretary, gave a report of the inauguration of President Woolley. Tours of inspection of the old Webster Tavern and of the Orphans' Home were full of interest. Mrs. Blodgett gave a highly interesting talk on "Local Reminiscences of Webster," presenting many facts not generally known on the subject.

A special meeting of the Alumnæ Association of Central and Western New York was held at the Niagara Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., Saturday, June 8. Mrs. Mary Hartley Rogers of Buffalo, formerly of the faculty, greeted the association in words of welcome in which were expressed not only cordiality and hospitality, but in which she alluded to the high standard Mt. Holyoke women should maintain in the social and business world, owing to the rich influences and training they had received at their Alma Mater. To her greeting Mrs. Ida (Seamans) Bills made fitting response.

The routine business was briefly dispatched and a social hour followed, during which the members renewed old acquaintances, made new ones, and talked over college reminiscences. Luncheon was served at one o'clock and at its close Rev. Dr. O. P. Gifford, pastor of the Delaware Ave. Baptist Church, the guest of honor, made an address.

After adjournment a large number visited the Pan-American Exposition. The regular meeting will be held the last Saturday in October in Syracuse, N. Y.

The class of '81 was represented at its twentieth anniversary at the college by Mrs. Lizzie Bartlett Barry, Mrs. Julia Dickinson Nickerson, Mrs. Kate Hoyt Northrop, Mrs. Ella Kingsley Conklin, Mrs. Mary Mudge Sanborn, Miss Isabel M. Norton, Mrs. Amelia Ray Clark, Miss Carrie A. Smith, Mrs. Martha Votey Smith, Mrs. Julia Walker Ruhl, and Miss Stevens. Miss Julia E. Ward, principal of Mount Holyoke from '72 to '83, was the guest of '81. Several children of the class were present, and one husband,—Rev. Clifford H. Smith, Margaret Sanborn,

Digitized by Google

Frances Nickerson, Charlotte Nickerson, George Nickerson, and Henry Barry. Some came Saturday, June 15, and remained till Friday, June 21, spending one afternoon on Mt. Tom; others could be present only Alumnæ day and Commencement day.

At the class meetings held Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, Miss McElwain, vice-president, was made president to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Miss Kies. Mrs. Marion Rauch Glenn, second vice-president, thus becomes vice-president. A committee was appointed consisting of Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Clark, and the secretary, Miss Carrie A. Smith, to prepare a programme for the twenty-fifth anniversary, and Mrs. Ruhl was asked to write for that occasion a paper, "Looking Backward." Extracts from letters or messages were read from Miss Harriet McElwain, Mrs. Jennie Baker Hall, Miss Emily Clapp, Mrs. Clara Fitch Clement, Miss Louise Hodges, Mrs. Adah Goss Briggs, Miss Olive Johnson, Miss Mary Clark, Mrs. Mary Rexford Champion, Miss Lizzie Elliot, Mrs. Annie Jones Vosburgh, Miss Bessie Taylor, Mrs. Nellie Norwood Sparhawk, Miss Lou Benedict, and Miss Emily Beckwith, and information given concerning other members of the class. It was agreed to send a report of the meeting to all who had responded to the last letter of the secretary, and to try again a "Round Robin." The class printed their letters in '82, and after that made two attempts, neither successful, to circulate a budget. After the business meeting Tuesday afternoon the class was entertained by Miss Marion Barry, 1903.

The contribution of '81 to the Elisabeth Bardwell Fellowship fund was ninety-five dollars. The sum would have been larger had not several members given through alumnæ associations. At its fifteenth anniversary the class fund, amounting to $524.83, was given as a nucleus for the endowment of the English department.

Six of the forty-five members of the class have died, among them the president, Miss Kies, a notice of whose death, with a brief account of her work, appeared in THE MOUNT HOLYOKE for October, '99, and Mrs. Adaline Pettee Cook, who for many years was a loved and valued teacher at Northfield Seminary. Twenty-two are married; eight are teaching; one, Miss Blakely, in Turkey at the head of the girls' school in Marash; six are at home; and one is in the treasury department at Washington.

The members of the class have been invited to send their photographs and those of husband and children to Miss Stevens, that any visiting the college may renew their acquaintance with classmates through this class album. The few pictures received were enjoyed at the meeting and have been eagerly called for by those who have visited the college at other times.

The July meeting of the Hampshire County Association was held at the home of Miss Snell in Amherst. The Hamptons as well as Hadley and Amherst were well represented, and the meeting was a most enjoyable one.

Digitized by Google

Through the kindness of the Mount Holyoke Club of Boston, copies of the beautiful little book issued in memory of Miss Marietta Kies, Ph.D. ('81), have been placed in the libraries of all the college halls. Miss Kies had charge of the Philosophy department at the college for several years.

Mrs. Elizabeth Storrs Mead, at the time of a recent letter, was in Ramsau, Bavaria.

Miss Flora Bridges, who had charge of the Greek department at Mount Holyoke, from 1887 to 1892, has accepted the position of lady principal at Yankton College, South Dakota.

'48. (Non-graduate) M. Augusta Chapin of St. Louis recently visited the college.

'61. Mrs. Sarah (DeWolf) Gamwell has spent several weeks in South Hadley this fall.

'63. Ellen C. Parsons, editor of *Woman's Work for Woman*, sailed September 7, for an extended tour among the missions of the Presbyterian church. She expects to be out of the country for the entire year.

'70. The address of Mrs. Mary L. (Dame) Hall has been changed to 45 Burlingame avenue, Detroit, Mich.

'77. Mrs. Adelia (Gates) Hensley took a party of young ladies abroad in the summer, to England and the Continent.

Laura Gleason has spent the summer in the Yosemite Valley.

'83. (Non-graduate) Mary C. Lowell, M.D., is studying in the Boston Law School.

'84. Mary E. Phelps is teaching in New Britain, Conn.

'86. Mary P. Dole, M.D., is spending several months in travel and study in Germany.

S. Effie Smith is doing graduate work at Chicago University.

'87. W. Augusta Lantz is teaching at the Woman's College, Frederickton, Md. She spent the summer in study at Cornell.

'88. Alice Boardman, of Mount Holyoke and the Boston Manual Training School, has charge of the new manual training department of the Michigan Normal College.

'89. Marion E. Hubbard, who has been the instructor in the Biology department of Wellesley College, has received the title of Associate Professor in that department and has been granted a year's leave of absence. She will spend the year in Chicago University.

Digitized by Google

'90. (Non-graduate) Mrs. Abbie (Harlowe) Shepard has moved from West Boylston to Shrewsbury, Mass.

'91. (Non-graduate) Mary Osborne is at home in Ithaca, New York, for this year. She took the degree Ph.B. at Cornell in 1896.

'92. On July 3, Addie Locke, May Davis Frank, Helen Keith, and Grace Berry responded in person and many others by letter to the invitation to lunch with Grace Burt in Newton, Mass. The day was all too short for recalling past days and planning for the reunion of 1902. All who were present agree that this happy plan of the hostess ought to become a permanent policy of the class for years when there is no regular reunion, and that some plan should be made for reporting such reunions to those who cannot be present.

Martha Day Byington has the position of secretary and physical director in the Y. W. C. A., Cincinnati.

Annie B. Bockée, who is teaching German in the New Jersey State schools, recently superintended a "German Evening" given by her pupils in the schools. The affair, including the singing of German songs and the presentation of a German play, was most successful.

Lucy E. Keith has received the degree Ph.B. from Chicago University.

'93. Martha W. Beckwith is teaching in the English department at Mount Holyoke.

(Non-graduate) Charlotte E. Lee has charge of the science work in Washington Seminary, Washington, Pa.

'95. Ella M. Briggs is teaching in the Science department of the high school in New Rochelle.

Frances E. Haines is assistant librarian at Mount Holyoke College.

Bertha M. Terrill is teaching in the Bible Normal College, Springfield.

'96. Mabel Butler is teaching in Franklin, N. H.

Jane B. Carpenter is assistant in the English department of the Horace Mann school, under the auspices of the Teachers' College, New York city.

Vernette L. Gibbons is doing graduate work at Chicago University.

Bessie M. Hooker is teaching in a private school in Shreveport, La.

Abbie H. Turner is doing graduate work at Chicago University.

Evelyn M. Worthley is under the appointment of the American Board of Foreign Missions to go to Foochow, China.

'97. The engagement is announced of Miss Jessie Tiffany to Rev. Arthur W. Bailey of Syracuse, N. Y., former secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Dalton, Mass.

'98. Mary Percival is doing graduate work at Columbia University.

'99. Alice W. Chase is assisting in the Worcester public library.

The engagement is announced of Miss Sue Doane to Mr. Louis Arnold of Holyoke.

Marie Isabelle Matson is teaching in Elizabeth College, Charlotte, N. C.

Digitized by Google

Caroline Mendum is teaching chemistry, zoölogy, and botany in Portsmouth, N. H.

Grace McKinley is to keep house for her brother in San Francisco this winter.

Josephine Pinney has a position to teach in the model school of the Normal School in New Britain, Conn.

Bessie C. Sargent has a position in Nevins Memorial library in Methuen.

Katharine Shearer is teaching mathematics in Newton, N. J.

Janet Sinclair has opened an office with Stella Smith ('96) for public stenography, 15 India street, Boston.

1900. Angeline Adams is teaching in Hudson, N. H.

Bessie Armington is teaching at Tougaloo, Ala.

Ruth Arnold is superintendent of the gymnastic work in the schools of New Britain, Conn.

Margaret Ball is assisting in the English department at the college.

Clintie Delafield Curtis is literary editor of *Modes and Fabrics* and *Gardiner's Magazine.*

Frances Foster is teaching Greek and mathematics in the high school of Danielson, Conn.

Myrabel Gould is assisting in mathematics at the college.

Minnie A. Graham is teaching in the high school in Braintree, Mass.

Helen M. Hall is teaching in Manchester-by-the-Sea.

Emily Miller is studying in the Albany Normal College.

1901. Rose Alden is teaching in the grammar school in Newark, N. J.

Eva Ammidown has a position in the high school at Antrim, N. H.

Lena Annis is teaching in Amherst.

Florence Babbitt is acting as assistant principal in the high school at Kenneth Square, Pa.

Grace Bacon is at home in New Dorchester, Mass.

Marjorie Baldwin is at the head of the department of mathematics in Tugaloo University, Miss.

Georgia Bancroft is at home in Millbury, Mass.

Rena Barron is teaching in Westminster, Mass.

Anna Bates is teaching in the high school at Thompsonville, Conn.

Alice Bell is at home in Bristol, R. I.

Florence Berry is at home in Portland, Me.

Emily Bettes is teaching in the grammar school at Enfield, Conn.

Carrie Boa is teaching in Iowa.

Helen Bowerman is at home in Rochester, N. Y.

Ellen Burnap is teaching in Bethlehem, N. H.

Jessie Butler expects to spend the winter in Chicago, where she will give

Digitized by Google

part of her time to settlement work in Association House, and part to studying domestic science in Lewis Institute.

Laura Chase is teaching in Wickfield, Mass.

Jane Comstock is teaching in the high school, Schenectady, N. Y.

Emily Covell is at home in Glastonbury, Conn.

Alice Davenport has a position in the grammar school at Stamford, Conn.

Sarah Demarest spent the summer on a trip through Colorado, California, and Yellowstone Park. She is now teaching in a grammar school in her home, Hackensack, N. J.

Emily Dixon is assisting in a private school at Lakeville, Conn.

Harriet Dodge is at home in Hyde Park, Mass.

Sophie Dudley is at her home in North Guilford, Conn.

Alice Durward is teaching in the high school at Claremont, N. H.

Harriette Dyson is studying in the Westfield Normal School.

Nan Evans is temporarily assisting in the college library.

Faith Foxcroft is teaching in a girls' school at Gambia, O.

Eva Gay has a position in the high school at Norwood, Mass.

Mabel Gilbert is at home in Middletown, Conn.

Gertrude Goodenough is teaching in a district school near her home in Winchester Center, Conn.

Jessie Goodnow is at home in East Jaffrey, N. H.

Katharine Hall is teaching in the high school in Southampton, Mass.

Anne Hamilton is at home at State College, Pa.

Susie Hapgood is to travel in the South this winter.

Lucy Harris is at her home in Ipswich, Mass.

Harriet Hazen is teaching in Bacon Academy, Colchester, Mass.

Florence Hill is teaching in Morningside School at Pittsfield, Mass.

Clara Hirst is at home in Kansas City, Kan.

Ethelyn Hull is teaching in Easthampton, Mass.

Charlotte Hunt is at home in Chappaqua, N. Y.

Mabel Judd is at her home in Holyoke, Mass.

Olive Kee is studying at a normal school near Boston.

Margaret Keenan has a position in the high school, Milton, Mass.

Jane Kendall is teaching in the high school at Manchester, Mass.

Ivah Kenney is teaching in the grammar school in Millburn, N. J.

Edith Lewis has a position in a private school in Duluth, Minn.

Eleanor Long is teaching in the high school at Reading, Pa.

Bertha Lyman has a position in a private school in Norwalk, Conn.

Helen Lyman is teaching in Enfield, Conn.

Frances May is teaching in Mrs. Cahut's school in New York city.

Digitized by Google

Gertrude McDonald is traveling abroad.

May S. McKinney is at her home in East Orange, N. J.

Dee McNaughten is teaching in South Hadley Falls, Mass.

Florence Merwin is teaching near New Milford, Conn.

Anna Moore is assistant preceptress at an academy near Lowville, N. Y.

Alice Newton is teaching in the grammar school at Westford, Mass.

Mary Oakley is teaching in Bedford Academy, New York.

Anna Ogden is at home in Penn Yan, N. Y.

Annie O'Hara is at home in Winthrop, Mass.

(Non-graduate) Eleanor Oliver is studying in the University of Michigan.

Ethel Osgood is doing newspaper work in Boston. Her address is 26 Mather St., Dorchester, Mass., care of Mabel Jenness.

Louise Parsons is teaching German in the high school at Lenox, Mass.

Florence Phillips has a position as tutor in a private family in Franklin, Mass.

Elizabeth Potwin is assisting at the International Observatory, Gaithersburgh, Md.

Edith Reed is studying in the Westfield normal school.

(Non-graduate) Laura Rising is at home in West Pawlet, Vt.

Annabel Roe is teaching in the high school, Upton, Mass.

Charlotte Rogers is teaching in the Rockville high school.

Florence Rogers has a position in the high school at Schaghticoke, N. Y.

Edith St. John is at her home in Springfield, Mass.

Ethel Stocking is teaching in the Williamstown high school, Mass.

Margaret Steen is at home in Philadelphia, Pa.

Grace Swenarton is at home in Montclair, N. J.

Ruth L. Thomas is to be engaged in Y. W. C. A. work in Holyoke, Mass.

Ruth Thomas is at her home in La Grange, Mo.

Mabel Warren is teaching in the high school in Springfield, Mass.

Susie Watson is at home in Winchendon, Mass.

Helen Watts is teaching somewhere in the South.

Caroline Whipple is teaching in the high school at Gloversville, N. Y.

Florence Wilder is at her home in New York city.

1903. (Non-graduate) Maude Johnston is teaching in Cambridge, Mass.

(Non-graduate) Mabel Jones teaches in Old Hadley, Mass.

(Non-graduate) Alice Bell is studying in Paris.

(Non-graduate) Helen Porter is tutoring in a private family.

Digitized by Google

MARRIAGES.

'87. Kelsey—Phillips. At Amherst, Mass., September 4, 1901, Dr. Kelsey and Elizabeth Phillips.

'91. Duffield—McCampbell. August 28, 1901, Marcus P. Duffield and Jennie McCampbell. At home after October 1, at 203 Wapello street, Ottumwa, Io.

'94. Haines—Fowler. At Biddeford, Me., September 11, 1901, John Locke Haines and Elizabeth Fowler. At home after October 15, Glenshaw, Pa.

'95. (Non-graduate) Bayley—Bass. May 9, 1901, Frank F. Bayley and Mary E. Bass. At home at 483 Medford street, Somerville, Mass.

'98. Fairley—Woodward. In King's Chapel, Boston, Rev. James A. Fairley and Elizabeth W. Woodward. At home at Nutley, N. J.

'99. (Special) Talbot—Post. At Rockville, Conn., September 15, 1901, Ward Talbot and Elizabeth D. Post. At home at Windsor, Conn.

(Non-graduate) Sampson—Hazen. At Plainfield, N. J., June 4, 1901, Albert Rhoades Sampson and Helen A. Hazen.

1901. (Non-graduate) Hall—Russell. August 28, 1901, Dr. Franklin J. Hall and Rowena M. Russell. At home in Dallas, Texas.

Coogan—Lintner. June 20, 1901, at Clinton, N. Y., Mr. F. Murt Coogan and Maude Lintner. At home in Phillipsburg, N. J.

1902. (Non-graduate) Lybyer—Andrews. At Brazil, Ind., July 25, 1901, Rev. Albert Howe Lybyer and Clara Sidney Andrews. At home after September 15, at Roumelie Hissar, Constantinople, Turkey.

BIRTHS.

'90. (Non-graduate) Abbie (Harlowe) Shepard, May, 1901, a son, Marshall Howard.

'93. Gertrude (MacNulty) Stevens, August 30, 1901, at North Madison, Ohio, a son.

DEATHS.

'54. Sarah Elizabeth Chapin, July 2, 1901, in Memorial Hospital, Worcester, Mass.

'87. Catherine Barbour, September 5, at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

[redacted]

Miss Catherine Barbour, of the class of 1887, died at the home of her brother in St. Johnsbury, September 5. By her death the college loses one of the most loyal alumnæ and the world a worker whose place will not easily be filled.

Just before her graduation she was asked to consider work in Spain, as pioneer assistant to Mrs. Gulick in the International Institute for Girls in San Sebastian.

Digitized by Google

The writer well remembers her spirit and her words after considering the question and they are a keynote to her whole life. "I never thought I was adapted to working among a Roman Catholic people but the need in Spain touches me and if my life will count for more there than elsewhere I gladly give it. My only question is where I can be of most service in His name."

She carried into her work there the sweetness, unselfishness, and enthusiasm that marked her life at home, with returns in personal culture and enlargement that were a wonder to those who met her on her return for vacation after seven years of service.

Although her home coming was nominally for rest she spent a large part of the year in study along lines needed in her work. It was while at the college during that year that the first number of the *Llamarada* was being prepared for publication and its name was selected from some suggested by Miss Barbour.

In 1898 when the Spanish war cloud was so threatening that the American Minister left Spain it was evident that a school under American management was not safe there and a very sudden move was necessitated across the border into Biarritz, France, where it has remained.

The anxiety and overwork at this time, and the continued service since, made inroads upon Miss Barbour's health which brought her to this country in December last and although at times she has seemed to rally she could not recover strength.

Hopeful to the last, she had plans for study during the coming winter and for a visit to Mount Holyoke during the present month, but weakness of the heart caused her sudden death.

Despite the busy life in Spain she found time to remember the interests of her Alma Mater and a large and well-named collection of Spanish plants adds to the value of the college herbarium and bears her name.

Her death seems especially sad at this time when the institution in Spain is about entering upon its larger life in the new buildings in Madrid, affording the opportunities for which she with others so zealously worked. But as she herself once said, "It is beautiful to have a part in laying foundations," and the women who build upon those she helped lay in Spain will always find evidence of her faithfulness.

Digitized by Google

EXCHANGES.

On opening the June exchanges, the editor was carried back in memory to the Commencement season, for on nearly every page appeared productions of that eventful time. Class histories, class poems, ivy songs, and odes of farewell were everywhere present, while Commencement addresses by prominent clergymen and educators afforded almost the only relief from senior sentiment. The prominence given to these songs and speeches is perhaps justified by their value to subscribers in the publishing college, but for readers elsewhere they can have little interest. Ivy songs and class farewells lose their significance when the ivy is not planted by our own college walls and when we cannot see the "classmates" addressed. The method used in some colleges, of compiling such material in a separate publication, seems to us to meet the demands of local subscribers while it saves the regular monthlies from such sudden overflows of sentiment.

The treatment by college students of subjects that are particularly interesting the world at large is a tendency to be encouraged, for, though such expressions may lack the wisdom of statesmen's writings, they are of value to both writer and reader. To the former they afford opportunity for accurate thought in lines outside the college realm; for the latter they make possible a judgment of the college student's ability to deal with questions and interests of the larger world before him. Such articles are few in the June publications, but "The Greatness of King Alfred" in *The Tuftonian* shows careful thought in sympathy with the millennial celebration of King Alfred's reign, and "The Young Man in Politics" in *St. Stephen's Messenger* encourages one to hope that the term "college graduate" may prove synonymous with "good citizen."

The Vassar Miscellany contains an essay on "Greek Plays in American Colleges," which is of interest to all colleges that are striving to present dramatics of some real worth. The colleges where student government prevails will be interested in the account of the introduction of the system at Wellesley, as given in *The Wellesley Magazine* for June.

In line with several articles which have recently appeared in the magazines of America, comparing English education with our own, is "The English Undergraduate" in the May *Dartmouth Magazine*. The author, Mr. Gordon Hall Gerould, has made careful observation of student life at Oxford, and we are indebted to him for the clear conception of that life which he has given us.

We quote two of the few June poems that have no reference to graduation: —

Digitized by Google

THE CAMP FIRE.

A touch sets free the prisoned rage,
Like angry beast from riven cage,
And darting forth in fury dire
It gluts its tongues of mad desire;
With swirl and roar and frantic blaze
It sweeps the brands in breathless maze,
Not heeding how its work may end,
It covets only foes to rend:
With reckless fling from fevered blasts
Aloft, afar, the sparks it casts,
As if in sport its brood to toss,
With crazy scorn of harm or loss.

Then quiet grows the tumult of the flame,
Leaving a changeful gloaming in its train,
Where shifting shadows ever wax and wane;
Now whispered fancies, now a whispered name,
Steal softly forth and swift are gone again,
And silence brings a vague, delicious pain.

Wesleyan Lit. Monthly. —W. HARRY CLEMONS.

EARLY SUMMER.

She cometh to the world in quiet ways,
  Touching the hills and valleys with her peace;
The fields lie warm through slow, delicious days
  Green with the sweet increase.
Soft stirs the breath of fragile, flowering things,
  And far above there drift with throats atune,
Brushing the blue with light, caressing wings,
  The birds of June.

The Vassar Miscellany. —LETITIA JEAN SMYTH, 1901.

Digitized by Google

LITERARY NOTE FROM THE CENTURY CO.

THE coming season of *The Century Magazine* will be "A Year of American Humor." Contributions have already been engaged from the best-known American writers of humorous stories and sketches, including Mark Twain, F. P. Dunne ("Mr. Dooley"), Frank R. Stockton, Oliver Herford, George Ade, Edward W. Townsend ("Chimmie Fadden"), Ruth McEnery Stuart, Gelett Burgess, Tudor Jenks, Charles Battell Loomis, Joel Chandler Harris, and others. Attention will be paid during the year to American humor of the past. In the November *Century* Professor W. P. Trent of Columbia University will write "A Retrospect of American Humor," for the illustration of which *The Century* has procured portraits of nearly twoscore of the best-known of the older humorists, including "Petroleum V. Nasby," John G. Saxe, "Q. K. Philander Doesticks," "Sam Slick," and "Artemus Ward." There will be during the year a number of contributions from new humorous writers, and articles reminiscent of those of the past.

A FRESHMAN'S LETTER.

Though rather homesick, dear mamma,
I'm happy in spite of that,
For I have passed in all exams
And been asked to join a frat.

The campus here is lovely,
The girls are all *so nice*,
The faculty are the dearest things,
And Seniors have bowed to me twice.

On Wednesday I rode to Springfield,
About fifteen miles or more,
And bought the *book* I'm sending you
At the *Henry R. Johnson store*.

Digitized by Google

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Vol. XI. NOVEMBER, 1901. No. 3.

Beth Bradford Gilchrist, 1902, *Editor-in-Chief.*

Editors.

Rachel Florence Riley, 1902. Rowena Keith Keyes, 1902.

Ethel Collingwood Hall, 1903. Anna Grace McGovern, 1903.

May Fiske, 1903.

Harriet Cross Van Wagner, 1903, *Business Manager.*

Helene Maud Pope, 1904, *Assistant Business Manager.*

THE NAPLES ZOÖLOGICAL STATION.

In the city of Naples there is a beautiful public garden, the pride of the Neapolitans, called "La Villa," on one side of which is the broad Via Caracciolo, the corso of the fashionable world. This magnificent drive skirts the shore, and affords the finest views of the smoking mountain, the encircling hills and the islands across the bay.

In the center of this charming Villa, stands the Aquarium, as it is called, a white building surrounded by semi-tropical foliage. On the ground floor is the exhibition room, where one seems to be walking at the bottom of the sea. The only light that penetrates the room is that coming through the grottoes, which are in reality immense tanks into which the sea water constantly pours, and filled with all forms of marine life. The surface of the water mirrors the contents of the tanks, and a most fantastic effect is produced.

Here we may see the gorgeous colors of the finny tribe, we may

Digitized by Google

watch the graceful movements of the filmy jelly fishes and laugh at the grotesque figure of the giant octopus. But the glory of the Naples station is the "upstairs department," into which the public cannot penetrate, and from which, during the past thirty years, has come much of the inspiration of the biological world. We have the "Naples methods" in all our laboratories, as well as the Naples publications in our libraries. More than half of the monographs appearing to-day in the various journals of biology make reference to aid received directly or indirectly from this greatest biological station in the world.

The international character of the institution is its great charm, for here one may find investigators from every civilized country of the world, meeting socially and exchanging ideas. This laboratory is for research only. There are no courses of lectures to attend, and no instruction is given in any formal way. Each investigator is intent on some problem and has come to Naples to obtain material for future work, or to have abundance of fresh material for experiment at a well equipped laboratory and with a good library at hand.

There are botanists and physiologists as well as zoölogists at the station, and considerable attention has been given to the bacteriology of sea water. One realizes the need of familiarity with four languages in order to get on well with work at Naples. German, French, and Italian, besides English, are necessary.

Since the opening of this station in 1872 twelve hundred investigators have been at Naples, and as a result we hear of marine laboratories in many countries. The most important one on this side of the Atlantic is the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Holl, which owes a large debt to the Naples station, many of the supporters of this laboratory having received their inspiration at this international institution.

Professor Anton Dohrn, a German naturalist, is the founder and present director of the Naples station. He is thoroughly identified with the place, having devoted much of his own private fortune to the establishing of the institution. For some years past the German government has made an annual grant for the maintenance of this undertaking, while Great Britain has also given generously toward its support. A "table"

Digitized by Google

at the laboratory costs five hundred dollars a year. This "table" may be a room, or an alcove in a large laboratory, supplied with all that is necessary for ordinary research work. About fifty persons can be accommodated at one time, and thirty-four tables are permanently engaged by different countries. Germany has ten, Italy seven, England three, and the United States three, one of which is called the American Women's Table.

There exists in this country an association with a long name—The Association for Maintaining the American Women's Table at the Zoölogical Station at Naples. The appointments to this table are made annually by an executive board in coöperation with a board of advisers, and a circular of information is sent to anyone wishing to apply. An annual subscription of fifty dollars from the colleges where women are educated is sufficient to support this table year by year.

Professor Dohrn has kindly placed at the disposal of the association one of the pleasantest rooms in the building, and there is ample space for a second table in the room, should two American women choose to work together at the station. It would be impossible to speak too highly of the consideration and helpfulness shown by every member of the staff.

Besides Professor Dohrn, the director, Professor Eisig and Professor Paul Mayer should be mentioned. The former is the administrator of the laboratories, and the latter the editor of the publications. Dr. Lo Bianco, the administrator of the fisheries and préparateur, is the right-hand man of the station. He it is who knows the haunts and habits of every animal in the bay, and it is he who has invented so many new methods of preserving them. His beautiful preparations are found in museums all over the world, and he is constantly sending out supplies to laboratories for teaching purposes. He has a large force of skilled collectors who go out early each morning, returning later with the material for use in the laboratory or for exhibition in the Aquarium. It is an interested group that surrounds these collectors as they distribute the contents of their tubs and glass jars. There is often some rare specimen brought in, and word is immediately sent to various parts of the building that all may have the privilege of seeing the rarity.

Digitized by Google

Besides the flotilla of sailing and rowing boats there is a fine steam launch belonging to the station, named the "Johannes Müller." On certain occasions the investigators are invited to an all-day's excursion. It may be a dredging expedition, but it finally ends in a picnic on the rocky islet of Vevara, or in a trip to lovely Ischia or to the charming island of Capri.

The investigator at the laboratory is not insensible to the attractions of this interesting region, and finds it impossible to devote the entire time to his work. There is old Vesuvius to be climbed, Pompeii and Herculaneum to be visited once and again, besides the classic regions of Baiæ, Cumæ and the plain near by, so famous for volcanic activity. One must take the famous ride from Sorrento to Amalfi and must visit Capri's blue grotto.

Then the city of Naples itself proves most fascinating, notwithstanding the annoying importunity of beggars and the extortions of cab drivers. There are many reasons for taking a trip to Italy, but there is no more satisfactory way of spending three months in Naples than at work in the world's great biological station.

—Cornelia M. Clapp.

THE BLACK CRUCIFIX.

Through the sea a great white ship ploughed steadily on, leaving behind a trail of foam like a curving serpent. A clatter of voices came in the porthole; through it could be seen the masts of mist-wrapped ships drifting past.

"Betty, wake up!" called Nell. "This must be Yokohama."

But Betty was already gone, and Nell, quickly following her cousin to the deck, discovered her away from the bustle of the sailors, leaning her elbows on the rail, her face propped up with her hands; she was looking out over the harbor. Everywhere were little sampans filled with jabbering boatmen, who squabbled half playfully when they col-

Digitized by Google

lided. In among them were a few fishing boats, their sails patched with harmonious colors of gray, yellow, and white. Far out from the shore lay great men-of-war and ocean steamers, in front stretched the low line of the town, out of which the bluff rose steeply but indistinctly through the fog. Suddenly the sun shone through the mist, driving it away. Then the little low houses grew clear below the dark green hill; but above the noisy harbor, above the town and the bluff, the high cone of Fujiyama rose white against the bright morning sky.

The girls watched breathlessly till the gong called them to breakfast. There Dr. Arnold, the tall Englishman, came to their table. "I am going off in the first launch, and I want to say good-bye. I shall be in Tokyo visiting a friend next week. May I call when I am there?" He was looking at Nell, but her cousin was the one who answered. "Do! We shall be awfully glad to see you. I expect we shall stay at the Imperial Hotel; every one we have met says it is the only good one."

"The launch is going, Arnold," said a man, as he hurried out, and with a quick good-bye they were both gone.

"Will you please tell me," remarked Betty, with a twinkle in her eye, turning to her aunt, who had just come in, "why, when it is important that Dr. Arnold should be in Shanghai soon to settle his cousin's business, he finds time to stop off in Japan."

A week later Betty was walking impatiently up and down the large hotel room. She stopped at the window to look at the cherry trees in front of the house, the blue of the canal shining freshly through their white branches. "Oh, what a day!" she cried, "and to be cooped up just because Aunt Helen is afraid to let us go out without her. As if the guides did n't know their business!"

Nell, who was reading comfortably in a heavy armchair, smiled absent-mindedly. A knock sounded on the door and the white-suited "boy" brought in cards. "Dr. George Everett Arnold," read Betty. "Good! We 'll make him take us out. We 'll walk, too, and not go in those old jinrikishas."

"You know," explained Nell, as they made their way along the gravel path, "we have been to all the proper places and the guides have

Digitized by Google

talked for hours, so we are well informed, but we want this afternoon to have a good time. There are such fascinating stores that we are never taken to!"

"I have the address of a store which would be very interesting if we could only find the street," Dr. Arnold replied quickly. "It is one of these secondhand places where you run across the most beautiful bronzes for no price at all. My friend gave me such clear directions that I hardly think I can mistake the way. At any rate we can explore and we 'll try not to get lost."

The foreigners walked swiftly along the narrow city streets, dodging the carts, jinrikishas and carriages which whirled past. "I am sure," Arnold declared, "the reason the Japanese have no sidewalks is that it gives such a spice of adventure to an ordinary stroll if one is continually afraid of losing one's life."

On either side low one-story houses faced the street. The folding doors of paper forming the fronts were drawn aside and on the floors, but a foot above the street, in slanting glass show cases were displayed bright colored cakes, china, and cloth. Little children, who, with their younger brothers and sisters on their backs, recklessly ran and played among the running wheels, turned to watch the strangers pass and good-naturedly called out the shrill abuse their parents had taught them. Contented looking peddlers cried their wares in rich, lazy tones. Nell rashly dropped a penny into the hand of a sober little nurse and was immediately surrounded by a crowd of noisy admirers. With difficulty her companions rescued her and escaped into a quieter street. A canal flowed on one side of it, and on the other loomed up great warehouses with black tiled roofs.

"Ah, here we are," said Arnold in relief, as they stopped before a rickety house squeezed in between two larger buildings. A large sign painted with golden characters sprawling over a black ground swung in front of the door. They stooped to enter the little shop and for a moment could see nothing through the darkness. Finally dim shapes appeared; in a far corner one moved, rose up, and came near them, materializing into a wizened old man who was ready to wait on them,

Digitized by Google

while the other mysterious objects turned into piles of boxes and curios. With a cry of delight the girls were on their knees looking at the treasures around them. Here were the loveliest images, Buddhas with serene faces, jolly little gods of wealth and of rice, grasping firmly in either hand swollen bags of money; on either side, dozens of rice bowls of the delicate old blue ware, and in a confused heap graceful candelabra and richly wrought incense boxes. The tiny guardian of the shop watched the excited pleasure of the Americans with amused wonder. He was especially interested in Betty as she turned over the leaves of her handbook impatiently. "Oh, dear, what is 'How much does this cost?' No, that 's not the place. I don't want to tell the old man it is a pleasant day. Ah, now I have found it! 'Skura desuka,'" she spelled out, holding up a bronze vase. The storekeeper answered her question, and to her great delight she managed to buy a few things, though neither had the faintest idea of what the other was saying. Arnold listened to their chatter in amusement, putting in a word now and then. Suddenly Betty glanced up.

"Look at Nell," she whispered.

Nell had found a little old crucifix and was looking dreamily at it. Her bronze hair and dark traveling suit were of the same somber tone as all in the store, but her fair white face seemed to shine in the darkness, outlined against the frowning old devil behind her. She had forgotten what she held, and her mouth was smiling. Arnold drew in his breath, but Betty watched her cousin with open admiration. Nell started as she noticed they were looking at her and showed them the crucifix. It was not very well made and was black with age; on the back was scratched,—

Pro Christo et Ecclesia,
Juan Mendoza, Zippango.

"That must have come from one of the Spanish priests of Xavier's time. Think of our finding it in Tokyo to-day!" exclaimed Betty. "I must have it."

However, when the old man saw how eager they were, he refused

Digitized by Google

to sell; even Dr. Arnold's offer of five *yen* he denied, holding up ten fingers, so after buying a few trifles the foreigners went away.

"I am sorry I could not get the crucifix for you, Miss Gordon," Arnold said, turning to Betty. Nell wondered if they knew how much she wanted it and why she cared that Dr. Arnold should want to buy it for her cousin.

The next day as tiffin time drew near, Nell begged her aunt, with whom she was shopping, to stop just a moment at the secondhand store. She was sure she could coax the old miser to give up the crucifix for a reasonable price and she would take it home to Betty. After a word with the storekeeper the guide returned to their jinrikisha. "He says that the honorable gentleman who was with you has just bought it."

Nell's heart beat as it should not have done, for had she not meant to buy it for Betty, and why should she care whether Dr. Arnold or she herself gave it to her cousin? She remembered as they rode back to the hotel that it was her birthday, and she wished for a minute that she were back in the little country home with her father, the old doctor, and her motherless little sisters. "I think he misses me," she thought, with a lump in her throat, "and I seem to be so selfish that I can't bear to have people like Betty better than they do me. She is so bright and I so dull and stupid that there is no reason why she should not be more attractive to people."

"Just after you started this morning," remarked Betty at tiffin, "Dr. Arnold came to see if we could n't all go to the Greek cathedral this evening. Of course it won't be a really Japanese sight, but the ritual is beautiful and they say the reverence of the poorer Japanese Christians is wonderful."

Mrs. Gordon was delighted with the plan. She declared that after being in so many temples she felt like a regular heathen and thought that to go to a real church once more would be a civilizing influence. Nell, too, welcomed anything which promised to send away her morbid thoughts.

As the gray dusk began to fall, when the houses looked indistinct and the blossoming trees like pale ghosts, a long line of jinrikishas

Digitized by Google

dashed from the hotel inclosure. Each coolie carried a glowing paper lantern, so that they resembled a flock of fireflies as they hurried up hill and down, past shops where neighbors were gossiping around the flaring lamps, past quiet homes, past noisy tea-houses, till they came to a long steep ascent. There the human horses stopped for breath and asked help from the loiterers at the foot. On started the jinrikishas with renewed speed, pushed up the hill by strong, untired hands, until against the dark sky rose the round dome of the cathedral, the highest building in Tokyo. Across the courtyard they rattled, drawing up before dimly lighted steps, while the travelers, stiff from the long ride, climbed down, to be conducted within by a black-robed brother.

When the Americans stepped into the light they were almost blinded. The church itself was lighted, but seemed dark in contrast with the blaze of bright candles and glittering gold which shone from the chancel. Along the gold-covered chancel walls hung pictures of the saints, their candles always burning before them. Richly clad priests swung their brazen censers before the holy pictures, chanting the responses in low, mellow voices, while from behind the golden walls sounded the responses of an unseen choir with the deep, heavy tones of an organ. The congregation was made up from the poorest ranks of the people, but their faces shone with pure devotion as they fell upon their knees, crossing themselves innumerable times. Nell, who had never worshiped in any but a Puritan church, fascinated by this strange ritual, longed to stay even after the reverent throngs had risen from the last prayer and had moved out slowly, never for a moment turning their backs to the altar.

The next day in the stuffy little office Nell was giving directions for an excursion, when she noticed that the guide who had accompanied them the night before was waiting as if he wished to speak to her.

"That will be all," she said to the self-important proprietor, and as she turned, the guide spoke.

"The honorable Miss Gordon tried to buy an old crucifix yesterday. I found this in the cathedral last evening. It can be of no value. If the honorable lady would like it, I am sure she might keep it."

Digitized by Google

Nell thanked the Japanese quickly and hurried to her room. Yes, it surely was the same little cross she had set her heart on; she would like to keep it to remember the foolish thoughts which were hers for the last time when she first found it. Betty should never know. The crucifix would be put away with Nell's treasures. It could not be wrong, for might not anyone see that Betty would some day have a chance to be the happiest girl in the world? She would not need such a trifle. Then Nell's mind changed— "What a goose I am! There is no reason why I should care for the crucifix and it would be mean to keep it from Betty when it was meant for her. Dr. Arnold must have dropped it from his pocket and is probably looking for it to-day." She knocked gently on Betty's door.

"Is it time to go?" Betty asked.

"I don't know," answered Nell, as she looked absent-mindedly out of the window. "By the way, Betty, I have found something which I am sure was meant for you." She turned to see if Betty looked conscious, but her cousin's eyes met hers with simple curiosity. "Dr. Arnold bought this for you and lost it at the cathedral last night. You know he said he might have to go to Shanghai this morning and bade us good-bye, so as it is n't a very valuable thing I thought I might bring it to you instead of giving it to him."

Betty took the little black cross and looked at it smilingly.

"Nell, if you are so sure that our friend is not coming back I will take it for a few minutes while I tell you a secret. Dr. Arnold told me yesterday morning he wanted to get you the crucifix, but being naturally rather shy he preferred to have me do the giving. I thought it rather odd he did not hand it to me last evening, as he was going directly to the store to buy it when he called in the morning, but I supposed he had forgotten till he said just as he left that he had lost it. Now do you think I ought to keep it?"

"It was awfully good of both of you to take the trouble for me," said Nell softly. "It will bring back all the pleasant times we have had this month when I see it."

Still smiling, Betty said, "Come over to this chair, Nell, while I

Digitized by Google

whisper something to you. Dr. Arnold asked me a question at the same time. It was about you, dear. I won't tell you what it was—perhaps you will know some day, perhaps he will tell you himself. But I will tell you what I said to him, and that was—'Yes.'"

—Elizabeth G. Greene, 1903.

AUTUMN'S BUDS.

A little bush that wore in May
A garb of golden blossoms gay,
I found next fall in sober green
With ne'er a blossom to be seen.
Yet as I paused to pity her,
There came a sudden sounding stir
Of life within her heart, and then
I thought the buds were come again!
But, ah! one glimpse of plumage gray
And all my buds had flown away.

—R. K. K., 1902.

A COLLECTION OF CASTS FOR THE DWIGHT MEMORIAL ART BUILDING.

It is Aristotle who says, "The beginning is more than half the whole." That the beginning toward a worthy equipment in casts for the beautiful Sculpture Gallery of Dwight Hall has been made, may be fairly claimed. The timely appropriation by the trustees toward a few important casts from Athens deserves first mention. Added to this, a further selection in Berlin and Dresden of some objects most essential to the work was rendered possible, the past summer, through the direct

Digitized by Google

personal aid of friends and alumnæ of the college. The forty separate pieces and more, already provided for, represent an outlay of over a thousand dollars.

It is hoped that the casts from Germany will arrive in time for the opening of Dwight Hall. Of these, a list will then be published in THE MOUNT HOLYOKE with prices named. Among the few full-sized figures already selected, are the Lemnian Athena, the Amazon of the Berlin gallery, the Niobid Chiaramonti and the Sophocles of the Lateran Museum, Rome.

The class of '96 has given the model of the Acropolis of Athens, made by Heinrich Walger of Berlin, and indicating the results of latest investigations on this most historic site. To add to the delightful gift of '96, individual members of the class have subscribed, one for the model or *relief-karte* of ancient and modern Athens, another for the model of Olympia.

Since the publication last June of the "Purchase List of Important Casts in Sculpture," still other classes report contributions already begun toward specific objects named in the List.

As previously announced, the class of '84 has created a fund to be known as the Elizabeth Blanchard Memorial Fund, the income of which will be applied to the purchase of needed illustrations in History of Art. Through this fund, established only the past year, several valuable casts in relief sculpture were included in the recent selections for the college.

The gifts thus enumerated offer a good nucleus, a small but significant beginning, toward the required collection of casts. And yet we have here only the beginning. To this, it is earnestly hoped additions may be many and immediate.

It is interesting, in such connection, to trace the impulse given of late to the study of art and archæology, in the growth of college cast-collections throughout the country. And in the secondary schools a like impulse is seen. As has been well said, educationally nothing more significant has occurred of late than the decoration of school buildings by placing upon their walls the beautifully enlarged photographs and

Digitized by Google

the casts, representing great works of art. One thing most important in art education is this direct object teaching. The educative value of cast and photograph is now unquestioned, each supplementing the other and giving an exact reproduction in line, and light, and shade, of the world's best examples in art.

Mr. Charles C. Perkins, the well-known writer and critic, one who studied art with such enthusiasm in all the principal galleries of Europe, has urged the use of casts. He claims that for purposes of study they supply, in most respects, the place of the originals. There is also the advantage of grouping, the representative works, scattered in different galleries, brought together for immediate comparison.

In any sculpture gallery, the arrangement of the various objects is only secondary to the objects themselves. There should be symmetry, harmonious adjustment, casts so placed as to group together works pertaining to the same epoch.

This has been kept in mind in preparing the Purchase List of Casts for the Dwight Memorial Art Building. It is the purpose of the List to aid in securing a collection of casts in sculpture, which shall include important examples from different periods, arranged to illustrate most clearly the historical development of art. In the choice of subjects direct reference is made to the classical studies of the course, the literature and history, which this collection may serve to illustrate. The List, while representative, nowhere aims at completeness. The effort has been to have "a good reason behind each object named and to avoid any aimless accumulation."

As stated in the appeal accompanying the Purchase List, "The strongest plea in behalf of such a collection is this: that it may bring into the college life the practical knowledge of æsthetics and thus serve to develop an intelligent love and appreciation of the Fine Arts." Tennyson felt this when he wrote his "Princess"; how carefully Ida filled her college with all rich memorials, that the girl graduates might be daily familiar with the examples of high art, "at once," as Dean Farrar of Canterbury has said, "a pleasure, an aspiration, a means of perfection."

—Louise Fitz-Randolph.

Digitized by Google

BROWN BETTYS.

THEY had both been, oh, so fond of the fields and woods, and it was the height of bliss for them to wander a whole day, hand in hand, through grass and clover, under singing pines, or down by the water where the silvery birches rhythmically dipped their glossy leaves into their own reflections—Betty, in her little blue dress with its white pinafore, and Donald, clad in kilts and blouse—the happiest little couple in the state of Maine. It made no difference at all about the weather. Rain or shine, hot or cold, they would trudge off together, content in their own company and their great playground.

They loved the hill-road, where they could climb and climb, and, having reached the very farthest top, look off on the ocean and down at the river, and back at the wide fields stretching off toward the city. They loved the sea-road, too, at the end of which was the wonderful shore of rocks and sand, and its exhaustless treasures of seaweeds and mosses, shells and stones. Betty liked best to sit down and look dreamily off, but Donald was always piling up seaweeds and shells and posing Betty on the rocks in the midst of them. Best of all, however, was the river-road, which terminated in a great field of tall yellow daisies with velvety centers—Black-eyed Susans the other children called them, but to Donald they were always "Brown Bettys"; he had named them after Betty because she was so fond of them. They loved to walk through that ocean of sunshine and gold, they so small and the flowers so high that the petals would gently caress their cheeks. The two little children would often stand still in the midst of them to see the wind pass over them and make them bend forward, back, forward, back, until dizziness came from watching. Happy, sunshiny days, these through which they grew up, making them strong and well, training their eyes to see and their ears to hear, their brains to think and their hearts to love,—

Digitized by Google

days always ending in a mute caress which meant to the little sweethearts, "I love you."

Days and months and years had passed, and the little children of the fields and woods were far away from the haunts of the early days and from each other,—Donald, now in Dresden, studying hard and making his fame as a great artist; Betty, in an American city, busily putting on paper the fruit of all that the childhood days had impressed on her heart and mind. They had not seen each other for a long time, but they wrote frequently and so followed each other in their work. Betty, particularly, had worked hard with but little encouragement, for the publishers were not any too cordial to the quiet girl with little influence, but she had gained entrance at last into the literary world by the spark of genius in her work. Her last poem had brought her especial praise. It was a song of the sea, breathing the happiness of the days in the past and the loneliness of the later days without Donald. But now, with promises and engagements for future work crowding in upon her, she longed to betake herself to the quiet place she remembered so well, and so in the first week of July she was once more treading the hill-road and the sea-road, but always avoiding the river-road. From the canoe on the river one day, however, she caught a glimpse of the vivid yellow shining through the trees and resolved to herself that she would certainly go. When she pulled the fragile bit of birch-bark on the shore and walked towards the field, she choked as the glory of the sunshine and light lay before her, as resplendent in its beauty as in the old days. But she was alone this time, though the blossoms, now reaching only to twine about her waist, spoke their mute comfort and nodded their heads before her, saying, "We know, we know."

"I don't see why I don't get a letter from Donald," she said, half to herself and half to the daisies.

"You don't," said a cheery voice behind her, and there, standing tall and handsome, with the sunshine of the day and the daisies and the joy of meeting in his face, was Donald himself.

"Shall we go hand in hand through the Brown Bettys," he said,

Digitized by Google

and for answer she put her hand in his, and they went to the very farthest point and back, over and back, as if they could never get enough of the joy of being together again. Then home as the shadows deepened.

Early the next summer, thousands of people thronged to see the first picture exhibited in America by the young artist whose fame had spread across the water. It represented two little children, a boy and a girl, hand in hand, in the midst of a field of yellow daisies, clear skies above and waters beyond, all the harmony and beauty of the picture centered in the two faces, which had the deepest expressions of love and trust possible to the innocence of childhood. And before it stood two people, a young man and woman—she with a bunch of yellow daisies on the black of her gown, he with one in his buttonhole.

"And now say the lines once more, Betty," and softly, in sweet cadence, fell the words she had written to go with the picture, so rare in their suggestion and so vivid in their description. And together they went out to their work, both with the bright sunshine of the early days and the mellower sunshine of the present, for encouragement.

Book Notice.

In *The Art Magazine,* to appear in the next issue, a reproduction in color of the famous painting, "Brown Bettys," by the rising artist, Donald Grant, interpreted in verse by his sister, Betty Grant.

—Florence Messer, 1902.

LONELINESS.

She trod the woodland ways and smiled
And little songs yet wanting words
"Alone?" she said—"why, thoughts are friends
As one by happiness beguiled.
Stir softly all like nesting birds,
And beautiful my pathway wends."

Digitized by Google

She stood within the crowded street,
Her smile yet sweet, serenely sweet.
"Dear hearts," she breathed, "from joy and woe
They give, as sacred gifts to me,
Love, memory, and sympathy,
So gladly shall my journey go."

She stood with those she held most dear,
Her face was stone, her eyes were drear.
"They smile," she said, "they fain would bless—
They smile, and then I strive to speak;
They understand not—I am weak—
'T is thus I know it—loneliness."

—Emily L. Covell, 1901.

SOME OLD TOWN RECORDS.

There are many of us for whom anything out of the past has an absorbing interest, simply because it has come from a period other than our own. To such a person it is not a task, but a delight, to spend a summer in copying old records; and so, far from becoming monotonous drudgery, the work will steadily increase in fascination.

The scene is an old New England town which takes its origin from the time when Charles the First was king. Like many another it passed through stirring scenes of warfare, first with Indians, and then with British; it became a town of some importance, and held for generations the position of county seat; until finally the time came when this distinction had to be surrendered to the young mushroom of a city which had sprung up on the old town's borders. Now, in its old age, it is prosperous and peaceful, and, though at times it wears an air of gayety when its wealthy children join in merrymaking, it still holds fast within

Digitized by Google

its heart the stern and self-reliant spirit of the Puritan, the spirit which would be first to show itself in any time of danger or distress.

The first records of the town cover the period from 1640 to 1680, and consist principally of land titles. They are written in a square, even hand, such as is used in the records of English towns—Stratford-on-Avon, for instance—and, like them, are practically undecipherable to anyone not an expert. From this first volume on, the records extend in an unbroken series, testifying to the fidelity with which the town clerks have always guarded them. Only two of these books are to be described here, and they are companion volumes, setting forth the probate records of Winford County for the years 1767 to 1775.

It is tantalizing to find no direct reference to the events of this stirring period, in the succession of wills, distributions of land, inventories of estate, and the like, which these books contain; especially as a page in the volume just preceding them has been found, on which is written "The Stamp Act," with the date 1765, all set within a framework of heavy curved lines. But, though the two books mentioned give no such direct statement, they do afford many intimations which a lively fancy may seize upon, and interpret as it pleases. For instance, they must contain at least fifty wills, and in only one of them is there any mention of the mother country or its government. The exception begins much as follows:—

"In the Name of God, Amen. I, James Godfrey, of y^{e} Town of Suffolk in y^{e} County of Winford, Colony of Connecticut in New England, do on this 9th Day of February 1766 in y^{e} 6th Year of y^{e} Reign of our Sovereign Lord George 3^{d} King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, make and declare this to be my Last Will and Testament."

It hardly seems too much to look upon this as the dying utterance of a stanch old Tory, who stood firm in the king's cause in the midst of troubled and disaffected times; and the frequent bequest of "the best silver-hilted sword" to the eldest son has considerable significance in the light of the period.

One of the most noticeable characteristics of the time as revealed

Digitized by Google

in these records is a remarkable fondness for litigation. Fully half of the wills admitted to probate were contested; and even the forethought exhibited in one instance, where the testator, after bequeathing the bulk of his property to the church of which he was a member, provided that five shillings be given to each of his brothers and sisters, "to prevent any dispute," was of no avail. Another suit, which might furnish materials for a thrilling romance, concerns the estate of a man who had gone on a sea voyage and had not been heard of for two years. A relative then petitioned the probate court to be appointed administrator of this estate. His request was refused; an appeal to the next higher court followed, and further the record says not.

It is a great surprise, and somewhat of a shock, to observe how many slaves were owned in Connecticut previous to the Revolution. Scarcely an inventory of estate is to be found which does not include at least one slave. They seem to have been employed as house servants almost exclusively, and no more than six were owned by one person, as recorded. They do not seem to have been unkindly treated; in many of the wills the masters direct the slaves to choose a master or mistress from the heirs of the estate; and in one case a slave was thus provided for:—

"Whereas my Negro Man James hath ever shown fidelity, obedience, and diligence in serving me, I do hereby manumit and free the s^{d} James and do direct that after my decease he be held in bondage by no one whomsoever, and furthermore I do give, devise and bequeath unto the s^{d} James all the Tools and Appliances Needfull and Proper for his Use in his the s^{d} Jameses Trade of Hatter, to be to him and his heirs forever."

It reads more like a bit of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" than a bit of New England history. But these were not rich Southern planters; they were farmers of old Connecticut, whose entire wealth never exceeded a few hundred pounds, and usually fell much below that figure. The insignificance of their estates and the care displayed in disposing of them by will often furnishes an amusing contrast; and the copyist of one book which dates back to the end of the eighteenth century was

Digitized by Google

much disgusted with a long distribution of estate, assigning to each of sixteen children a few square rods of land and sixty-seven cents in cash! Instances of this kind are especially frequent in wills made by women, as they were not likely to hold estate of any value. I cannot now recall any instance where a woman was given, or spoken of as possessing, any real estate; the usual practice of a testator being to give his wife the use of one-third of his lands, as the law of that period provided. The law also secured one-third of the personal estate to the wife; but in many cases she was bequeathed "the moveables she brought with her at the time of our intermarriage" in lieu of this dower right. Hence women's wills were usually confined to the disposal of various gowns, shawls, teaspoons, gold beads, and the like. Perhaps the most peculiar one among them is that of a woman who, previous to her marriage, had made a contract with her future husband, stipulating that she should be allowed to dispose by will of five pounds or its equivalent from his estate; everything else to be free from any claim of hers. Forty years later she made her will in accordance with this contract, and bequeathed the five pounds to a nephew.

What would the modern woman say to such conditions? And yet this is not to be taken as evidence that our foremothers led unhappy, oppressed lives. They probably considered themselves quite liberally provided for, even though most provisions ended with, "to be to her so long as she Remains my Widow."

Unless one is quite familiar with the idea of the union of church and state found in many of the colonies, it is hard to understand that in an expression like "I, John Stanton, of the first society in Winford," there is an announcement of church affiliations, not of social rank. The high esteem in which the village pastor was held is evident from many of the wills, in which the wife of the testator is enjoined to manage the estate in accordance with the counsel of the Rev^{d} Mr. Blank, and to make him her adviser in things temporal as well as in things spiritual. That the fulfillment of this injunction sometimes brought about the widow's second marriage is also evident in some cases.

It is worthy of notice that in those days a man often followed

Digitized by Google

several different occupations, and turned from one to another and back again with apparent ease and success. For instance, the records show that one man who had followed the law and had been a judge of probate for many years was also a successful country merchant. The inventory of his estate is most interesting reading, with its list of such merchandise as "callimanco," "dressenet," "camblet," "pail blew coat," "steal shoe buckles," "scains of toe," "teekittles," and many other things either strange in themselves or in their peculiar guise.

Was it the Puritans' desire for perfect honesty, we wonder, that led them to itemize all their inventories of estate so carefully? These inventories are filled with such items as, "One old Sope Ladle, ½d.," "6 Cupps and Sausers, crackt," "One old Red and white Coverled, wore out," and so forth, for six pages or more. The modern record would have condensed many of these lengthy lists into one line, as "Furniture, etc.," but it is fortunate that this was not the old custom, as otherwise we should have lost much of interest.

But is it only interest and amusement that we should look for in these old records? No one can read the solemn declaration of hope and faith with which every will opens, without feeling that this was no unmeaning formula to those who wrote it; and, however obstinate or narrow-minded the people of that time may have been, it has never been said of them as a people that they failed to live in accordance with the standards they knew. It is for us, their descendants, to perpetuate their ideals, and to make a record of them which shall be greater than any yet written.

—Josephine Belding, 1902.

Digitized by Google

IN SHORT.

ON CASCO BAY.

Oh, the joy of a day on Casco Bay,
In a white-winged sailboat free,
When the white caps dance with the billows gay,
And the blue sea laughs like a child at play,
Dancing, glancing, glimmering so
In the warmth of the sunlight's gentle glow,
And the tiny craft bounds in wildest glee
O'er the restless billows of foamy sea,
And our hearts are filled with ecstasy
In the careless life of a summer's day
On Casco Bay.

Oh, the joy of a night on Casco Bay
In an airily-built canoe,
When the silvery light of the full, round moon
Steals gently over the gathering gloom,
Dancing, glancing, glimmering so;
And the strains of a mandolin, soft and low,
Are wafted over the silent sea,
And my thoughts—my thoughts are all with thee
And our hearts are filled with ecstasy
At the end of a happy summer's day
On Casco Bay.

—Ruth Waters, 1904.

Digitized by Google

Approach of a Storm.

WHITE cap after white cap breaks upon the sand. The whole surface of the sea is flecked with the foaming crests of the waves that tumble over each other in their efforts to reach the shore, only to be sucked out by the strong undercurrent. Far out at the end of the pier the great billows dash against the frail structure, sending the delicate spray high in the air, and the boom of the breakers drowns every other sound. Heavy gray clouds drift across the sky, their sullen faces being reflected upon the restless surface of the sea.

—A. G. M., 1903.

A Laudable Ambition.

IT was a disreputable quarter of the city, that wherein the Playground lay. The sights and sounds and odors of the vicinity were none of the pleasantest. The yard itself was the sole attractive feature in this jungle of tenements and factories, boasting as it did of four large and flourishing shade trees which retained undiminished vigor and pristine bloom despite their unsavory environment.

Sheltered by one of these kindly monarchs sat "Teacher," her lap full of bright-colored worsteds. A modern Lachesis she, who doled out her gaudy store, thread by thread, to the eager claimants who had been fortunate enough to secure "sewing cards."

The group of ragged children who surrounded her kept up a continuous flow of conversation, as was their custom—remarks designed to gain her attention and awaken an interest in individuals.

"It 's awful hard work, ain't it, teacher?" said one sharp-featured little maid in tones of condolence. "Golly! I would n't like to be a teacher."

"Oh, *I* would," chimed in another, more natural and less watchful of the effect of her words. "I don't think they have to work very hard. And my father says they get mighty good pay. I 'm going to be one when I grow up."

"So 'm I," came from several throats in unison, and several pairs

Digitized by Google

of eyes fastened with grave deliberation and inquiry on "Teacher," who was smiling quietly; she had heard all this before.

"*I 'm* going to work in R. H. White's, in the cloak department," —this from a slight, frail little creature, in tones of importance. "My sister 's there now, and she says she can get me a job."

"My father 's going to get me a place in the factory," said another, biting off her thread vigorously. "A piece of red, please."

"I 'm going to be a milliner," boasted a little curly-head, whose card, representing a dog, was worked in every color the worsted offered. "My mother says I 've lots of taste."

"And you, Millie? What are you going to be?" said "Teacher," turning to a six-year-old with big, grave eyes, who had remained silent.

"I think," said Millie, with slow deliberation, not looking up from the delicate task of threading her needle, "I think I 'll be a married lady."

—Margaret Frances Keenan, 1901.

The Triumph of Mrs. Peabody.

Mrs. Peabody sat by the dining room window, rocking. She was a large, rather stout woman, of about seventy years, with withered brown skin, bent back, and no figure in particular. She looked rather younger, however, owing to her unstreaked black hair and bright black eyes. She wore a dark gray flannel wrapper and a stiff white apron. She looked musingly into the distance, occasionally shutting her good-natured lips tightly over each other, or drumming a little tune on her knee with one hand.

She looked out, up the broad village street, shadow-dappled in the evening sun. Half way up the hill stood the "old Talbot place." John Talbot lived there now, "the rising young lawyer."

"Mellie married right well,—if she is my own daughter. I would n't ask for a better son-in-law than John, any day. He lays a store by Mellie, and what 's more, he 's real good to her family. 'Tain't

Digitized by Google

every son-in-law that 'ud do that. I guess you could n't find a man in town better liked than John. Mis' Barnes need n't feel so high set up, neither, 'cause her Sarah's husband 's got nominated selectman; I guess John could 'a' had the place if he had been minded to. Not but what Mis' Barnes 's a real good woman; Sarah's husband is good sort, too; but they don't come up to John. I kind er wish he 'd take some interest in pol'tics though. It 'ud be kind er nice ter have your son-in-law selectman. I 'd let Mis' Barnes know quick enough, too, though I would n't go traipsin' over there the minnit I got news of it from town meetin',—way she did over here. Somehow, I don't think it 's right decent. Mellie jest laughs, though, when I say anything 'bout it to her, and says I must n't lay so much store by sech things; that me 'n' Mis' Barnes will get ter be real enemies if we keep on. Well! Mellie's only young—she don't reelize that we 're jest two old ladies havin' a friendly discussion. I do kind er wish though that John——"

She sat looking across the stretching sun-yellowed fields to the distant woods, black against the setting sun. A little sigh came from her lips and a sad, distant expression to her eyes. She sat rocking, rocking, while the long summer twilight grew over everything, then faded and faded, while darkness gathered in the corners and under the trees.

Suddenly heavy, decided steps came up the walk outside. She roused from her thinking.

"I declare for 't if there ain't Tom Waite. I wonder what he can want this time o' night."

"How d' do, Mis' Peabody! No, thank yer, I can't stop. I jest dropped in to say that I thought p'r'aps you 'd be int'rested to know that we nominated John Talbot to-night to send up to legislature this fall. Thought I 'd drop in on my way home an' give you some news to sleep on. Good night."

She turned excitedly toward the window and looked at the white house across the street.

"I must go right over and tell Mis' Barnes the first thing to-morrow morning," she murmured.

—Charlotte E. Farnham, 1904.

Digitized by Google

I ESCAPED from my club duties last week to spend a few days at my old home in the country. Now that I am back at the desk I am grievously tempted to treat you to "The Old Oaken Bucket" in prose, and to ramble on indefinitely through those "scenes" and that "childhood." Let me at least take you across country to our old well, which is mysterious and interesting from its huge iron spout to its tiniest rock crevice. In most respects you will see it is much like other moss grown wells. Its wooden beams are soft and porous, so many years have they received the dripping water; the top board is smooth and shiny, so many have leaned over to draw; fresh green ferns cling to the damp sides and send up their earthy fragrance, and far below sparkles the pure, cool water.

A Water Sprite.

But the well had more than this in those days before I became a bookish contributor. There was more than the dripping stones, the moss and ferns, and the clear water. For one day, years ago, when I peeked over the brim of that old well I caught sight of its water sprite dancing up and down and splashing in tiny ripples. While I looked down at her, the pretty face smiled back at me; I threw a kiss and she tossed one back; I shook my head at the little mimic, and she hid under a fern, and though I called again and again she would not come. After that I saw her many times, and we grew more friendly. I told her about the birds and flowers, the great trees and painted butterflies of the world outside the well. She told me about the fern house where she lived, the sparkling jewels she found in the well, the way she caught the sunbeams in her tiny fingers and a thousand other pretty fancies.

You would never suspect an old bookworm of such nonsense, but often, as I sit in my office chair, I see the bright, laughing eyes and waving hair of my little water sprite, and I wish I were peering over the brim of the home well where she used to dance in and out beneath the ferns. When I was there I did take one look, though I knew it was hopeless, and saw nothing but a dark, deep hole.

—FRANCES COWLES, 1902.

Digitized by Google

Shredded Wheat.

GERTRUDE had been unusually quiet for several minutes. Now when Gertrude was unusually quiet it meant mischief, so Mamma peered cautiously around an intervening Morris chair. There on the floor sat the little lady, industriously cutting up Papa's best whisk broom.

Mamma cried out in dismay. "Gertrude, what are you doing?"

"Making shredded wheat," was the confident answer, and the young vegetarian snipped on.

—G. M. B., 1901.

Allan Gammage. A Sketch.

SIX feet tall, with a lazy slouch to the broad shoulders, clumsy and slow of motion, clothes that looked as if they had seen as many storms as their wearer, a face that bore signs of many hardships, eyes the color of the sea they had gazed on for seventy years,—such was Allan Gammage as I first saw him.

I spent many hours with him in his dingy little workshop, listening to his stories. He delighted to tell of his experiences as master of "one of the finest two-masted schooners thet ever sailed from Bristol." Many and thrilling were the tales of fishing on the "Banks," and always through the tales one felt the mingled awe and love that all old fishermen have for the sea.

Sometimes he would tell me of his still younger days,—how he had been the fastest runner and strongest swimmer on the island. He had been a favorite with the girls, then. "They wuz all a'ter me, but, thunder and spikes, child, I never let it turn m' head."

Another time, he would sing me funny old sailor songs, in a voice that seemed to come from far away, so husky and faint was it. But whether he sang or whether he told stories of his former prowess, he always ended with the pathetic—"But I ain't no 'use now—I 'm most wore out," and the big, clumsy hands that had served their owner so faithfully would be spread out in helpless inactivity for inspection. There was one story which he told me one rainy day, down in his little shop, that I liked best of all. It was his love story.

Digitized by Google

"D' ye know, I never ast my wife ter marry me. *No!* never! un she never ast me, nuther. Strange, ain't it, we nuther on us said a word. I 'd ben goin' with her fer quite a spell; un one night we wuz a-settin' in the settin' room a lookin' at each other. (Her folks had all gone upstairs to bed.) Purty soon I moved on t' the sofy near her. Then—well—I moved up some nearer. I din' say nauthin' un she din' say nauthin'; nuther on us said a word. Purty soon I kissed her—un then we jest knew!

"She 's made me a good woman, but I ain't much good. She 'd be better off 'thout me now. I 'm most wore out."

Poor old man! He *is* "most wore out"; but he waits patiently in his tiny house by the sea until he shall be called home. He has fought a good fight in a humble way and he is ready to lay down his arms.

—Elizabeth H. Middleton, 1903.

EDITORIAL.

Ability to state facts clearly, concisely, and to the point ought not to be a lost art among college women. Yet who has not heard in the class-room disjointed remarks prefatory to a recitation running something like this, "Why, it seems to me—" or "Well, I think—" The woman of fully awakened brain power does not merely "think" about events of current or past history: mathematical laws do not "seem" to her to be thus and so; she *knows* with every faculty of her intellect that the sum of all the angles of a triangle equals two right angles, has equaled it in the past, and she feels reasonably confident in affirming it will continue so to do. A woman's education is not complete unless it gives her command of her own speech. The average college woman belies her culture if she stumbles through a simple expression of fact or buries an unoffending bit of truth under an effectively disguising conglomeration of words. Every fact has its quickest mode of expression. To talk

Digitized by Google

much is easy, to talk concisely is hard. To meander around a subject, stabbing at it gingerly on all sides is the result of a moderate application of diluted brain power; to strike to the heart of the matter with one thrust reveals a clear head, a quick eye, and a command of direct language which those who have it not would do well to cultivate. Judicious selection and rejection of material distinguishes the thorough from the superficial student, the college woman who controls her mind from the one whose mind runs away with her. Practice the A B C of expression, hit the bull's-eye and let the rest of the target expanse take care of itself.

The problem of the relation of the individual to those about her is nowhere more prominent than in the college, and here, as elsewhere, it often resolves itself into the question, "How shall I judge of the character and motives of others?" One fact very soon forces itself upon the thoughtful college woman,—that her only means of judging others' minds is knowledge of her own. All social life takes for granted that, in the main, minds are alike; that, for instance, definite words stand to all for the same general ideas. But practically this principle must be extended to include the attributing to others of a character more or less like one's own. The question then becomes, "*How far* shall I judge others by myself?" and this is not an easy question to answer. To discern clearly where expectation of similarity should end and recognition of dissimilarity begin, is to steer safely between two equally dangerous extremes.

Take, for example, the ingenuous and conscientious girl, who, on entering college, takes for granted that all students are as trustworthy as herself. She is in danger of either being led gradually into doubtful practices or of being all too rudely awakened to her mistake. In the latter case she goes perhaps to the opposite extreme of judging others too little by herself. She becomes unwilling to attribute even the good actions of others to such pure motives as actuate her own deeds. From

Digitized by Google

MOUNT HOLYOKE UNDERGRADUATE VERSE.

A LITTLE book is to appear for the holiday season which will be of especial interest to all Mount Holyoke women, being a collection of the best undergraduate verse produced in the last ten years in the college. The book will be artistic, printed on linen laid, deckle-edged paper, bound in leather, and is to be suitable for a Christmas gift book. The issue, however, is strictly limited, and all alumnæ or friends of the college desiring to possess themselves of copies are urged to send their orders immediately to Box 204 at the college. In filling orders, precedence will be given to those first received, until the issue is exhausted. The price of the book will probably be sixty cents.

OTHER COLLEGES.

MUCH lamentation has been caused at Columbia by the resignation of President Low, in order that he might be free to enter the fight against the system of misrule in New York politics. Dr. Low has already rendered New York valuable service through his wise administration as president of her largest university. During the twelve years that he has controlled its policy, Columbia has grown rapidly, both in an educational and a material way. It has changed from a comparatively small and poorly-housed institution to one of high intellectual rank and reputation, with a set of well planned buildings that are becoming a center of the highest interests in New York life, religious, educational, and philanthropic. It is largely owing to the admirable judgment and ability of Dr. Low that the change has been made.

The trustees of Barnard College have secured the promise of $200,000 from Mr. Rockefeller if an equal amount is raised by the friends of the institution before January 1. The money would be used for the endowment of professorships, to purchase land and build a students' hall containing rooms for rest and recreation, and possibly for a gymnasium.

The Smith seniors have made a new venture in the field of dramatics in selecting a Shakespearean tragedy for their Commencement play. Former classes had exhausted the list of Shakespearean comedies, and the present seniors were obliged to choose between some play outside of Shakespeare's works and one of the tragedies, since they preferred not to repeat any play that had been already given. We think their selection of "Romeo and Juliet" a wise one and wish them success in their ambitious undertaking.

Digitized by Google

in the "Hall of Fame" for Mary Lyon's name, the matter was referred to the executive board. Miss Mary Averill was nominated as a candidate for alumnæ trustee. Mrs. Ettie Richards of Holyoke, chairman of the Bardwell Fellowship Fund, reported that the amount, two hundred dollars, pledged by the association, had been raised. Fifty dollars of that sum was given by a friend when the committee had obtained one hundred and fifty; now the same friend promises fifty more if one hundred and fifty can be secured again. As that Fund is still far from complete, Mrs. Richards, with enthusiasm and courage, announced her determination to secure the amount in some other way than by asking the association to pledge such a sum.

At the close of the business meeting Mrs. Bourdon gave a talk upon the relation of the general and local associations to each other and of the many ways in which both organizations can assist the college. Dinner was served by the ladies of the First church. A reception followed, at which the members and friends had the pleasure of meeting President Woolley and the general and local association presidents.

The Hawaiian alumnæ celebrated their twenty-first anniversary on Wednesday afternoon, July 3, 1901, at the home of Mrs. A. O. Forbes ('52, non-graduate). There were present the venerable Mrs. Persis G. Taylor ('45), who was a student of Mary Lyon's, Mrs O. H. Gulick ('53, non-graduate), Miss M. A. Chamberlain ('53), Miss Emily B. Montague ('60), Mrs. Dr. Charles A. Peterson ('79), Mrs Arthur C. Alexander ('88), and Mrs. W. D. Alexander. Miss Elizabeth K. Bingham has died since the last meeting in 1899.

The exercises were varied and interesting. After a condensed report of President Woolley's inauguration, Mrs. O. H. Gulick gave an interesting account of her visit to the college shortly before the Commencement of 1900, and numerous letters were read from the college or from absent members.

Mrs. Elizabeth Storrs Mead, who has this past month visited Athens with her niece, Miss Marion Park, writes that the dream of her life has been realized in seeing that city.

Miss Harriet Elsworth, who formerly taught at the college, has opened a studio for vocal instruction at 162 Boylston street, Boston, Mass., in addition to her Worcester studio.

'51. Mrs. Augusta Greene of Madison, N. J., visited the college the latter part of October.

'55. Mrs. Mary E. DeWitt and Miss Katharine DeWitt ('87) have changed their residence to 1634 Kinmore Avenue, Bruno Park, Chicago, Ill.

Digitized by Google

EXCHANGES.

THE exchanges have been late in arriving this month, or perhaps it is only that THE MOUNT HOLYOKE goes early to press. At all events the editor, in looking over the early arrivals, has had opportunity to examine some of the weekly papers and smaller monthlies, which usually she must pass by in haste. One result is that she has come to appreciate the usefulness of the college newspaper. In women's colleges, where athletic news is not an important item, the support of two publications may be impracticable, but in men's colleges it is certainly worth attempting. This separation of news items from literary matter is beneficial to both departments; the literary value of the magazine is increased, while a much more detailed and satisfactory account of college doings can be given.

The editor's attention was attracted to the cover of the *Tennessee University Magazine*. It is unique, but we should suggest that for this purpose a simple conventional design is preferable to poor drawing.

The Johns Hopkins *News Letter* appears in new and more convenient form this month. We wonder that the university it represents produces no more literary magazine.

The Minnesota Magazine contains a well-written little love story, "Love and a Launch," and *The Morningside* gives us a tale especially interesting to student editors, "The First Number."

The *Harvard Monthly's* comparison of the novel, "Vanity Fair," with Mr. Mitchell's dramatization, "Becky Sharp," is well worth reading. "Sailor Jack's First Voyage," in the same magazine, is a rather pleasing variation on the old theme of the girl who, disguised as a man, follows her lover into danger.

The magazines of Smith, Wellesley, and Vassar can usually be relied upon for good verse, but in the absence of these we find it hard to select. The following studies in Nature's contrasts are appreciative and suggestive.

Digitized by Google

SEPTEMBER.

The sun asleep, the whole wide earth lies bare
  And bleak beneath a canopy of gray;
  And each sleepy woodland nook along the way,
But yesterday aflame with blossoms fair,
Seems desolate and cold, as though were there
  The spirit of some melancholy day.
  The thrush sits hushed from melody a-sway
With premonitions of the winter's care.

Then steals a sudden warming rush of light
  And floods the air with golden happiness
    To win each child of Nature's heart to song
Lays on the landscape colors dark and bright,
  Pencils each leaf with yellow, and, no less,
    Puts every thought of winter in the wrong.

The Morningside. —C. W. K.

MOODS.

I

Oh, this is a gay, glad world of ours,
  With its sunny, changeful April showers,
With its summer fragrance of opening flowers,
  With its autumn clusters on grape vine bowers,
And with winter's snow-crowned gables and towers,
  Oh, this is a gay, glad world of ours!

II

Oh, this is a sad, dark world of ours,
  With its gloomy days of April showers,

Digitized by Google

With its feverish summer and drooping flowers,
With its hectic flushes on autumn bowers,
And with winter's shroud over gables and towers,—
Oh, this is a sad, dark world of ours!

The White and Gold. —JULIA F. LEE.

A SOPHOMORE'S LETTER.

Dear Bob, I 've had a jolly time
Since I returned to college;
Of course I 've bohned with my usual zeal
And sounded deep for knowledge.

But now, you see, I 'm a sophomore
And am so well acquainted
That tunks, and teas, and larks galore
Keep each spare hour well freighted.

And then, I 'm fixing up my room,
It looks just lovely too,
Prevailing color is, of course,
Your own dear old Yale blue.

I bought some *pictures* at *Johnson's*,
Same place I bought your *book*,
And these, with other pretty things,
Make a very cozy nook.

You 're tired of incidentals,
I will no longer bore
But sign myself, with love,
Your full fledged Sophomore.

Digitized by Google

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Vol. XI. DECEMBER, 1901. No. 4.

Beth Bradford Gilchrist, 1902, *Editor-in-Chief.*

Editors.

Rachel Florence Riley, 1902. Rowena Keith Keyes, 1902.

Ethel Collingwood Hall, 1903. Anna Grace McGovern, 1903.

May Fiske, 1903.

Harriet Cross Van Wagner, 1903, *Business Manager.*

Helene Maud Pope, 1904, *Assistant Business Manager.*

FOUNDER'S DAY ADDRESS.

THE SPIRITUAL VALUE OF CULTURE.

S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D.

I confess I do not understand why a busy pastor should be held advisable for occasions of this sort. The problems of educational work, its progress, its perils, how it may best achieve desired results, these are better treated by the accomplished experts I see around me to-day. But if any poor suggestions I am able to make are available, if they may serve to stimulate the inner purpose of a great Christian college such as this, let me hasten to assure you that they are offered with zest and no lack of heart, though wisdom's absence may be manifest. Nor should you deem me a prophet of dismal things if I say that through the changing years we discover many failings in ourselves; we are distressed by special faults which tenaciously cling to us. These characteristic defects arise out of temperament and are occasioned by environment. They

Digitized by Google

are very real and familiar, and sometimes they go a long way toward spoiling life. The best way to deal with such infirmities is to maintain the general health, to raise the tone of the character, to enrich and vitalize the moral system, neutralizing infection and decay, promoting constantly the divine energies which are behind the definite treatment of any specific ills in ourselves and in our surroundings.

The men and women who founded this avowedly Christian college wisely held that we can mold our characters and check our frailties by a sagacious determination of our circumstances. They saw that spiritual powers demand a climate of knowledge, and that the monstrous wrongs which afflict the world can be smitten to the death from the vantage point of such an institution as this in whose behalf we are met and whose founding we celebrate. The history of our forbears needs no justification at my hand, the verdict is theirs and it has a large and unmistakable accent of approval. The Puritan inherited far more from the Renaissance than he has been commonly credited to have received. All the wealth and witchery, the romance and passion, of that great movement which broke up the stagnant depths of European life did not remain beyond the Alps or become the depositary of the Latin races. They made great uses of it, they studded their provinces with its products in a hundred fields; the efflorescent tributes of their ardent temperaments have placed the world under obligations to such men; but the moral element was sometimes markedly absent, and disintegration followed where the cardinal principles of true culture were forgotten; the laurel was trailed in the dirt and pestilence exhaled from the gardens of the Muses.

The difference between the Latin races and the Puritan is marked by their treatment of woman as compared with his lofty reverence for her. To their sensuous conception she was a plaything, a beautiful idol to be petted and kept for dalliance and delight. This degrading idea has met with many aiders and abettors among us, but the serious temper of the Puritan was too deeply right to follow such misleading, and the advent of Mary Lyon was the sequel of movements which heralded the approach of all she toiled to win, and of which Tennyson in his

Digitized by Google

"Princess" sang. It would scarcely be fair to claim the greatest son of the Renaissance as belonging to our peculiar stripe. William Shakespeare's full-orbed glory suffers no segment even here, he was rather the last and chief of the Italian Englishmen who drew their inspiration from the classic shores, and had scarcely felt, as yet, the dominating influence of the later moral and spiritual advance which Edmund Spenser reveals in the "Faery Queene" and his references therein to the holy scriptures. But if Spenser was the forerunner, John Milton was the prophet whose mighty song vindicates the claim I am making, and his massive learning, the width and splendor of his knowledge and his style, offer abundant corroboration of the Puritans' devotion to the largest interests of true culture. When he doffed his singing robes for a space that he might plead the grave and imperiled causes of the state, he shone in a yet nobler light. And the memory of this sightless hero, who had burned out his vision in writing for our establishment and our defense, can never pass away from the annals of our colleges and the memories of our land. If you have conned the pages of his "Areopagitica" you know how this radical independent, who repudiated in one breath both prelate and "presbyter, which was but priest writ large," made a valiant stand for the sphere of knowledge Bacon had previously claimed. The story in which he played a leading part is a diverse one, the moods and methods vary, but the increasing purpose is the same. From the charming description of Colonel Hutchinson, written by his wife, from the archives of parliamentary debates in which Pym's sagacious utterance, Hampden's beautiful spirit, and Eliot's "smiling eye and golden mouth" appear, onward to Harvard and to Yale, in whose joys to-day we are all enriched, to Princeton and the schools of the West, we gather the record of a steady attempt to link in unison, wisdom and knowledge, to make "reason and the will of God everywhere prevail."

But I have found a questioning as to whether we have perpetuated this spirit and life, which ever seeks new forms for its activities, and manifests itself not least at any rate, in the "sweet girl graduate" of Tennyson's idyl, now become a very real factor in our educational development. These magnificent memories, are they only memories fast

Digitized by Google

enfolded in time's thickening mists? Such a center as this could scarcely avoid being peopled with them and the ideals they suggest. Your class rooms echo with names upon which the poppy of oblivion cannot scatter its dust. But how much do they signify for me, for you, as we recall them? I am afraid they mean little, like some poor ghosts passing unheeded in the press. It is when reincarnated in our thought and deed that ideals are made flesh, that they breathe upon us afresh. Then do they touch us with loving hands, and look at us with sincere eyes and speak to us in appealing tones. Then their presence is a power, they shake us with consecrated passion and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame.

Every form of life has its besetments and hindrances, and colleges are not exempt, rather are they peculiarly exposed to these. A great French lawyer speaks of his calling, and says: "I cannot acclimatize myself in the atmosphere of chicanery. There is no cause so good that there are no reciprocal wrongs; there is no plea so loyal that some weak points must not be hidden. Habits of hyperbole and reticence exist, and when you employ more reasonable terms you pass for having made concessions, you have avowed yourself vanquished, and your client pretends himself betrayed." Dr. Garth Wilkinson, an eminent physician, speaks of "the corporal cruelty which is a danger in his profession." The artist works in a realm which tests his sincerity by fierce and peculiar ordeals. The literary man, the scientist, and the teacher have sorrows of soul which arise out of their daily toil, sorrows with which a stranger may not intermeddle. Commercial and even domestic life are not sheltered. Two Viennese bacteriologists examined bank notes which had circulated for a few years, and estimated the number of microbes on each note as not less than nineteen thousand; they discovered the presence of a septic bacillus which rapidly kills animals inoculated with it, this being, to speak properly, the specific microbe of the paper currency. Surely such a revelation makes us anxious to consign all such currency we may have into the treasury of Mount Holyoke, and transmute it into something healthy and enduring.

The danger of college life to-day is in mediocrity. There is less dis-

Digitized by Google

tinction now than formerly in being a graduate; our homes and streets swarm with them. There is more likelihood of dwelling on the common level, since that level is higher than it was. But not the less does the constant ascendancy of life call for your elevation in individuality, in aim, and in achievement. The charm of novelty is past, the very opulence of our academic privileges is sometimes a barrier to stern and deeper discipline. We must not cease to conspire with each returning day, to insist upon a new bias and a fresh authority, for those eternal truths toward which the whole creation moves and of which you are the representatives and the advocates. When the prophet speaks of how great men and women benefit human life, he shows how they serve the race by arresting the drift, even as the desert rock dams back the choking waste of sand. On the most distant horizon of history, in dim legends, in folk lore, in song and story, we discern the evidences of this audacity. Generally, the bold ones paid the penalty their temerity excited. Like the ancient banner which meant victory to the cause, but death to the bearer, so they made their protest and sealed it with sacrifice. But the philosophy of the past and all its healing of hurt and proclamation of gospel reveals dependence upon great characters, whose discernment substituted true for conventional morality, whose effort removed the accretions of error which lesser men had cast upon the eternal difference God has set between right and wrong. The abolition of slavery, the emancipation of woman, the essential nobility of labor, the cleansing of social fountains and forces, the relics of barbarism and the wrongs of civilization, the purification of speech and the triumphs of art and science and literature have been largely accelerated, when not actually caused, by free individuality, moving under the compulsion of love and righteousness. Unto this end Mount Holyoke stands appointed, to emphasize the spiritual value of culture.

Perhaps it will be better understood if we define our terms. Matthew Arnold was a man seriously impaired by prejudice, and insular assurance, but his every word on the question of culture, which I take to be the aim of this college, is worthy of careful consideration. He rebuked John Bright for his fling at the friends and preachers of cul-

Digitized by Google

ture. He severely arraigned Frederic Harrison, the brilliant leader of the positivist school, for his statement that the very silliest cant of the day was the cant about culture. But if we remember the mediæval tinge of some English scholars the strictures of these men can be read in a new light. They suffered not co-education, they resented science, they emphasized some useless studies. The unreal assumption, the sickly cast, the absence of sympathy, the inertness and black apathy against which they protested, have damaged the influence of the don and the academic. Mr. Arnold is stronger in his positive account of what culture really means than he is in his negative criticism. It is a desire to augment the excellency of our own nature, to render an intelligent being more intelligent, having its origin, not in curiosity, as we use that term, but in a love of perfect life. Two sentiments are pervasive. First, the scientific passion for well-ordered knowledge, and, again, the divine passion for doing good. To see, to learn the truth, and make the truth the pervading power of all life; this is culture, according to the apostle of sweetness and light. Simply to cherish these things for ourselves, to disassociate the one sentiment from the other, is a proceeding fraught with disaster. And this stands related vitally to all spiritual forces because the conclusion they reach is an identical one. It is religion in its pregnant sense, and I am using the terms not because they are different in meaning so much as for mental convenience.

The final word of the book of books declares that the kingdom of God is within you. You are asked to make endless additions to self in expansion of powers, in growth in wisdom and beauty, and to reach this ever-removing state the college has been instituted. But the expansion must be a general one. If you refuse to keep what you have by constantly bestowing it on those who have it not, you will lose it. It is a twice blessed state, it blesseth "him that gives and him that takes." Further, the gracious mingling of these elements in their due proportion saves from "the excess" against which the Greek masters warn us. Any neglect destroys the equipoise. The religious forces to-day need the grace, the geniality, the freedom, of the scholarly spirit, and scholarship needs the impulse and consecration which devotion to God and man sup-

Digitized by Google

plies. Sometimes these two elements have received names derived from their national exponents. They have been called Hellenism and Hebraism—the tendencies toward knowing and perceiving and also toward doing. But such distinctions should be carefully guarded, they are all absorbed in the sublime monotony of righteousness, which is the essential, the final, the supreme law of development for the individual, the nation and the race. Wealth, arms, art, trade, government, must take their chance under that sovereign governance, and they should be cherished in the proportion of their service unto this end. Conscience is more than taste, and moral blamelessness to be preferred before the cleverness of the senses; harmonized passions are the sweetest music, and the purest delights are in the train of a profound and practical moral sense. When Mr. Arnold says that culture goes beyond religion, as religion is generally conceived by us, he indulges in specious talk, which cannot fail to prove fatal to all good issues. The melancholy examples which show failure on a large scale because of the unwillingness or inability of nations to maintain the priority of God and His laws in their systems of knowledge were well known to this pleader. The world could not live by an incomplete message in the past; it needs the whole truth to-day. Holiness is wholeness and wholesomeness, too; the standard, when rightly understood, of complete harmonious perfection.

There is at present an aloofness from popular religion upon the part of earnest, thoughtful men. True, this unfortunate condition is not without its brilliant exceptions, for which we feel profoundly grateful. These exceptions are the harbingers of a better day. It is very easy for a cheap denunciatory spirit to further alienate these seeking souls. But it would be wiser to ascertain if we have sought to make clear and maintain the relation between the college and the church of God, between the intellectual and spiritual spheres. The mental thinness and appalling disregard for things as they now are upon the part of some popular religious teachers, the scorn of knowledge, the misunderstanding of Christianity's correct attitude toward the intelligent life of men—these were a cause of the tendency toward separateness upon the part of the learned and the wise. I some-

Digitized by Google

times wonder if we have not left the truth at some vital points quite as much as these people, and I opine that a mutual understanding would be beneficial to all concerned. But a truce to the painful query. It is an outgrowth of this discussion, to be mentioned in passing.

The spiritual value of culture in mental discipline is an offset to the material and superficial estimates of this wealthy age. The possession of this atmosphere of minds filled with principles and song and music, this was a more enduring possession for Germany than her conquests of a later day. England's coal fields may become exhausted, but her glory in Shakespeare and Milton, Tennyson and Browning, cannot fade. Our true greatness is not in braggart shouts concerning power and resources, but in the strength and dignity and inspiration of our social countenance set against any wrong. The inestimable service you render others by patient self-mastery and painful toil is felt whenever you move, as a corrective for that fatal superficiality of temper which breeds cheap men, cheap thinking, cheap phrases, cheap hymns, cheap everything, and reinforces the burden of "shoddy" product beneath which we groan. The indirect influence of such sacrificial labor upon the world is an unexplored realm. And you can have no evangel for others which has not cost you weary toil. A few choice close thinkers formed a band which liberated Europe; they were the noiseless forces overwhelming ancient traditions, and no man can write the history of modern days without continually recognizing their efforts. But they could not have done this were they not first the masters of themselves. I sometimes used to pass a solitary house on a southern common in England. There lived a man whose name is the property of the ages, an intellectual, modest, single-minded, low-browed lover of truth, a searcher of the secrets of nature, who from his Kentish hilltop was shaking the world, working in comparative obscurity. And Charles Darwin flung on the creation's story new radiance and beauty because he was mentally alert, indefatigable in patience, constant in observation. So let us cheerfully accept the drudgery of thinking, the unfamiliar as against the common, the hard work and unremitting sweat of brain which brings your thought and aim to heel at call. In such efforts, renewed daily,

Digitized by Google

the fog lifts, the illusions scatter, you see men as trees, walking. The first meanings of "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," dawn across the soul. So when the real temper of mind to heart necessary to knowledge and growth and service has been acquired, you perceive in the studies you follow the hidden secrets they will reveal only to the initiated. Take art, which is praise, dealing with beauty only, as science and literature deal with facts and what to know, so art teaches us what to feel and enjoy rightly. In its constructive side the artist finds joy in the power given to him to manifest God's glory; on the interpretative side he brings to others an intelligent appreciation and even rapture in the words of the Supreme.

The world 's no blot nor blank when thus laid hold of by cultured processes. Its meanings are our meat and drink. No glory passes away from the earth when we view it with clarified vision. The light of common day is the same radiance undimmed in splendor, which first gilded the solitary peak with the torch of dawn. And when we recognize that no bush, nor flower, nor river, nor the ground on which we tread but is a divine thought, throbbing with the presence of God, then that sense of sacred unity will throw on the canvas its own beauty, and give new cunning to the chisel which reveals the heart of marble. Bishop Westcott shows us that Christian art, through the fact of the incarnation, has given a wholly new significance to all nature and to all life. It has brought a sacramental element into all that touches our senses, and its special aim is to realize beauty in life in the light of faith, to find in humanity and nature, despite ravages, the clew to the event which is creation's crown, that the Word became flesh. Manhood is not for the Christian artist, as for the Greek, the final type of the highest, but a sign and a pledge of the spiritual destiny of the finite. Here all rudimentary powers require seriousness and cultivation; here, as it seems to me, is the hope of this great pursuit, its redemption from folly, its cleansing from stain; here is the spiritual crown of mechanical methods and cultured means. And here, as everywhere, the unity I am trying to enforce most signally prevails. The fascination of the scenes and haunts of the older portions of the world is not because their

Digitized by Google

native beauties are superior to those more recently known. The Alps are not above the Andes and the Rockies in this respect. Rather is it because these great books of God we have longer conned and the light of this interpretation is more concentrated upon the Rhine than upon the Connecticut. And when our sceneries are spiritualized, and indeed they are in part, as by Whittier in New England, they will be afresh invested with new delights and praises. Surely the words of Pericles should be ours, too, possessing the country we do, "We are devoted to beauty while we guard frugality; we are devoted to wisdom without the loss of manliness." And when the soul has reached these treasures thus placed before it, the man and the woman will find no rest until their life corresponds with their patrimony.

The spiritual value of literature, what a theme, with unsuspected heights and depths! I mention it since for mention it clamors, but any reference must be bare and fragmentary; so rich and suggestive are the various enticements of this topic, one is tempted to linger. Yet final ends can only be attained by final means, and compromise here is frequent, and sometimes it sullies the record. Popular education has been set back by tawdry books. Knowledge has been laid wait for by a spread of ephemeral and harmful literature. We may not share the taste of an old Highland deerstalker, but we can admire it. He lived fifteen miles from human intercourse, and the good bishop of Stepney asked if he might send him some magazines with which to employ the long winter evenings. "No," he replied, "I have no wish for light stuff such as that, but could you get me a copy of the 'Sermons of Jonathan Edwards'?" And then he added, "He gives such a grand account of the scheme of redemption." Such words echo in the heart of a true student. They should warn us that there is a sinister side to the shield, when we expatiate on the infinite blessings of literature. Think of the misuse of books, the debilitating waste of brain, in aimless, promiscuous reading or even in the poisonous inhalation of mere garbage. No book can be more than the man who wrote it, it may be less, and many are not desirable companions. Are we not in danger of seeking stimulus rather than solidity, of stuffing our minds with the trivial, or the

Digitized by Google

merely curious, of neglecting the nutritive elements of reading and the spiritually sustaining; of reading about Milton and Goethe, rather than reading them, of dallying with the books of the day rather than pondering over the books of the ages, the precious heirlooms of our race? An impotent voracity for desultory information must be subdued, the abiding must be sifted from the evanescent parts of knowledge. Then comes discrimination, choice, system, comprehension, fitness, and the highest contact, the finding of the very eye of God, so to speak, for every girl and woman before me. Our stately Milton said "as good almost kill a man as kill a good book." In the great republic of letters the spirit of freedom and equality prevails; here is seen the inmost mind of man, apart from shrouding mantle and disguise. No introduction is needed. We hear Johnson moralize and Burke perorate, and Wordsworth muse on the dewy hillside and Scott tell his necromancies, without asking leave or paying toll. And out of this wondrous realm there come trooping all the gracious and blessed forces which have spun electric thoughts from mind to mind, dissolved barriers, plucked down the mighty and exalted the humble and the meek. And since no volume can endure which does not respect the sanction of divine law and reverence truth in its innermost parts, one may easily see the spiritual value of a knowledge of literature pursued on right lines. Theology finds vent in fiction, in the doctrine of the conscience as you have it in "Romola" and "The Scarlet Letter"; George MacDonald and Mrs. Humphry Ward expound their religious systems, or lack thereof, in the form of a tale; the best and purest Christian optimism flows out of Browning's deep springs of thought; Tennyson's services to the faith in his "In Memoriam" can be dimly seen now he is gone, when you read his biography. He saved Oxford from agnosticism by this single poem, as surely as Mrs. H. B. Stowe doomed slavery by a second-rate novel, and James Russell Lowell smote the nation's conscience with his glorious verse. But why should I linger to demonstrate further the value of culture as a spiritual force, or the spiritual value of the forces of culture, take it as you will. I can but hint at the revolution in the attitude of scientific thought in the past ten years. Had I stood here a decade

Digitized by Google

ago these hints would have been denied by the trend of opinion among cultured scientists. They are not denied to-day. Science has discovered her sheer inability to cast out God from her thinking, and the utterances of Professor Romanes, the later words of even William Huxley and others, would indicate that the wave of materialistic agnosticism which threatened to become a mania is passed.

And now, in a closing word. Holyoke has always stood for the cherishing of personality, identical in the midst of change, progressive and appropriating the things and influences outside us, transforming them so that they become not limits but manifestations of ourselves. Had not Mary Lyon believed and acted upon this great creed she could not have become the pioneer and the power she assuredly is. It advocates that each life grow on its own root, and that root be deeply fastened in God; it believes in expansion and self-knowledge leading to self-reverence, self-control and these conducting life to sovereign power; and, above all, it holds true to the Christian interpretation of life, for womanhood and motherhood, that priestesship of God. To seek, to know, to learn; to love, to serve, to die, as John Richard Green said,—learning to die as Jesus did, loving,—these are our ultimates. The busy world swallows up your graduates year by year, but the soul instilled here finds its familiar outside, and works and waits in mingling of labor and of faith for the new day. On spending an evening with Gladstone, John Richard Green says of him: "I felt proud of my leader, because he was so noble of soul." Let us so live and act here that we may keep the soul of this nation alive and masterly.

This is the supreme care, ladies, for which God invested you with sex, and peculiar facilities; others are seeking lower ends, some in anarchy would destroy all. But we go out from these cloistered retreats to maintain the spirit of a mighty people, to give it force, direction, courage, purity, and Godward aim. And this cannot be a common pursuit until the womanhood of America, free without license, and fearless without pride, and tender without maudlin weakness, becomes the great Madonna, the queen of nations, and the revelation and crown of culture in spiritual realms.

Digitized by Google

A FANTASY OF OLD EGYPT.

It was an innovation in the line of Harvard teas, and Burleigh, who had been somewhat skeptical as to its success, catching his roommate alone for a moment in a corner, grasped his hand enthusiastically. "Shake, old man," he cried, in subdued tones, "it 's a howling triumph—all due to that cousin of yours, Putnam. Jove! but she 's a stunner! Watch 'Pericles,' will you. That 's the third time he 's offered to bring her another cup—and as for 'Old Egypt,' he sticks to her like a bee to clover—the fellows can't get in a word edgewise. He 's been talking excavations to her for the last half hour. 'T won't do to be cut out by the faculty like this—I 'm going to try again on the football game. Here goes!"

Putnam smiled proudly as he glanced at his cousin. "Oh, Helen 's all right," he said.

The air, heavy with the odor of flowers, seemed pulsating to the dreamy music of the violins, a subtle undercurrent running beneath the soft laughter of the girls and the deeper tones of the men. Snatches of conversation reached the young host—Greek roots—athletics—the latest expedition to the North Pole—the annual debate—Hasty Pudding dramatics—college honors. Yes, it was an experiment, such a company as perhaps only he and Burleigh out of the whole university would have cared or dared to bring together, and even he would not have attempted it for anyone but Helen. They were types—all these men—types of the varied interests and forces in his college life, and Helen was fond of types. His eyes came back and rested on her as she sat talking in her queenly, friendly way to an immediate group of admirers. There was hardly a man in the room who was not looking at her, either covertly or openly, and yet it was not her beauty that attracted them. He himself had seen women more beautiful, he concluded critically. What was it then? Charm? Ah, that expressed it, charm, and a certain innate nobility that showed itself in every turn of her head, in every movement of her body. "To meet Miss Copley;" he laughed as he remembered

Digitized by Google

how long he had treasured the dream of such a day as this when he could present to his cousin his college friends. "It is n't every day a man gets a chance to meet one of these international 'queens,' " Burleigh had announced in melodramatic tones to a roomful of chosen spirits. "Here 's to Miss Copley—'la belle Americaine,' as they toast her in Paris."

Attracted by Putnam's gaze, Helen looked up from her conversation with the venerable professor of archæology, undignifiedly dubbed "Old Egypt" by Burleigh, and motioned to him.

"There have indeed been very wonderful discoveries lately in that ancient country, Miss Copley," the professor was saying as Putnam reached her side, "not the least wonderful among them being that of one of our own recent graduates on the site of the Memphite necropolis, a great addition to the science of Egyptology and one that can hardly be overestimated. Harvard may well be proud of Mr. Halliwell's work. Possibly you have met him?"

"Halliwell of '99—Dick Halliwell," broke in Burleigh, "great football player, Miss Copley. You must have heard of his exploits on the oval; his fame is secure in that line, too."

The girl smiled and glanced at her cousin. "Yes, Dr. Stokes," she said, "I know Mr. Halliwell very well indeed—and, Mr. Burleigh, I have seen him play football myself; in fact I attended the famous game in '98 that we hear referred to so much this year."

"Did you?" cried Burleigh. "Jove! I wish I 'd been there! Never regretted anything so much in my life as missing that game. One of the faults of my pre-Harvard days, Miss Copley, that I had n't begun to 'take notice' properly of football."

But Helen, though with her eyes smiling at Burleigh, was listening to Dr. Stokes as he dilated eloquently on the valuable services of Richard Halliwell, ex-football player, to the cause of archæology.

"This work he has just begun in renewing the excavations in the neighborhood of the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes promises to mark an epoch in the history of Egyptian tomb-exploration," the learned professor continued, as Burleigh drew Putnam aside in disgust.

Digitized by Google

"'Old Egypt''s three holes up," he muttered, disconsolately, "and playing it better every stroke."

"Brace up, there, Jack," returned Putnam, "you can't blame Helen for liking to hear Dick Halliwell's achievements praised. Why, man! did n't you know she is engaged to him?"

Before a colossal head of fine white limestone in one corner of the Gizeh Museum stood a young man. The few visitors making a tour of the building, guidebook in hand, doing the field of Gizeh and the pyramid group in a single November morning, stopped in their superficial rush from room to room to regard with wonder the quiet figure of a contemporary among all these relics of a long dead civilization; nor was their wonder unmixed with admiration of the strong Anglo-Saxon build and beauty of the man, the look of splendid vitality about him in contrast with the still carven features of the proud Egyptian queen. Yet to a more than casual observer—to the American most of all—the face of Taia was by no means in repose. How her eyes laughed back into his! Her lips would part in speech the next moment; he waited to hear what she would say while he watched the delicious dimple in her chin.

"'One of the greatest triumphs of Egyptian sculpture,'" a tourist read aloud from her guidebook. To the young man the words bore no meaning. What was sculpture to him? He had transformed the cold stone, imbued it with the life and spirit that were Taia's three thousand years and more ago. Never since he had first seen this fragment in the Gizeh Museum had he been able to think of it as mere limestone. There was an inexpressible charm in the spirited face that fascinated him. Wherever he might wander among the fragments of statuary or mummy cases in the room her eyes followed him, laughing, challenging, drawing him back again to her side.

At first he had laughed at himself, he, an American archæologist, infatuated with a dead Egyptian queen! What would Helen say? It would be a merry tale with which to enliven his letters. But never yet had he brought himself to mention Queen Taia in the letters which he sent back to America less and less frequently as the weeks passed. His

Digitized by Google

work was pressing, he said to himself, when he thought of the matter at all, and the cataloguing of his discoveries made the previous winter, an absorbing occupation of immediate necessity. Yet increasingly every moment he could gain had been spent in the corner of the Gizereh Palace before the limestone head of Taia. Strange was the charm her face had for him. He could not analyze it to himself—he had given up trying. What freaks the Egyptian climate played with a man's brain! Perhaps in some former state he had been a lover of the fair Syrian queen of Egypt, if she had lovers in those golden days of "hundred-gated Thebes." Once he had laughed at his own fancy, now it seemed strangely natural.

"Halliwell! Aw, I say, Dick Halliwell, wake up!" A tall young Englishman with a trace of excitement in his drawling tones slapped the dreamer heartily on the back. "We 're on the track of a find, dontcherknow. This morning got hold of one of the lying imps sent by the Khedive to thrash the ground for a new tomb last time he wanted one on hand for visitors—found something up along by Deir-el-Bahari, you know. Aw, yes, kept secret, but, I say, they 've smuggled more of the old chaps into Cairo the last day or so than I 've seen before for a year. Must have made quite a haul of their mustinesses. Struck some new tombs, a royal among them, I fancy. Thought I 'd try to get a handle on it for you, dontcherknow, Halliwell."

"Deir-el-Bahari! Stanley," cried Halliwell. "A royal tomb near Deir-el-Bahari! Why, that 's close by Bab-el-Molouk, the regular burial valley of the kings—discovered long ago."

"Aw, yes, but I fancy they did n't find 'em all, judging from the stuff these fellows are bringing in. Got after one out here in Gizeh—no, you 'd better not come yet—might scare the talk out of him, dontcherknow. I 'll be back in Cairo for dinner——"

"Meet me at Shepheard's."

"Aw, I say, thanks awfully. Now I 'm off."

That night when Halliwell went to his room in Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo, he had engaged immediate passage on a dahabeeyah for Goorneh and the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. "Stanley will get me a firman

Digitized by Google

from the Khedive," he mused. "No doubt but what he 'll give it and be thankful to me for saving him the money and the trouble of exploiting the place himself, for if half of what the Arabs say is true, it 'll be the greatest find of the decade, perhaps even the tomb and mummy of Taia herself; that certainly was her cartouche the Arab had. I always fancied she might be buried along there somewhere, seeing her husband was the first to occupy the Western Valley. H'm, queer ideas they had then. Don't know, though, as they were so queer after all." He tapped the window ledge meditatively. "If I were a self-respecting soul," he remarked slowly, "I 'd take to solitary wandering before I went to a museum to live in a glass case or be shipped all over the world. But Taia—her mummy has never been found——"

Did that mean anything more to him than the glory of discovery? The soul of Taia might not yet have returned from its cycles of wandering probation to dwell again in the embalmed body and thence to go forth to everlasting life. If not, he might in truth stand in her very presence, the soul of the queen enshrined in a living body might shine out upon him in all its fullness and its beauty from the sepulchral chamber of her yet unentered tomb. What then? He did not ask. The beliefs of the mysterious people who, centuries before, lived and moved, labored and loved, in this far-stretching, narrow valley of the Nile seemed not impossible when one stood on the very ground where they had stood and breathed the very air they had breathed.

He threw back his shoulders and drew in a deep breath of fragrance wafted to him from the palm-shaded garden beneath his window, while he strained his eyes toward the dusky south where far away up the Nile lay the ruined funerary temples of Goorneh and Deir-el-Bahari guarding Bab-el-Molouk, the valley of royal burial, and the tomb of the great queen.

"To the 'princess of all lands,' " he murmured, "Taia, mistress of Egypt."

Nor was Halliwell disappointed by an idle tale. The Arabs had for once spoken truly, and in his first hasty examination of the rock cut passageway laid open by the Khedive's hunting party, he found not only

Digitized by Google

confirmation of his inference regarding the queen, but also indications of unentered chambers running still further into the rock. So choked with sand and débris was the entrance, however, that after proceeding a little way he was obliged to send down the river for a detail of native workmen and the necessary supply of tools for excavation. Impatiently he waited, loitering among the broken lotus columns of the temples near by or working out a fragmentary hypothetical plan of the tomb. Impatiently he pushed the work of excavation when once the diggers arrived. They were men who had worked under his direction the winter before at the old Memphite necropolis. They had seen him in eagerness to reach an anticipated goal leap down into the ditches and ply the shovel at their side; they had watched him in the elation of discoveries that had fired even their accustomed blood, but never had they beheld him so excited, so intolerant of delay as now.

Through the obstructed passage they made their way slowly into chambers and passages beyond on whose ceiling and wall space, revealed by the flaring torches, the golden stars of heaven sailed across a deep blue sea, and in undimmed color writhing serpents and strange figures of gods beset the pathway of the soul of Taia. Alternate hope and fear burned in Halliwell's veins. The Englishman, Stanley, stopping at Deir-el-Bahari on his way to the First Cataract, listened to him in astonishment and alarm.

"Dick, old man," he cried, "what has come over you? Are you giving us more moonshine about that old Eighteenth Dynasty queen? By George, you 're not acting square, Halliwell, dontcherknow. Did n't you tell me yourself you were engaged to a girl in America? I 'd jolly well like to punch your head if I were her brother, to hear you rant like this over a mummified Egyptian. Why, man, you talk as if you were in love with her!"

"Stanley," said Halliwell, slowly, "do you know—I believe—I am. And as for that old idea about the return of the soul to the body ages after death, I 'm not so sure it 's the 'rot' you call it." His eyes kindled. "If the mummy of Queen Taia is here—and so it must be——"

Stanley regarded the American a moment in silence. "I met a

Digitized by Google

fellow on the dahabeeyah who said he knew Miss Copley—I say, that 's her name, is n't it?" he asked, turning over the leaves of a magazine he had drawn from his raglan pocket. "He told me a jolly lot about her, dontcherknow, how pretty she is—and awfully clever, too, I fancy—one of these girls a fellow can tie to and feel comfortable about it. This chap—he 's a Frenchman, mighty good fellow, too,—said she was in Rome this winter. Fancy he was pretty hard hit himself—had n't got over it, dontcherknow—and he liked to talk about her to another fellow. Gave me this with a picture of her in it, said he knew where he could get another and I wanted this one. I say, like to see it?" holding the open magazine toward Halliwell.

The opera cloak was half thrown back from the girlish shoulders; delicately poised on the slim white neck rose the queenly head, the eyes alight, the lips seeming about to part in smiling curves. Halliwell glanced at it abstractedly. "Yes," he answered, "it 's a very good picture. In Rome, is she? I did n't know it."

As Stanley started on his walk back to the dahabeeyah one of the workmen looked up at him and then nodded expressively at the tall figure of the young director of excavations picking his way among the ruins toward the rock tomb. The man tapped his forehead significantly. "Work too hard," he volunteered cheerfully. "Not stand it long—sun too hot."

"Hot or not hot, I 'd jolly well like to punch his head for him," muttered the Englishman.

All unknown to himself Halliwell, pursuing his strange Egyptian fantasy, was become the center of interest to the archæological world. In Europe and America scholars watched from afar the progress of his work in opening the tomb of the great queen of Amenhotep the Third; learned Egyptologists traveling in that land of ruins and of mystery came to the Western Valley to inspect the inscriptions on the tomb walls and to talk with the young director. The inscriptions alone, said these men, were invaluable and their discovery sufficient in itself to insure the fame of the man who found them. As for the mummy of the queen,

Digitized by Google

indications pointed to finding it intact; but they shook their heads in doubt and waited with the rest.

There came a day, however, when Richard Halliwell, in the forefront of the workmen, found himself opposed by a stone wall, richly sculptured but firm as adamant—a blind passage. In vain he searched for some clew to further chambers, to a hidden sepulchre where he might stand face to face with the form of Taia, vital with her soul-life. Sending the workmen to complete the hasty excavations near the entrance Halliwell labored alone in the deep interior, feverishly going over every inch of wall and floor space for some sign of a corridor leading off at an angle from the rest. Theory after theory he made and discarded. Had he been uselessly dreaming all these weeks? He could not bring himself to acknowledge failure even for a moment. There must be some further passage—ah! what was this? A crack running transversely down the sculptured wall. Madly he worked now. He called the men and set them to prying out the heavy block; he had heard before of such methods of concealment. Wait—wait till they were gone before he entered. Now the last torch had flickered out of sight down the passage. He stepped through the breach in the wall; a long gallery of sculptured granite stretched before him; at his feet were footprints in the light sand on the floor,—footprints of the Egyptian workmen as they left the corridor for the last time centuries ago? He hurried on. The chamber receded before him. For miles as it seemed he walked on polished pavements past the torments of sin-stained souls, past fields of Elysian blessedness. Beside him hissing serpents writhed and coiled, before him in gigantic outlines Pharaohs offered sacrifice or stood before the great tribunal of the gods; stretching away farther than his eye could strain they loomed up beyond him, the mighty rulers of old Egypt, serene in their strength and power. It maddened him. What was his futile brain, his slender might against the enthroned mystery of ages? But ever as he pressed on, among the colossal outlines ahead of him a spirited curve caught his eye, a familiar laughing face flashed out, only to turn to sculptured stone beside him.

He wandered long, but still the labyrinth wound away before him.

Digitized by Google

Water! was there no water? Ideal streams of clear shining crystal could not sustain his life as they quenched the thirst of mummied Pharaohs. He was weary, utterly spent; miles upon miles lay behind him, he could not go much further. Alone he was, too, among the dead Egyptians, dying of thirst, and there was no one to give him water. He stumbled and sank down. A light touch woke him, a soft hand laid with cooling gesture on his hot forehead. The eyes laughed at his side now, the lips trembled above his own, the spell of an old charm enwrapped him.

"Taia," he cried, "Taia, my Queen."

Hand in hand they wandered through winding passages, no longer of a tomb. "Hundred-gated Thebes" lay at their feet, far-stretching, magnificent in Pharaonic splendor. Through lofty palaces, through columned walls, in the quietness and peace of fulfilled desire, forgetful of all else, he dreamed away the fragrant hours by the side of Taia, the mighty queen.

Halliwell opened his eyes with a sane look in them his friends had not seen for many days. The American girl leaned forward forestalling the question on his lips. "You must not talk, Dick," she said, as she smoothed the pillow beneath his head, "not now."

His hand closed over her cool fingers. "Helen," he whispered, "you here? I—have I been dreaming?"

"Yes, Dick," she answered simply, "you have had strange dreams, but they are gone now."

"Backsheesh! Backsheesh!"

"Ingleesh ride this donkey!"

"Christopher Columbus donkey, lady!"

Helen Copley, coming out of the Gizeh Museum, turned a smiling face toward the yelling, crowding Arabs as Halliwell helped her into the carriage.

"Give them something, Dick," she said, and the young man, springing in after her, flung a liberal handful of coins among the picturesque figures. Contrary to custom they did not throw themselves on the

Digitized by Google

money at once, but stood for an instant motionless, their eyes following the carriage with eager admiration as it rolled away towards Cairo.

On the Gizeh plateau rose the pyramids, vast mountain piles of stone, looming in tawny gold against the clear blue of the Egyptian sky; close beside the pyramid of Khafra crouched the Sphinx like a mute guardian genius of the field. The sun had nearly set. Already opalescent shadows were creeping along the edges of the plateau and lurking in the hollows of the sand; soon they would envelop the scene in twilight deep as that in which the accumulated centuries had shrouded these mighty monuments of ancient Egypt. The eternal mystery of it! The girl shivered a little and turned to the man beside her.

"Dick," she said, "do you know I wondered once if you were not forgetting me among the wonders of this dream country. It is all so beautiful, so enthralling; it seems to weave a spell about one. They cannot be dead, these people,—sleeping, perhaps, to wake when the enchantment is past." Her eyes grew dark and soft as she gazed out over the yellow plains. "Dick," she said again lower, "Dick, while the director was talking to you about the placing of the mummy and the inscriptions, I looked at that head of Queen Taia. She is so beautiful—so alive. Do you know, at one time I was almost jealous of her—the queen."

Halliwell laughed, a whole-souled, happy laugh. The slant sunbeams fell on the girl's hair crowning her as with an aureole of glory. The young man leaned toward her, love and admiration in his look.

"You are my queen," he said.

—1902.

Digitized by Google

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

THE pride of Germany is her universities, which have maintained their supremacy as the highest seats of learning for so long a time that no one now thinks of challenging their right to this distinction. They should be of special interest to Americans, for students from the New World have been attending them for more than a century, and they have been the most potent foreign influence in the shaping of our own universities. We would naturally expect that this influence would come from England, the home of our inherited literature and culture. Every American traveler lingers with delight amid the classic scenes of Oxford and Cambridge, yet very few American students make their way thither for study and instruction. The reasons for this are not far to seek. The conservatism and aristocratic exclusiveness of the English universities are not congenial to the American spirit, while, on the other hand, the universities of Germany throw their doors wide open to the nations. Still, very little is known about them by the American public. What tourist in the Fatherland goes to Heidelberg to visit its ancient university or realizes that the largest institution of learning in the western world is situated at Berlin? The German universities do not appeal to the eye. Their founders did not build cloistered walks and "dreaming spires" nor embower them in gardens, but it is to their inner constitution that we must look for their greatness. They are truly the homes of learning, for almost without exception the original thinkers and great scholars of Germany are attached to the universities. This is not the case in England, where the greatest names in every field of thought are only occasionally found upon the roster of academic teachers. The conservatism of Oxford and Cambridge has no place for a Tyndall or a Darwin.

The fact that in Germany no one is allowed to practice a learned profession, including teaching, except in the lowest grades, or to hold an office of any importance under the government without an academic training, brings the universities very near to the people. They are only

Digitized by Google

twenty-two in number for the whole Empire, and, as they are all under state control, they present a uniformity of requirements and management unknown among the higher educational institutions of the United States. With two or three exceptions they all have the four faculties of theology, law, medicine, and philosophy, which together correspond to our liberal arts. After his excellent preparation in the preparatory school, which he leaves at the age of nineteen, the young German must "choose his faculty" like the Schüler in "Faust." There is no prescribed time of residence for the student except the minimum limit; he may not take his examination in less time than three years, but he may stay as much longer as he pleases, and the bald-headed ne'er-do-weel, called in student parlance a *bemoostes Haupt,* is a well-known figure. The freedom of German students is almost unlimited. There are no recitations, quizzes, or semester examinations to test his industry, nor is there any roll-call to mark his attendance in the lecture room. At the beginning and end of each semester he obtains the signatures of his professors that he has elected and finished certain courses. The number of times that he has been present depends upon his industry and conscience. It is said of a certain Corps at Göttingen that its active members are forbidden by the rules of the society from ever crossing the threshold of a lecture room. But the day of reckoning comes at last when the only and final examination must be taken.

The only examination given by the university is that for the degree of doctor of philosophy, which must be preceded by a thesis representing original research. The doctor's examination is an oral test of two hours' duration and is conducted with much formality, the candidate appearing in evening clothes and white gloves. Like most examinations it is attended by more or less unavoidable injustice, and a good student sometimes "falls through," while a poor student may pass the ordeal *cum laude.* The requirements for the doctor's degree differ in detail in the different universities, but represent in the main the same amount of work. In some places three independent subjects are demanded; in others two or three subjects may be related; the universities of Berlin and Leipzig require some branch of philosophy, thus preserv-

Digitized by Google

ing to some extent the original significance of the degree. As the doctor's examination does not entitle the successful candidate to practice any of the learned professions, for the most part only those students "make their doctor" who wish to pursue a purely academic career or to add a title to their names, for titles are dear to the German heart. The state examination which admits to the professions is a severer test, but a thesis is not required.

A characteristic feature of the German universities is the *Seminar*, which has of late years been introduced into our leading institutions. It is a weekly conference between the professor and his most advanced students who are engaged in individual research work. The most friendly relations exist between professor and students, and *Wissenschaft* is often solaced by tobacco and beer.

The uniformity of the universities, due to state control, enables students to migrate from one to another with much greater freedom than in the United States. This migration has obvious advantages; it gives the student opportunity to hear the famous men in his specialty, and to broaden his horizon by residence in different parts of the Empire.

German students are not distinguished by any academic dress, but many of the societies are "color-wearing," and the bright colored caps and ribbons of the members are a picturesque feature of university towns. On festive occasions the white breeches, top boots, sashes and swords of the *Corps* and *Burschenschaften* convert the most commonplace youth into a vision of splendor. Making allowance for the fact that student customs are very different in the two countries the *Corps* and *Burschenschaften* correspond to our Greek letter fraternities, with the difference that they are not intercollegiate. In addition to the purely social organizations there are scientific clubs of all sorts in which conviviality also plays an important part.

The foreigner is always interested in the time-honored practice of student dueling, which he is inclined to look upon with horror. The so-called duels are more properly fencing matches with swords instead of foils, and, although they often result in bloodshed, they are less dangerous to life and limb than football. They are forbidden by law, but

Digitized by Google

in the smaller university towns, where the student has things his own way, the police take care not to know where or when they occur, and youths with scarred and bandaged faces are a common sight upon the streets.

The hospitality shown by the German universities to foreigners has already been mentioned. Foreign students are admitted to all academic privileges and honors without distinction of race, religion, or previous condition. In fact the previous educational condition is not always carefully enough considered, and it is quite possible for a poorly prepared American who could not gain admittance to any college of standing at home to return from Germany after a three years residence with a doctor's degree.

What is the status of women in the German universities? The chapter on the higher education of women in Germany is a short one, but it is growing longer every day, and is already a serious educational problem demanding solution. Germany long ago made ample provision for the education of girls, according to the old theories, and the *höhere Töchter Schulen*, in which the common branches, history, literature, modern languages, sewing, and a little science are taught, for the most part by university trained men, are excellent schools of their kind. But German women were not satisfied with these limited opportunities, and about a decade ago began to clamor for admission to the universities in whose lecture rooms an occasional foreign woman had been seen for some years. The objection was at once raised that German women were not prepared for university work, and to meet this objection, in the face of much opposition, a girls' gymnasium was opened in 1894 in Leipzig, the first school in all Germany where a girl could learn Latin and Greek. So successful was the experiment that other university preparatory schools for girls have since been established in different parts of the Empire. When the first girls' *gymnasien* were founded it was still a question whether their graduates would be admitted to the universities as regularly matriculated students. Hitherto the status of women had been that of listeners admitted to certain lectures by kindly disposed professors. The question of university education for women began to

Digitized by Google

attract widespread attention, and much is still being said and written both *pro* and *con*. Among the numerous publications which the agitation has called forth is a book published in 1897 entitled "Die Akademische Frau," containing the opinions of over a hundred distinguished professors and authors. Naturally the views expressed are very divergent and some of them are somewhat surprising. A fair number grant women equality of intellect with men; some consider them particularly gifted in mathematics; the professors of history are doubtful about their ability to cope with historical studies; a few advocate the higher education for its own sake, while a very few favor the admission of girls and women to all schools, thus advocating co-education. A strong objection to the admission of women to the universities is the incontestable fact that the professions are already more than full and the competition of women would add to the general discontent. The result of the movement has been that several universities have already admitted properly qualified women as matriculated students and the others almost without exception admit them to the lectures as hearers and allow them to take part in the work of the seminars and laboratories. Last year over three hundred women were studying at the University of Berlin alone. There is much fear in some quarters that woman is departing from her proper sphere, which the present emperor has defined as "Kinder, Küche und Kirche," but the day is not far distant when the unparalleled educational advantages of Germany will be offered to women as freely as to men.

—Ellen C. Hinsdale.

THE REBELLION OF WILLIE.

Willie was a pretty boy, a very pretty boy. His wide blue eyes, shaded by long dark lashes, looked innocently out into the world; his pretty pink cheeks and carefully curled golden hair made him the pride of his young mamma, and his dainty clothes showed his prettiness to the full. But Willie did n't like it. He despised his Lord Fauntleroy

Digitized by Google

suits, he hated his girly hair. He did n't want to be petted; he wanted to be a boy! But what could he do? The grown-ups were ever so much bigger and stronger than he, and whenever he rebelled they easily conquered him. Curled up one rainy morning in the great easy chair by the window, he was thinking of his wrongs, when he heard his mother's voice calling him.

"I shan't go," thought Willie, settling himself more comfortably in his chair. "Prob'ly they 'll make me change my clo'es, an' I don't want to."

"Come, Willie darling," called the voice. "Mamma is waiting."

Willie did not move. "Huh!" thought he, "these clo'es are good 'nough, horrid things! Wish I could go out and splash in the puddles like those boys. Never can do anything I want."

And then came a daring thought. He would go. He would go off the whole day, and do what he wanted to, and not come back ever if he did n't feel like it.

"An' then I guess they 'll be sorry for the way they 've treated me," thought Willie.

Softly he stepped into the hall, seized his ulster and cap, and sneaked out of the house, down the steps slippery with rain, and along the dreary street. When he was safely around the corner, he drew a long breath, and said:—

"Now I can do jest whatever I want. Guess I was n't goin' to stay in that ol' house all the time. Huh! guess not much."

He walked aimlessly along the street, and soon saw a group of dirty little urchins paddling in the gutter. Willie immediately determined to do the same; but, as he approached, the little gamins paused in their play, stuck their grimy hands in their pockets, and called out derisively:—

"Hullo, dude."

"Where 's yer marmer, baby?"

"Ain't he pretty, though?"

Poor Willie, his heart aching, tried bravely to keep back the tears. He had thought that these boys, who always seemed to have so much fun,

Digitized by Google

would welcome him as one of themselves. Choking back a great sob, he said bravely:—

"I thought I would come out and paddle, too."

"Ho, we don't want no girls with curly hair," sneered the biggest of the boys.

That was the last straw. "I 'm *not* a girl!" he screamed. "You *shan't* say so. "I 'll lick you if you dare!"

"Oh, he will, will he," sneered the boy, doubling up his dirty fists and sidling up to the carefully-bred child. "Girl-baby!"

Willie clinched his fists. He would show that boy that he was no girl. Girl, indeed! Then he struck out, blindly, desperately. He felt a heavy blow on his shoulder, but still, with eyes tightly closed, he pounded. The other urchins, who had gathered around in a grinning circle, applauded loudly, trying to encourage the struggling fighters.

"Give it to him, Nubbins," screamed one.

"Don't give in there, baby," shouted another.

"Pitch into him, Nubs."

"Bully for you, dude," as Willie hit the nose of his opponent.

"Good 'un. Hooray!"

Willie felt a blow as if a ton had fallen upon him, and toppled over into the mud. Then a number of small hands seized him and dragged him to the sidewalk, where he lay a full minute before venturing to open his eyes.

"Say, dude, you ain't no squealer, anyhow," said the biggest boy, whose countenance was decorated with a rapidly swelling black eye and a bleeding nose. "Shake!"

He stretched out his grimy little paw to Willie, who grasped it with one almost equally grimy. He felt better now. Scrambling to his feet, he looked proudly at the mud covering his pretty red suit, and felt exultingly of the lump over his eye.

"Say, wot's yer name, dude?" asked the boy who had espoused Willie's cause during the fight.

"Willie MacDonald," he replied.

"H'm," he sniffed. "Willie ain't no boy's name. Call yer Bill.

Digitized by Google

I 'm Jim O'Grady, and that there 's Piggy Donahue, an' Mike, an' that 's Nubbins. Wanter stay wid de gang? Yer can if yer want."

Willie, proud of his success, and proud of his new friends, swaggered away with them, his hands in his pockets, his head held high. Up one street after another they went, now splashing in the puddles, now gazing into some alluring window. Never had Willie known such enjoyment. Once he saw the family doctor, and shrank back, afraid of being recognized. But there was no danger; who would recognize dainty little Willie MacDonald in this dirty, ragged urchin with tangled hair and bleeding face?

"Say, Bill," said Nubbins, pausing before a barber's window, after half an hour's delightful loitering. "Wot do yer have them long curls for?"

"Those curls?" answered the boy. "I hate 'em! But mamma makes me wear them."

"Tell yer wot," said Nubbins, "have 'em cut off."

Willie stared in amazement. Have his curls cut off? Bold as he had become, that audacious idea had not entered his head. What would his mamma say?

"Huh," thought he. "I don't care. I 'm too big to look like a girl."

"But I have n't any money," he said aloud. "How can I?"

"Hain't yer got some chink, fellers?" asked Nubbins, turning to the other boys. "Bill here is goin' to git a hair-cut, an' we 'll all chip in."

After much hunting in ragged pockets the four managed to produce the necessary fifteen cents, of which Nubbins took possession.

"Now you fellers stay out here," he commanded, pushing Willie before him into the shop. "We 'll be out in a jiff."

As the barber turned to see his customer, Nubbins marched up to him, still pushing Willie before him.

"This kid wants a hair-cut," he said. "Git a move on."

The man looked from the bold face of the street gamin to the mud-stained clothes and tangled curls of the rich man's son, and hesitated. "Do you really want your hair cut?" he asked Willie.

"Yes," answered the boy boldly. "As quick as you can."

Digitized by Google

Climbing into a chair, he was enveloped in a huge apron, and then —snip, snip, went the sharp scissors, and Willie felt his long curls drop one by one to the floor. How good it felt! No one would ever again call him a girl-baby; he was a real boy. He watched the barber carefully in the mirror to be sure that he cut very short; the last curl fell to the floor; a clipping little instrument began to trim the golden ends.

"Just like a real man's," thought Willie.

At last it was done; the yellow hair lay smoothly parted on one side. Willie scrambled proudly down from the high chair, and watched Nubbins as with a princely air he paid the fifteen cents. A whoop of delight greeted the boys as they appeared in the door, and Willie was warmly congratulated.

"Now come on, fellers," cried Nubbins. "Let 's have some fun."

"Wot 'll we do?" they questioned, and paused a moment to think of some unusually amusing occupation.

"Hi! I know!" cried Nubbins. "It 's heaps of sport. Come on."

They followed their leader unquestioningly, confident in his ability to produce "fun"; through alleys and private grounds they went until they again came to the residence part of the city. Pausing before a large house, opposite the door of which was a lamp-post, Nubbins produced a spool of strong linen thread from his capacious pockets.

"The 's packs o' fun yer can git out o' this yere thread," he remarked, slowly unwinding it from the spool.

"Wotcher goin' to do wid it?" asked Mike. "Tick-tack?"

"Naw," answered the larger boy contemptuously. "More fun nor that. You fellers go an' hide in that alley."

He crept stealthily up the steps, fastened a loop of the thread around the door bell, and drew it tightly across the sidewalk to the lamp-post at about the height of a man's head. This he fastened securely. Then, retreating to the alley where his companions were hidden, he whispered, "Now jist watch out if yer wanter see some fun."

Willie, completely mystified by this performance, could only peep around the corner of the house, wondering what would happen. He had not long to wait. In a moment a very pompous old gentleman with

Digitized by Google

a red face appeared, sauntering slowly along the street. As he came opposite the lamp-post, his tall silk hat, caught by the invisible thread, fell from his head, and lay top downwards on the sidewalk.

"Singular!" muttered the old gentleman, in a voice quite audible to the listening boys. "I was not aware that a breeze had arisen."

He replaced the hat carefully upon his head, after brushing every speck of dirt from its glossy surface, and again started forward. He had not proceeded more than a step, however, before his hat was again caught by the tightly drawn thread, and again knocked from his head, this time into the muddy gutter.

"Remarkable, remarkable," murmured the gentleman, peering around him. "I begin to suspect that this is not all due to the forces of nature."

But although he looked on every side, he saw no one but a dignified policeman on the other side of the avenue, pacing slowly back and forth, swinging his club. At that instant an audible chuckle escaped from Willie, who was hidden securely, as he thought, in the neighboring alley.

"Ah, there you are, you young rascal!" shouted the irate old gentleman, diving in the direction of the narrow alley. "What do you mean,—insulting a man of my years?"

Nubbins, followed by Mike, Piggy, and Jim, took to his heels and quickly disappeared out of the other opening to the passage; but poor little Willie, overcome by fear and remorse at having betrayed his companions, could do nothing but crouch timidly against the side of the house. The angry man seized him by the collar, spluttering in his rage: "I will have you arrested, sir! You have been guilty of assault, in my opinion; yes, sir, assault! I know you—a good-for-nothing young rogue, always up to some mischief!"

"Indeed, sir," ventured Willie, "I——"

"You will give me no excuses, sir!" shouted the bareheaded man, shaking Willie soundly. "I shall hand you over to the officer of the law I see on yonder corner, and you shall be treated as you deserve."

Poor Willie, quaking with fear, looked at the grim policeman whom they were rapidly approaching. What dreadful thing would happen

Digitized by Google

to him now? He wished he had never left home. This awful policeman would lock him up in prison, and he would never see ——

"Here, police," called Willie's captor, "is a young rogue I found hidden on the opposite side of the street. He insulted me, sir, a gentleman of standing! It is assault, in my opinion, and he should be fitly punished."

"Yis, sorr. Phwat did he do, sorr?"

"By some wicked contrivance he knocked my hat from my head, repeatedly, sir, repeatedly."

"I did not," sobbed Willie in desperation. "I shall tell my papa on you, an' he will have you arrested."

The gentleman, paying no attention to the boy's words, continued, "You will take this boy at once to the police station; do you understand?"

"Very well, sorr, Oi will. But shure, it sames to me thot he is too little to do much harrm to a gintleman loike you."

The red-faced old man paid no attention to this remark. "If you will cross the avenue with me I will obtain my hat, and accompany you to the station house. I am resolved that this mischief-maker shall not escape unpunished."

And so they set out; the pompous old gentleman marching ahead, the kind-faced policeman following, holding by the collar the shrinking, tearful, timid boy. Behind them, almost out of sight, was the rearguard of the procession,—four ragged urchins, determined to see justice done to the new member of "de gang." As they entered the bare room in the station house, the policeman loosened his hold on Willie's collar, as if to assure him that nothing dreadful would happen to him, but timid little Willie did not notice the intended kindness; he was too much awed by the uniforms of the stalwart men seated in the room.

"Well, what have we here?" inquired a man with a gruff voice, the chief policeman at the station.

"This gintleman sez——" began Willie's kind-faced guard.

"You will kindly let me explain," interrupted the old gentleman. "You have doubtless heard of me, sir," he said, turning to the chief. "The Honorable Thomas Jenkins. This boy has had the audacity to

Digitized by Google

assault me, sir! He knocked my hat from my head repeatedly, sir, and he should be fitly punished."

"It ain't no such thing, Mr. P'liceman!" interrupted an eager voice from the doorway. "I 'm the chap as done it! That little feller never done a thing, an' if that ol' cove says as he did, he lies!"

"How now," said the policeman, "what is this? And who are you, my boy?"

"I 'm John Mulligan," said the youngster, standing very straight. "But the fellers call me Nubbins. If you 've got ter punish anyone, take me. That little chap——"

"Papa! papa!" cried Willie, and threw himself into the arms of a gentleman who had just entered.

"Well, young man," said his father. "A nice fuss you 've made us!"

"Take me home, papa," sobbed Willie. "I don't like this place at all."

Mr. MacDonald turned to the chief of police. "This is the boy I lost," he said. "How long has he been here?"

"Why, Mr. MacDonald!" exclaimed the Honorable Thomas Jenkins. "Is that your son? I beg your pardon, sir, I took him for a street gamin."

"He does not look much as he did when I saw him last," said Willie's father, smiling down at the boy. "Come, my son, shall we go home to mamma?"

"Yes, papa," answered Willie. "But may n't Nubbins come too? He was good to me."

"Another day," answered his father, "we shall be glad to see him." Then turning to the ragged urchin, he said, "Thank you, my boy, for coming to the rescue of my son, as I see you have done. You will not be punished to-day, I think."

"Well, Willie," asked Mr. MacDonald on the way home, "are n't you sorry that you ran away?"

"No," said Willie stoutly, "I 'm not." He thought a few minutes, and then sighed happily. "My curls are gone, anyhow," he said.

—Edith Lillian Smith, 1904.

Digitized by Google

IN SHORT.

Ye that have walked in darkness, look up and behold the light;
Ye that are spent with struggle, stand up again in your might;
Ye that have dwelt in shadow, rejoice that the day is here;
Ye that have doubted and faltered, put out of your hearts the fear.
Hear ye the mighty tidings, hear and rejoice again:
Lo, in the city of David a Saviour is born to men;
Into the tumult and struggle cometh Peace from above,
Over the doubt and sorrow shineth Infinite Love.

—R. D. H., 1902.

A Question of Conscience.

Thump, thump! went something heavy in the room over my head. A stifled howl followed, and then the banging of a door and a mad cantering, as of hoofs, upon the stairs, announced to me that the scuffle had resulted in flight and pursuit. I lay breathless upon my little cot, clasping my three dolls close in my arms and longing to fly from the scene of battle. But hip disease, and—more particularly—an iron weight tied to one's leg, admit of no escape. In a moment more the nursery door was flung wide, and Herbert, hotly pursued by Joe, dashed into the room.

"You old white trash!" cried the refugee, making for the sofa and sliding down behind its protecting back.

"Black trash, you!" retorted Joe, as he stormed the fortification and hauled it off from his victim.

I trembled. Scuffles were common enough (especially in mother's absence), and hard names were not infrequently used as battle cries; but these terms were new to me, and they fell upon my ear with all the horror of the most violent profanity. I lay aghast at the criminality of my brothers. Meanwhile Joe had descended upon Herbert with a sofa pillow, and was gradually smothering him into submission.

Digitized by Google

"Quarter! quarter!" came in gasps from beneath the pillow, and the battle was over. Victor and vanquished arose and amicably assisted each other in shoving the sofa into place. This done, they seated themselves upon it to regain breath; and presently fell to discussing the probability of the weather's clearing before noon. My mind, however, was not to be diverted. Those terrible words still sounded in my ears, and a sickening weight of guilt lay upon my heart,—my brother's guilt, but mine through the ties of blood. It was the same weight that always fell upon me after I had been naughty, and harassed me until in penitential tears I had confessed to mother and been forgiven. My meditations were interrupted by a sentence from Joe.

"The other fellows' mothers let 'em go in the rain. I don't see why *she* could n't 've. Wish she was in Jericho!"

"Humph!" grunted the more imaginative Herbert. "I 'd like to send her flying to the moon!"

Here was fresh evidence of depravity. They wished to send mother "flying to the moon," or to some no less remote district known as "Jericho." The burden of guilt was now too heavy for me to bear, and I sobbed outright.

"What 's the matter with *you?*" asked Joe suspiciously.

For answer I only sobbed anew.

"Let 's get out o' this," suggested Herbert. "Sue 'll tattle everything she hears."

So, back to their den they clattered, leaving me alone with my conscience. Softly I sobbed my sorrows to my dolls, telling them of their uncles' sins. But it was all in vain. I knew from sad experience that nothing but confession to mother could roll that weight off my soul. Yet confession was just what my brothers contemptuously termed "tattling," and to indulge in this method of easing my conscience was to bring bitter persecution upon myself. I pictured my beloved Minnie dangling head downward from the window; I saw my paper dolls serving as soldiers in the block forts of the boys, and buried, perhaps, beneath a heap of wooden "ammunition." Such visions were too much for my maternal heart. When mother returned from her shopping tour she

Digitized by Google

found me playing school, with a look of woeful determination apparently unsuited to the occasion. It was a constant recalling of those fearful visions that gave me strength to answer mother's customary questions. No; the boys had not teased me. I had not had to call Bridget to wait on me. Yes; I had been quite comfortable. Then it was my turn to question, and with a weak attempt at enthusiasm I uttered the invariable, "Did you bring me anything, mother?"

Mother opened her black bag with more than usual care, it seemed to me, and drew forth—not a stick of candy or a tin toy, as I had expected, but a beautiful new dolly, only six inches tall, but perfect from top to toe. A cry of delight broke from me, but it ended in a sob. This was the mother that the boys had wished in Jericho!

In another minute I had confessed the whole sad story and was crying quietly, with mother's arm about me, and her soothing voice in my ears. Soon I ceased crying, and listened in wonder to what she was saying; that I did right to tell her this time, because I obeyed my conscience, but that another time I must remember that the boys did not always mean all they said, and that at all events it was not my duty to confess *their* sins. This surprising lesson to my conscience, which I was soon joyously confiding to my new child, was further enforced by the fact that the boys were not reprimanded for their misdeeds and so visited no persecution upon me.

—Rowena Keith Keyes, 1902.

Sunset.

The sun sinks below the horizon, leaving its afterglow in the sky. The mountain side is in deepening shadow; twilight stillness rests over all. Long bands of clouds, shading from gorgeous crimson, where they meet the mountain tops, to pale opal tints, contrast strangely with the darkness of the valley.

Soon the beautiful tints begin to fade, the opal shades die out and the bright crimson fades into faint pink that in its turn disappears, leaving the gray twilight relieved only by the white farmhouses in the valley.

—A. G. M., 1903.

Digitized by Google

From Pierre Loti's "Pecheur d' Islande."

THERE were five of them,—great broad-shouldered fellows, elbows on the table, drinking, in a sort of gloomy little cabin which smelled strongly of pickling brine and of the sea. The room, which was too low for these tall fishermen, tapered toward the end like the inside of a great gull; it swayed a little, creaking monotonously.

Without, one could be sure there was the sea and the night, but that was all.

The single opening cut in the ceiling was closed by a wooden trap-door, and an old hanging lamp gave a flickering light in the room. There was a fire in the stove; their wet garments were drying there, giving off a vapor which mingled with the smoke from their clay pipes. The huge table filled the entire cabin, and took exactly the same shape; there was just room enough around it to slide in and sit down on the chests fastened close up against the heaving walls. Great oaken beams, nearly touching the men's heads, supported the ceiling, and behind their backs the beds, which looked as though they were scooped out of the thick walls, opened like the niches in a burial vault. All the woodwork was rude and defaced, impenetrable by dampness or salt; worn and polished by the constant contact of their hands.

The fishers had drunk wine and cider from their porringers, and a sort of boyish contentment spread over their frank, honest faces.

Outside there was the sea and the night—the infinite desolation of waters.

A copper clock, fastened to the wall, told eleven; eleven o'clock at night, doubtless; and on the wooden ceiling one could hear the continual dropping of rain.

They filled the glasses round again and told the ship-boy to replenish the pipes and light them, and when they had finished it was nearly midnight.

Without it was day—eternally day—but the light of it was pale, like nothing else in the world, and it lay about things like the shadow of a dead sun. On all sides opened a hollow, colorless immensity; and save the ship all seemed impalpable, diaphanous, Cimmerian.

Digitized by Google

Although one felt the sea was there the eye could hardly sense it. At first the whole scene looked like a quivering mirror, with no image to reflect; at a distance it seemed a mere plain of mists—and then—again nothingness. The thing had neither shape nor boundary.

The chilly dampness of the air was more intense and penetrating than real cold, and the smell of salt was through all.

Everything was still, even the rain had ceased. The vapory, colorless clouds overhead seemed to contain that latent, inexplicable light; one could see quite plainly, but could not but feel that it was still night; the paleness over all things was unnamable, unearthly.

The hours are passing monotonously in the cabin, but in the great outside world, slowly the light changes, it seems more real now. That which was a wan twilight, a sort of arctic-summer evening, is becoming without an intervening night, a light like dawn is being reflected in faint rose streaks by all the multitudinous mirrors of the sea.

The morning light, the true light, comes at last. As in the beginning, it is separated from amidst the darknesses which seem to be settling down upon the horizon, and which remain banked heavily in masses there. One can see plainly now, how one has actually come out from the night—that that former light had been vague and strange like a light of dreams.

Here and there in the thickly clouded sky are rent openings, like the windows in a dome, and through them shine long rose-silver rays of light. The lower clouds form a band of intense black, encircling all the waters, filling the distances with shadow and mystery. It gives the effect of a closed space, as of time walled in from eternity; these clouds like a curtain drawn across the infinite; like a veil dropped to hide the too great mysteries,—mysteries which would have troubled the imaginations of men.

And then, little by little, away in the distance, one can see another chimera shape itself out of the void; rising very high, cast in rosy relief against the cloud bank, it is a promontory of that fateful island.

—Anne Thompson Hamilton, 1901.

Digitized by Google

A FRESHMAN'S MISTAKE.

Tripping lightly up the pathway,
In a golf cape, red and blue,
Goes a college maiden dainty,
And I think, "Of course it 's Sue."
She is hurrying toward the office,
For it 's time to get the mail,
And I trill,—but there 's no answer,
Then I call;—to no avail.
Can it be she does n't hear me?
Or perhaps,—but no, not you,
Any other girl might cut me,
But I can't think that of Sue.
So I follow up the pathway
Bound to know the reason why
Sue won't speak or wait a moment,
But goes whisking quickly by.
I o'ertake the jaunty maiden,
Dressed in golf cape, red and blue,
Only to discover,—Horrors!
That the wearer is n't Sue.
Crimsoning, I beg her pardon,
Tell her why I dared to call.
"You must think it strange," I falter,
But she answers,—"Not at all,
For the *cape is* Sue's." A Freshman
Has her trials not a few,
But I 've learned a valued lesson,
That Sue's golf cape is n't Sue.

—Mary Kittredge, 1904.

Digitized by Google

Hurrying.

THERE are seven long pasture lots between my home and the station, and for four whole years I had to cross them every day, both night and morning. To make the eight-twenty-six train easily, it was necessary to leave home promptly at eight o'clock. Many times I had to cross those fields on a dogtrot, and just get over the tracks as the train pulled in, but there is one morning I shall never forget.

I got up sleepy, with a lot of studying still to do, and considering that the more important, I studied before getting dressed, until my mother came to the door and said, "Half past seven, my dear, better hurry." I jumped up and began to fly around in the vain endeavor to hurry and to get dressed at the same time. It was of no use, everything was inside out, buttons were off, or came off, and it was five minutes after eight before I got downstairs. I still had had no breakfast, and my lunch was not yet made, but I would have rushed off without either, had not my mother compelled me to sit down and eat something while she made the lunch. I did my best to eat quickly, but I could not swallow fast enough. I looked up,—twelve minutes after eight, and the clock most likely slow. I grabbed my books and ran to the door. There, I had left my ticket upstairs. Up I rushed, two steps at a time, snatched the ticket, ran down again, and, as I put it in my pocket, remembered I had no handkerchief. Up I rushed again, and now, madly excited and already out of breath, started on a dead run for the train. One lot, two lots,—"There goes the express, only six minutes now," thought I, mechanically. On I ran, my eyes shut most of the time. The robins called after me, "Hurry, hurry," and I bent my head, and set my teeth and remembered I had not yet been late once. I was in the next to the last field; I heard the whistle, the train was coming; my heart was beating wildly, I was panting for breath, my feet were like lumps of lead, but I made one last frantic effort to pull them along faster. I heard the bell; the train pulled in, it stopped; I clambered over the last fence, crossed the tracks, and ran the whole length of the last car to the second landing where there was a brakeman. The bell rang for the train to go.

Digitized by Google

"Did n't get up in time this morning, Miss," said he, as he hurried to help me on. The first step was extraordinarily high, and I was so weak from running that I could not lift my foot up far enough, so I knelt down on one knee and tried to raise myself up with the other foot, when one of my books tumbled out and fell directly under the train. The brakeman quickly stepped underneath, and was about to pick it up, when the train started. His hat came off, and already I saw him mangled and bleeding, and cried out, "Oh, come out, hurry, hurry." He jumped back, but the train was going quite fast now and he was left on the platform.

I was still standing on the steps wondering what was going to happen next when I saw the brakeman, who had jumped on at the other end, coming through the car, which was fortunately empty.

"I did n't get it, Miss," he said smiling, as he led me through the next two empty cars, "but I called to the station agent to send it along on the next train."

I thanked him and sank down wearily and tried to catch my breath once more. —Annie A. Marks, 1904.

My Box.

It is only a box about a foot and a half square and it is covered with a gorgeous red and yellow carpet covering, its tenth by the way, but it occupies the place of honor in the sitting room.

Not a member of my mother's family for generations has missed having it for a playhouse. Many a story I have heard of the varied uses to which it has been put. In my time it served as a house, a place for funerals, a hospital, a theater or a ballroom, as the case might be. In it my wounded dolls—they were always wounded—have played with my ring-streaked and speckled cats, while the gamboling puppy annoyed the lop-eared rabbit and the canary bird just outside. On theater days the headless doll played Oliver Twist to the Nancy of a battered wax individual. The canary's solos were entrancing as she warbled out her love to Hobo, the faithless black cat, who later chewed

Digitized by Google

off her tail feathers. Again, it was a house of mourning, and my dolls, draped in calico crepe and cheese cloth mourning, wept over the decease of Humpy, the circus cat. He died of spinal trouble. On Sundays my dolls and cats sat solemnly erect in it while I, assisted by my father, delivered a discourse on the sin of not eating bread crusts.

As I grew older *I* tried sitting in that box, and great was my joy when I found that I could get in alone. What difference did it make that, once in, I was there to stay until some one picked me out. My feet were often elevated to an unseemly degree, for my knees *would n't* reach the place where they ought to have curved over. If I had never grown any larger than I was at this stage of my career, I should have been saved one of the most trying moments in my somewhat checkered existence; but I did grow, and rapidly, too, and found to my horror one day, when I tried to get out of that box, that it stuck! I tried in vain to get it off, I wriggled and squirmed, twisted and turned, until finally, in sheer desperation, I stood up as far as I could and then sat down *hard*. It worked, the box split, and I was free but covered with confusion and filled with dread, for I knew I should be scolded—and I was. Since that day my box has been accorded the place of honor in the sitting room, and only very small children are allowed to invert it and sit therein.

There are always some compensations for every misfortune. Mine is the fact that no other child can have that box. I broke it and I took the scolding; even now I feel a blush spread over my face when my disgrace is mentioned, yet that box is *mine*—and I love it.

—Ruth H. Brockway, 1902.

Digitized by Google

THE LITERARY DIGEST.

A CHEMICAL ANALYSIS.

The Popular Romance.

THIS is a combination of frequent occurrence, and readily separable into its elements, which are usually only three in number. It is formed by the action of a strong acid on two bases of varying strength. Take, for example, egotistic acid, and apply it to a strong base, such as desperate daring, adding as a second base the usual amount of romance, which may be made as weak as desired. This will give the equation:—

$$I_2 + D + R \longrightarrow DRI + I$$

The Tale of High Life.

THE formation of this interesting compound is explained by one of the fundamental laws of chemistry, viz.: Chemical substances having a strong affinity for one another will, when brought together, separate from the other elements with which they may be combined, and unite with great readiness. A familiar instance of this is that in which a high-born nobleman, whose lofty opinion of himself has been carefully fostered by a number of crafty followers, separates himself from them to unite with a meek and modest, kindly, highly amiable, most submissive, and generally excellent heroine, whose rank in life is beneath his own. Expressing this symbolically, we have—

$$(Hg\,(No)_2\,I_2)\,Cr\,F + M_2\,K\,A_3\,S_2\,E \longrightarrow Hg\,K\,E\,A_3\,(No\,I\,M\,S)_2 + Cr\,F$$

To render the result less complicated, it may reduced to popular terms, thus:—

MAKING OF A MARCHIONESS.

The Study of Social Problems.

AT first sight this may seem to be a compound, but it is really a mechanical mixture, as its two components, a social problem and a romance, cannot be successfully combined. The first is made up of struggles against poverty and troubles arising out of the labor question, and these carry with them

Digitized by Google

most of the interest of the story. In the other substance we find the beauty and naïveté of the heroine, the admiration which the hero feels for her, and the romance of their two lives. Equation:—

$$Po_4\ Lt\ I + Bn\ A\ R_2 \text{—>} \text{Portion of Labor.}$$

—Josephine Belding, 1902.

EDITORIAL.

In his lecture last month, Jacob Riis avowed as the purpose of his work, "letting the sunshine into some of the dark places of the earth." If the measure of a man's greatness is the degree to which he accomplishes his life purpose, surely the words were spoken by a notable man.

We often hear it said that the world is growing worse instead of better, and we call this view pessimism. Burdensome in itself, it is clogging to society in its tendency to self-perpetuation. Although the pessimist may not perhaps be ranked with the drone, he is certainly as great a hindrance to social progress, for exertion which produces nothing worth while is a waste of energy. The contribution which a man may make toward the satisfaction of social need is his only excuse for being. It is the pessimist's way of looking at things, his attitude toward the world, that pronounces the sentence of uselessness on all his activity; the enthusiasm of optimism is not in him, he works for a lost cause, and his endeavor lacks the irresistible magnetic quality which hope alone can impart.

It is certainly a far cry as yet to the millennium, or any approach thereto, but thoughtful persons, looking deeper than the surface conditions of the time, can hardly fail to apprehend a noticeable trend in the right direction; students of history, however casual may be their reading, recognize the widely different spirit that characterizes the two epochs,—the beginning of the Christian era and the present time.

Digitized by Google

Such work as Mr. Riis is doing in New York city exemplifies a striking change in the attitude of men toward each other, a change which, however gradual it has been in the course of years, marks an inestimable advance over the *pollice verso* of the Roman amphitheater.

In a recent article a prominent Doctor of Divinity said, "If I were a college student I would, first of all, care for my health," and to the college woman of to-day these words may furnish food for thought. A leading newspaper states that "one half the women who graduate from our colleges to-day are physical wrecks." While we may not agree as to the proportion, we know from personal experience that some such statement is justifiable. Prominent among the causes of this deplorable lack of vitality in our college women is the fact that they do not exercise enough. In her busy life, the average student quickly finds that, of all her duties, the one which can be most easily shirked is the hour of outdoor exercise, and it is therefore promptly postponed to some indefinite time in the future. Walking, as practiced by the college student, is fast becoming a lost art, and the protest against such a condition of affairs cannot be made too strong. Then, too, there is the omnipresent fudge! A prominent professor once said to a freshman, "You have entered college with a beautiful complexion, *don't* spoil it by eating fudge." In a college like Mount Holyoke, with its dormitory life, "spreads" and fudge parties become the rule rather than the exception, and the average girl fails to realize and appreciate the sure effect of all this upon her health. The college woman needs to be waked up. She needs to realize that a brain cleared by a tramp through woods and over fields can accomplish twice the work of a sluggish and fudge-clogged mind. Go out of doors, breathe God's own air; cut the last fifteen minutes of study for that quiz, the last half-hour of "grinding" in the library, and go to walk. Dame Nature will work wonders, and the quiz will look after itself.

Digitized by Google

Attention is called to an error in printing the first stanza of the poem "Loneliness" in the November number of *The Mount Holyoke.* The poem correctly printed is as follows:—

LONELINESS.

She trod the woodland ways and smiled
As one by happiness beguiled.
"Alone?" she said—"why, thoughts are friends
And little songs yet wanting words
Stir softly all like nesting birds,
And beautiful my pathway wends."

She stood within the crowded street,
Her smile yet sweet, serenely sweet.
"Dear hearts," she breathed, "from joy and woe
They give, as sacred gifts to me,
Love, memory, and sympathy,
So gladly shall my journey go."

She stood with those she held most dear,
Her face was stone, her eyes were drear.
"They smile," she said, "they fain would bless—
They smile, and then I strive to speak;
They understand not—I am weak—
'T is thus I know it—loneliness."

—Emily L. Covell, 1901.

Digitized by Google

DEPARTMENT NOTES.

ASTRONOMY.

THE following books have been received at the Observatory: Meridian Circle Observations, Varsovie, 1901; Annals of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, 1900; Publications of Lick Observatory, Vol. V., 1901.

MEDICAL.

DR. ELIZABETH C. UNDERHILL is assisting Dr. Parry, the college physician, in her work. Dr. Underhill took her degree of M.D. at the Cornell Medical College, later doing post-graduate work in several New York hospitals, including Bellevue, Cornell Dispensary, and the Dispensary of the Women's Medical College.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

A FEELING exists among thinking people that a college course fails to produce the fully trained womanhood so much needed in the world to-day. There is no criticism upon the intellectual result of the college course, but these specific charges are made: that, although the college woman of to-day has more education, she has less wisdom than the graduate of a generation ago; that, although stronger intellectually, she has less of the sensitiveness to the refinements of personal hygiene which is an essential characteristic of true womanhood; that in the process of mental development she loses the sense of her responsibility to herself and to the world.

The college woman is conscientiously striving to prepare herself for active service, but she is apt to forget that the first requirements for that service are good health and strong nerves and that to have these essentials she must surround herself with hygienic conditions and be willing to spend some time and thought upon her physical well-being.

No educated woman has any right to remain ignorant of the laws which govern her highest physical development, nor can she allow herself to fail in securing the conditions demanded by these laws. She must have plenty of fresh air, frequent baths, hygienic dress, regular exercise, sensible diet, and a sufficient amount of sleep.

That the importance of right habits of living might be brought to the minds of the entering class at the beginning of their college work, a series of lectures has been arranged which will form part of Course I. in Physical

Digitized by Google

Training. The first talk this year was given by Dr. Parry, the resident physician. Dr. Parry gave simple hygienic suggestions for everyday living, showing the necessity of forming right habits—mental, moral, and physical—which should develop the well-rounded woman. Dr. W. W. Hastings of the International Y. M. C. A. Training School of Springfield emphasized the physical development which should prepare the woman to meet the requirements of a broad citizenship. Dr. Mulliner of Boston spoke upon the influence of posture in physical training. Annie Payson Call's subject was "Power through Repose." Dr. Dudley Sargent of Cambridge and Miss Hope Ray of Boston will speak later in the year.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE annual exercises in observance of Founder's Day were held on the eighth of November and were even more impressive than usual. The whole day was given up to exercises of some sort, beginning at 10.30 with the following programme:—

I. REFORMATION SYMPHONY, ... *Otto Rudnick*
Upon Luther's Choral—Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.

II. PROCESSIONAL, O God, Our Help in Ages Past.....*Dr. William Croft*

III. FESTIVAL TE DEUM in A .....*Clement K. Fay*

IV. PRAYER AND SCRIPTURE READING,
By the Reverend JUDSON SMITH, D.D.

V. ANTHEM, ...*Dr. Frank J. Sawyer*

And God smelled a sweet savour, and said in His heart:
I will not again curse the ground for man's sake;
While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest shall not cease.
Genesis viii: 21, 22.

Therefore let us now fear the Lord our God, who givest us rain in His season, and reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of harvest.
Jeremiah v: 24.

Digitized by Google

Let all the earth fear the Lord, let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of Him. For He spake the word and it was done, He commanded and it stood fast.

Psalm xxxiii: 8, 9.

Hear ye the parable!
The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels. And the Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and shall pluck out all things that offend. And they shall gather the wheat into His barn.

Matthew xiii.

Be glad, O ye righteous, be glad and rejoice in the Lord, and be joyful all ye that are true of heart, for His mercy endureth forever.

Psalm xxxii.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

VI. Address,
By the Reverend S. Parkes Cadman, D.D.

VII. Ein Feste Burg, ... *Martin Luther*

VIII. Prayer,
By the Reverend Henry A. Stimson, D.D.

IX. Anthem, ... *William Sterndale Bennett*
Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days.
Ecclesiastes xi: 1.

X. Benediction.

XI. Recessional, Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart, ... *Dr. Arthur Messiter*

XII. Saint Ann's Fugue, ... *Johann Sebastian Bach*

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the trustees held a meeting in Assembly Hall, and at 2.30 came the Alumnæ meeting in Shattuck Hall, for a full account of which see the Alumnæ Notes. Later in the afternoon a very charming tea was given to the alumnæ by the members of the faculty; Assembly Hall was made use of for the occasion and a delightful hour was spent in renewing old acquaintances and forming new ones.

The last event of the day, and one of the most enjoyable, was the organ recital, at 7.30, given by Mr. Hammond, assisted by Miss Julia B. Dickinson, soprano, and Mr. Frank Flanagan, violinist. This was Miss Dickinson's first appearance here, but, it is hoped, not the last; she has a very clear, sweet

Digitized by Google

soprano voice of good range, and sings with a great deal of expression. The Ave Maria, for voice, violin, piano, and organ, was especially pleasing, and brought forth such storms of applause that the number was repeated. The placing of the two fugues beside each other was rather a novel arrangement, but not an unpleasant one, as the two are so widely different in style. Following is the entire programme:—

Sonata in the style of Handel.....*Wolstenholme*
I. Largo, Allegro. II. Adagio. III. Minuet.

Larghetto from the Second Symphony .....*Beethoven*
Ave Maria, for voice, violin, piano, and organ.....*Bach-Gounod*
Fugue in C major.....*Buxtehude*
Fugue on the name *Bach.*
Serenade, ...*Volkmann*
Cantilene .....*Mailly*
Romance, for violin, piano and organ.....*Saint-Saens*
Songs,
Separation, ...*Ries*
Blue Eyes of Spring, ...*Ries*
Overture to Tannhäuser, ...*Wagner*

The first lecture in the college Lectureship Course was given in the chapel on the evening of the nineteenth, by Fred Newton Scott of the University of Michigan, on "How to Read the Newspapers." The other lecturers and their subjects will be announced later.

We have been very fortunate during the past month in having had with us so many prominent men as speakers. Ex-President Andrews of Brown, now of the University of Nebraska, gave a ten-minute talk in chapel, and Dr. Moxom of Springfield, President Hyde of Bowdoin, and Rev. Floyd W. Tompkins of Philadelphia have spoken at the regular mid-week prayer meetings of the month.

On the evening of November 6 the faculty honorary members of the class of Nineteen Two, Miss Williams, Miss Baker, and Miss Goldthwaite, entertained the class at dinner in the dining hall of Pearsons. As each course was served, the guests "progressed" from table to table, a system of procedure which was productive of no small merriment. The chief decorations were roses and chrysanthemums; the serving was done by twenty-two juniors, under the efficient leadership of Edith Richardson. After dinner, coffee was served in the parlor, and a social time followed.

On the following Wednesday the seniors entertained the faculty in Assembly Hall. Tea was served and several musical numbers were rendered.

Digitized by Google

The entertainment given by the seniors on the Wednesday before vacation was something of a novelty, when "Scenes from the Pan-American Midway" were realistically presented. The gymnasium was transformed, and strange sights and sounds met the eager sightseer. The various side shows were in charge of the seniors from the different dormitories, while the credit of the elaborate vaudeville belongs wholly to the indefatigable members of the executive committee.

The first dramatics of the season were given on December 3, when the junior class presented "Ingomar," Maria Lovell's translation of an old German play. The two principal parts, those of Ingomar and Parthenia, were remarkably well taken by Dagny Grevstad and Harriet Quick. The play is a very pretty little romance of ancient Greece, and although not giving much opportunity for a large cast or elaborate costuming, it proved very acceptable to the audience. Scenery, music, and colored lights from Holyoke served to render it much more effective.

The sophomores gave the freshmen a very enjoyable afternoon on December 4 when they entertained them in the gymnasium with Gibson tableaux and an informal dance.

At the Freshman Frolic held in the gymnasium on Wednesday evening, November 20, the members of 1905 improved the opportunity to become better acquainted with each other. No one was admitted unless in fancy dress costume, but once inside, dancing was the order of the day—or evening—and fun and jollity reigned supreme.

The regular Christmas concert and organ recital was given in the chapel on the evening of the thirteenth of December. The college choir was assisted by the Second Congregational Church choir of Holyoke, which gave, as usual, great satisfaction. The programme was similar to that of last year, and included all the old favorites,—"The March of the Magi Kings," "O Little Town of Bethlehem," the Christmas anthem, "O Holy Night," and much additional new music.

The Thanksgiving Recess began this year at 4.30 on the afternoon of the twenty-sixth, and ended promptly at 1.45 on the following Friday. The fortunate individuals, who, by dint of much wire-pulling, had managed to obtain leave of absence, went home triumphantly a day or two early, or came straggling back a few days late, and by the following Tuesday all were struggling on again, thinking with despair of exams, but with hope of the Christmas vacation only two weeks away!

And now, good-bye to notebooks, lab hours, and alarm clocks! For the first time in several years the Christmas vacation begins on Wednesday and extends over one more day, in order that we need not return on New Year's

Digitized by Google

Day. Now for two whole weeks of joy! and then—but why anticipate? We bid you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

In publishing the names of entering students in the October number, the following were omitted:—

Higgins, Ethel Louise, Portland, Me.
Horton, Hattie L., Portsmouth, N. H.
Jenne, Mary Pauline, Brattleboro, Vt.
Sprague, Mary Adelaide, Jersey City, N. J.
Von Stein, Alice, Cincinnati, O.
White, Annie Laura, Oberlin, O.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

THE September meeting of the Boston Association was held at the Vendome, October 19. During the social hour the new officers held an informal reception, after which the meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. J. Frederick Hill. In her opening remarks Mrs. Hill spoke most feelingly of the death of President McKinley. Mount Holyoke, she said, felt herself peculiarly bereaved at the loss of one who had been so much interested in the college; the commencement days he spent at Mount Holyoke would be ever memorable to all who were present.

The resignations of Miss Caroline White ('71), director, and Miss Ruth Arnold (1900), reporting secretary, were accepted.

Resolutions on the death of Mrs. Laura French Smith of Atlantic, Mass., were adopted by the association.

Mrs. Mary Ide Fuller ('55) was elected delegate to Founder's Day exercises.

Miss Fannie G. Guild of the class of '76 gave a most delightful report of last Commencement. She made her audience feel again the beauty of June days in South Hadley, and reminded them (of what they already knew) that the faculty and students of Mount Holyoke are the best in the world.

Mrs. Bourdon was greeted with much applause as she rose to deliver her address on the "Interests of the National Association and Its Relation to the

Digitized by Google

Local Associations." The name "National Association," she said, has been changed to "General Association." One reason for this is that there are so many associations in foreign countries. Being a member of a local association makes one a member of the General Association.

Professor A. C. Chapin, head of the Greek department at Wellesley and lecturer at the American Classical School in Athens in 1898-'99,—now one of its board of managers,—gave an exceedingly interesting address on the "School at Athens." She impressed upon us the value of the school and the necessity of having the work carried on in Athens, the city which contains the most wonderful treasures of art in the world. The resident student there breathes an artistic atmosphere which he can get nowhere else.

After Professor Chapin's address the association voted to give fifty dollars to the Athens School.

The customary tea closed an unusually pleasant afternoon.

On Saturday, October 19, Mrs. Joseph H. Sawyer of Easthampton opened her home to the annual meeting of the Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association of Hampshire County. The attendance was large and the occasion a most enjoyable one. Plans were again made for holding quarterly meetings, and Mrs. A. D. Morse of Amherst was re-elected president for the ensuing year.

The Mount Holyoke College Alumnæ Association of Hartford and Vicinity gave a reception to the alumnæ of the college who were in this city attending the meeting of the American Board. It was held in the parlors of the Center Church on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 9, from 4 to 6 o'clock. The officers of the association received, and Miss Charlotte Jewell and Mrs. Harry Castle of Plainville poured tea. Mr. Judson Smith and Mr. Sidney Bridgman of the Board of Trustees were present, as well as several of the college instructors. About one hundred and fifty of the alumnæ, with their husbands in some cases, children in others, came during the afternoon.

The regular semi-annual meeting of the association was held October 19, at the home of Mrs. Normand F. Allen in Hartford. Several business matters were discussed, and a social hour followed, during which tea was served. Several new members joined the association, most of whom were recent graduates.

The annual meeting of the Eastern New York Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association was held at the New Kenmore, Albany, Saturday, October 26.

Digitized by Google

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. E. S. Frisbee; vice-presidents, Miss Jean D. Cole and Mrs. Henry Colvin; secretary, Miss Anna H. Rodgers; assistant secretary, Miss Edith S. Wade; treasurer, Miss Fannie Dean.

Luncheon was served in the private dining room, covers being laid for twenty-two. Mrs. Frisbee, as toastmistress, was charming in her account of the old régime and the class of '56, and in introducing the other speakers, among whom were: Mrs. S. C. Fairchild ('75), who spoke on "The College Woman's Part in Promoting a Sense of Responsibility and the Ability to Socialize"; Mrs. D. O. Mears, an honorary member of the association, whose topic was "Relation of the School and the Home"; Miss Jean Cole (1900), "The College of To-day"; Miss Emily Miller (1900), "Recent Changes in College Life and Customs"; Miss Jane Comstock (1901), "Miss Woolley's Administration."

An informal hour followed during which an interesting letter was read from Mrs. E. M. Gulliver, former principal of the seminary, whose inability to be present as had been anticipated was much regretted. College songs and reminiscences closed a most delightful session.

On Founder's Day a meeting of the General Alumnæ Association was held in Shattuck Hall at 2.30, Mrs. Bourdon in the chair. The first fifteen minutes were filled with conversation, after which the roll of local associations was called, representatives of a good number of these responding. The subject of the alumnæ income fund was presented and some enthusiastic speeches were made by Mrs. Kimball and Mrs. Barry. As soon as this fund is large enough to warrant it, the 10 per cent membership tax on the local association will be abolished. All those present were urged to take the responsibility of keeping the matter before the rest of the alumnæ. One hundred and seventy-four pledges have been received besides those from the class of 1901.

The Bardwell Fellowship Fund was discussed and an especially encouraging report of progress was presented by Miss Averill, president of the Hampden County Association.

Miss Randolph of the art department at the college spoke of the great need of casts to illustrate historic sculpture, and said that a list of the most desirable had been prepared and was ready for distribution.

After the business meeting there was a tea in Assembly Hall at which the class of 1902 were guests. President Woolley and Mrs. Bourdon received, and members of the faculty and the senior class served refreshments.

The executive committee held meetings Thursday evening and Friday morning. There were present Mrs. Bourdon, Miss Leonard, Mrs. Clark, Mrs.

Digitized by Google

Hovey, Mrs. Talcott, Mrs. Kimball, Miss Hall, Miss Berry, and Miss Blakely. The committee appointed to revise the constitution represents the western and middle states and New England.

'59. Mrs. Sarah Gerould Blodgett has been elected president of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs.

'80. Lillie Sherman has been made secretary for the Women's Home Missionary Association, Boston, Mass.

'86. Minnie H. Bridgman of West Hampton, Mass., has visited the college during the last month.

'89. (Non-graduate) Grace Ottman Burdick recently visited the college for a few days.

'90. Harriet (Towne) Weeter has changed her home from Utah to Pocatello, Idaho.

'93. Mertie Graham Grover of Chicago visited the college during the past month.

Ida Everett is on leave of absence from Mills College, Cal., and has been visiting the college.

'94. (Non-graduate) Alice E. (Brown) Hoffman has moved to Northfield, Vermont, where her husband, the Reverend Paul F. Hoffman, is rector of the Episcopal church.

'96. Mary A. Stevens has a position as instructor in English and English literature in Denison University, Granville, Ohio.

Nellie Swift is teaching science in the high school in Middletown, Conn.

'98. Edith H. Wood has accepted an appointment as teacher in the Chapman School, East Boston.

'99. M. Eloise Schuyler is teaching at Pennsylvania Furnace, Pa.

1900. Alice Davenport is acting as principal's assistant in Stamford, Conn., and teaching English in the four upper grades.

Gertrude Gaylord is teaching the fifth, sixth and seventh grades in Sherborn, Mass.

Minnie A. Graham is teaching science in the high school at Braintree, Mass.

Ethelyn Hull is teaching the fifth and sixth grades at East Hampton, Conn.

Mabel E. Masters, who successfully conducted history of art classes last year, will continue the work this winter.

Digitized by Google

Anna H. Rodgers has been elected president of the class of Nineteen Two of the New York State Library School. As the class of twenty is made up entirely of college people, both men and women, this is quite an honor for Mount Holyoke as well as for Miss Rodgers.

1901. Florence E. Babbitt is teaching in Kennett Square, Penn.

Florence Berry is at home in Portland, Me., but is substituting occasionally in the high school there.

Mabel Judd is substituting in the public schools in Holyoke, Mass.

Irma Wieand is teaching in West Chester, Penn., in Fontgarth Hall, a home school and college preparatory for girls.

Among the freshmen whose mothers or grandmothers attended Mount Holyoke are the following:—

Mary D. Allen, whose mother, Mrs. Frances (Fitch) Allen, was graduated in '64.

Ethel Chandler, whose mother, Mrs. J. H. Chandler (Emma C. Smith), was graduated in '77.

Gertrude Norcross, whose grandmother, Mrs. Hannah (Baldwin) Stevens, was a student at the seminary during '53.

Mary R. Stolz, whose mother, Mary A. Stolz, M.D. (Mary A. Rowell), was graduated in '75, and whose grandmother, Mrs. George B. Rowell (Malvina J. Chapin), was graduated in '41.

MARRIAGES.

'84. (Non-graduate) Conant—Cowles. At Norfolk, Conn., November 6, 1901, Mr. William Rowson Conant and Anna Louise Cowles. At home at Oxford, N. H.

'96. (Non-graduate) Eldredge—Laurie. At Bellefonte, Penn., October 17, 1901, Mr. Samuel Foster Eldredge and Jessie Laurie. At home after November 1, Cape May City, N. J.

'97. Cobb—Pierce. At Gardiner, Me., September 5, 1901, Dr. William Orrin Cobb and Marion Pierce.

BIRTHS.

'86. Bell (Smith) Sawn, September 16, 1901, a son.

'94. Edith (Hayes) Sackett, October 24, 1901, a son, George Leslie.

'98. Jessie (Stebbins) Fairley, October 29, 1901, a son, Samuel Arthur.

Digitized by Google

DEATHS.

'45. (Non-graduate) Mrs. Robert Cone, November, 1901, at Moodus, Conn.

'64. Caroline D. White, a member since 1872 of the Faculty of the Western College at Oxford, Ohio, died at that institution, Thursday, November 21, 1901.

'93. (Non-graduate) Marian Kimball, October 26, in Centreville, Mass. Miss Kimball has for several years been an invalid, but recently, until within a few weeks of her death, her health had been much improved. The funeral was at the home of the family in Newport, N. H. Miss Kimball was a charter member of the society of Xi Phi Delta.

A LITTLE BOOK OF COLLEGE VERSE.

EARLY in December the collection of Mount Holyoke undergraduate verse, announced in the November issue, made its appearance under the title of "A Little Book of College Verse." It is an attractive little volume, bound in red leather and artistically printed in red and black, dedicated to the class of Nineteen Hundred by its editors and publishers, the L. N. S. S. of the class of Nineteen Two. The collection is made from the best verse produced in the college during the past ten years. The demand for the book has already nearly exhausted the limited edition, but orders sent to the college bookstore will be filled as far as possible. The price of the book is sixty-five cents.

Digitized by Google

OTHER COLLEGES.

THE trustees of Clark University have recently voted to establish a collegiate department in connection with the rest of the university. The object of this new department is to give to graduates of high schools and others who have had a similar amount of education a course of study that will fit them for the ordinary pursuits of practical life. It is thought that a course of training can be given in three years, and for a comparatively small fee, which will be of more value to the class of people for whom it is designed than a regular college course would be. The conditions of admission to the department are rather unusual, as all the credentials that are required are an ordinary high school diploma, a certificate of moral character, and a written statement made by the candidate that he intends to complete the three years course. The president of the new department, which will open next October, is E. Harlow Russell, a prominent educator of the day.

Such a venture as Clark University is about to try brings forcibly to mind the fact that the attitude of the world towards colleges and universities has changed greatly in the past few years. They no longer appeal only to the so-called cultivated world. In regard to this change in the place of the college in the world's work, the *Boston Transcript* says: "The time was when the college was a place of scholarly leisure and retirement where men of learning taught classes and wrote books, but where contact with the outside world was not desired and but little realized. It was a pleasant life, full of cultivated charm, nourishing with unmistakable success the intellectual career, but it was essentially a life in the world but not of it. How completely all this has been transformed every college student and recent graduate knows. The modern university is still, as always, a conserver of learning, and of learning, too, far profounder than anything known to a former generation. But it is also a place of intense intellectual and social activity, and a training school for business and political life to a degree wholly unparalleled. In the severely practical nature of its work, and especially in the wide extension of its curriculum in historical, economic, political, and scientific directions, the university of to-day touches with power every phase of life and affords a preparation for citizenship which no man of affairs can afford to be without."

At Yale, rapid advance is being made towards the completion of the several buildings which are in process of construction. The $50,000 addition to the Kent Chemical Laboratory has been practically completed as far as the exterior is concerned. This addition will double the laboratory accommo-

Digitized by Google

dations for the students of chemistry in the academic department. The exterior of the new $100,000 clinical building of the medical school is nearly completed and the building will probably be ready for occupancy next October. The foundation of the new social building of the Sheffield Scientific School—Byers Memorial Hall—is practically completed, and also the foundations for the new memorial vestibule and the new auditorium, the million-dollar bicentennial buildings. It is expected that all of these buildings will be ready for occupancy next October.

The Harvard Memorial Society has arranged for a series of three lectures on the history and traditions of Harvard in the past half-century. In the choice of speakers, care has been taken to obtain men who could both present the history of their periods and at the same time give, to a certain extent, the atmosphere of their own college generations. The first talk was given on November 14 by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, who gave reminiscences of Harvard in the forties. In the course of his very interesting address, he said: "You can hardly imagine the simplicity of those days, you young men of this generation, when wealth is so unreasonably conspicuous an object to be striven for. There were no palaces outside the college yard in our day to draw the attention of millionaires. Holworthy was the acme of perfection, and very few rooms in it were carpeted.

"We were obliged to rise at six o'clock in summer time to go to chapel, at seven o'clock in the winter. It was a hard thing to do, but good discipline. Very few lectures were given then, nor were we so capable as you of advanced instruction. The impression I have of Harvard of those days is that of an excellent high school."

Oberlin College has lately co-operated with the state legislature and the United States geological survey in making a topographical survey and map of Ohio. This movement was inaugurated by an address of Professor A. A. Wright when president of the State Academy of Sciences, in 1896. The lake shore from Toledo to Cleveland has already been surveyed, besides some other parts of the state.

Smith College is taking active measures to secure a gift of $100,000 which was promised to it last term on the condition that an equal amount be raised within a year. A fair amount has already been raised. Meetings have been held in a number of the branch associations where the matter has been discussed with much energy. At the college itself a meeting was recently held by the class presidents and vice-presidents and the senior members of the

Digitized by Google

council at which a plan was formed for raising money among the undergraduates by means of a system of pledge cards.

A Germanic Museum Association has been formed to establish in the United States a museum illustrating, through objects of art and industry, the history of civilization among the Germanic peoples, primarily in Germany, but also in Scandinavia, Denmark, the Low Countries, German Austria, the German cantons of Switzerland, and the England of the Anglo-Saxon period. There are several reasons why such a museum is desired. First, it is thought that American citizens of German descent will be glad to have in America a memorial to the culture of the land of their forefathers. Again, all Americans should welcome such a memorial, since the intellectual life of this country has been so largely influenced by German ideals of scholarship. And, lastly, it is hoped that Germans in Europe will give substantial aid toward the proposed museum in the desire to see erected an institution that shall stand as a monument to the work of the German race.

The museum will be built in connection with Harvard and will contain models and reproductions of typical work illustrating Germanic life and character from the earliest times to the present day.

EXCHANGES.

THE editor's first impression of the exchanges this month was particularly favorable, for her first glance was into the November *Smith Monthly*, a specially good number of a uniformly good magazine. The editorial on the scholarly ideal touches upon a truth too often overlooked in college. The idea of going to college for general culture alone, or even for "a good time," has spread alarmingly of late; and there is urgent need that college students, by every means in their power and notably through their publications, emphasize the scholarly ideal. Too often these very publications speak strongly on the other side. Fanciful verses, flippant stories reflecting the superficial side of college life, athletic news and comment,—these we see in abundance; but genuine expressions of earnest thought and scholarly appreciation are hard to find. The magazines offer too little encouragement to the belief that the average college student acquires a love for good literature and a zest in intellectual activity.

Digitized by Google

But to return to the *Smith Monthly.* The Southern story, "The Major's Roses," is well written, but is too imitative in style to have distinct value. "By Force of Arms," though less artistic, shows more originality. A short essay on "The Child-Story for Grown-Ups" is timely and of general interest.

"The Coming of Amy," in *The Vassar Miscellany,* is another of the imitative dialect stories so common in college magazines, but it is pleasing, nevertheless. "The Seven Foot Wonder," in *The Wellesley Magazine,* has a more genuine ring.

The new cover of *The Dartmouth Literary Magazine* is an improvement on the old, since it is both more ornamental and more durable. The new type is pleasing at first, but it is hard on the eyes. Plain type seems to us more suitable for such a publication. There is always much strength and individuality in the magazine, and this number, with its "Two Pictures" concerning Daniel Webster and its article on "The College Man" is rather above the usual standard.

We have read with interest two articles relating to the late President McKinley: one in the October *Red and Blue,* the other in *The Lake Erie Record.* The latter tells the story of the president's connection with the class of '94 at Lake Erie, whose emblem, the red carnation, became his favorite flower.

Of the following selections, two are remarkable for not being nature-poems. The other is an unusually good specimen of that much-abused type:—

AT CLOSE OF DAY.

The day is done.
The sun, in all its farewell radiance bright,
Has kissed the rugged mountain tops good-night,
And slowly, slowly vanished from my sight;
For day is done.

The twilight comes,
With tender step, and slowly lingering feet,
She comes from far off valleys, dim and sweet,
To sing a lullaby through lane and street.
Thus twilight comes.

Digitized by Google

Across the hills,
She throws the purple shadows, one by one,
Then covers every field, and flower, and stone,
Until the world no longer seems my own,
Within the hills.

Where she has trod,
The blossoms all are wrapped in slumber deep,
The little birds have closed their eyes in sleep,
And from the heavens the stars a vigil keep,
Where she has trod,

The Smith College Monthly. —Eva Augusta Porter.

DE GUSTIBUS.

I had two friends a while ago:
One came at all his joy through strife,
And one took not his pleasure so;
God sent them both a happy life.

One used his pinions eagle-like,
And straight against the sun would rise,
And wheel among the stars, and strike
His quarry from across the skies.

And one was as the bee that strives
Against no wind, but simply blows
Across the garden, and arrives
Upon an unsuspected rose.

—*The Morningside.*

Digitized by Google

THE REALM OF LOVE.

The kingdoms of this world shall pass away.
  The enchanted isles, enthroned upon the west
  To charm the seamen to a golden quest,
Are vanished with the tides of yesterday.
The lofty cities where proud kings held sway,
  Builded of old on plain or mountain's breast,
  With tower and dome and minaretted crest—
Lo! they are trodden underfoot as clay.

Yet is one ancient realm inviolate,
  A land of gardens in a silver sea,
    Beneath the skies of an eternal spring.
And love's far pilgrimage shall consummate
  All mortal joy with immortality,
    In that fair paradise where Love is king.

The Nassau Literary Magazine. —GEORGE TUCKER BISPHAM, JR.

A JUNIOR'S LETTER.

BOOKS

SPRINGFIELD

Seems hardly possible, my dear Louise,
  That Christmas is almost here.
Yet the girls are all preparing
  To spread wide the Christmas cheer.

The work is unusually hard
  This Junior year, you know,
And I find no time to make the gifts
  I would on my friends bestow.

But the Fates are in my favor,
  For on my journey home,
I have a long wait in Springfield,
  And through *Johnson's store* can r

That is a most suggestive place,
  And I am sure to find
Gifts that not only please my friends
  But greatly relieve my mind.

I do so long to see you!
  So many things to tell!
But must say good-bye for this time,
  For there goes the chapel bell.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR B. H. MARKARIAN.

Digitized by Google

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Vol. XI. JANUARY, 1902. No. 5.

Beth Bradford Gilchrist, 1902, *Editor-in-Chief.*

Editors.

Rachel Florence Riley, 1902. Rowena Keith Keyes, 1902.

Ethel Collingwood Hall, 1903. Anna Grace McGovern, 1903.

May Fiske, 1903.

Harriet Cross Van Wagner, 1903, *Business Manager.*

Helene Maud Pope, 1904, *Assistant Business Manager.*

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

'T is New Year's Day, and yet I would not raise
The old resolves of countless New Year's Days
Again to fleeting life; one single prayer
Speaks all my longing. 'T is that I may bear
Hope in my heart through all the coming year.
For though full oft I fail, if Hope be near
She turns my very failure to success.
The hosts of sin and doubt that on her press
She forces backward with an arm of might,
And ever gains new vigor from the light
That Heaven sheds upon her upturned face.
Oh, Hope, thou deathless spirit, hold thy place
Within my heart, and let thy holy cheer
Make glad and beautiful the coming year.

—Rowena Keith Keyes, 1902.

Digitized by Google

A STUDY IN INFLUENCE.

THE Renascence is with us yet, and is yet instinct with life and fire for a century that has absorbed much from it. We feel its stir in such movements as the Pre-Raphaelite; its force in every revolt against formulæ and formalism. Man must ever be born anew; the Renascence is not an accomplished fact, but a continuous process, most evident where most rapidly consummated, but always pregnant with significance, with enlarging life.

We are at one stage of the process, and the temper of our time gives to us a great, and we may also perhaps claim a discerning, sympathy with other periods and peoples where the same experience has been worked out under different conditions. Taine asserts that the Renascence, as defined in our literary histories, "attracts into its orbit all the great works of contemporary intelligence." Poets and painters turn to their spiritual kinsmen of half a thousand years ago, to the record of their work in England, France, and Italy. They echo this record to us, more or less distinctly, and the echo-music has as real a charm for us as its original.

Such an echo-study gains an added interest from the very complexity of that first Renascence symphony which has a distinct and individual tone for every individual student. To know what that tone is in every given case is to know much of the student's own individuality, of his way of thinking. Emerson's word, that "every opinion reacts on him who utters it," is most true when that opinion is the result of a cultured man's mature thinking on a great epoch, involving great principles and affecting humanity to no small extent. Such opinion, especially when in part unconscious, must partake of the nature of a self-revelation.

We expect that the influence of the Renascence on two such men as Walter Pater and Robert Browning will show striking differences; that their attitude toward the period and its work will afford material for a strong contrast, a contrast to be observed in the scope of the matter

Digitized by Google

considered, the valuation of such matter, and more incidentally, the method by which such valuation or interpretation is made.

Pater in his volume called "The Renaissance" states the subject of his work as an æsthetic critic to be "all works of art and the fairer forms of nature and of human life." Robert Browning's line concerning the aim of Renascence art may be taken as the keynote of his own work.

"To paint man, man, whatever the issue."

He is a critic of life; Pater, a critic of art.

Pater is a classicist. We feel in his own work the classic calmness of form and spirit, the adequacy of word to thought, of expression to content. The outward life, the things of sensuous experience, light, form, sound, color, even the joy of things beautiful to touch, hold for him the same satisfaction of spiritual as well as emotional needs that they held for the ancient Greek. Yet he adds to this a subtle and delicate comprehension of the more hidden side of man's experience, its dissatisfaction, its vague longings—a certain sympathy which we are inclined to think is absent from the Greek type of life.

He sympathizes with the Renascence movement in that he understands it, though his study of it is largely from the classical point of view, dwelling rather upon its sweetness than its strength, its peculiar quality of beauty rather than its temper and spiritual significance. He concerns himself with the product, not the forces underlying the process of production, with the thing formed rather than the forming. This detailed analysis is replaced in Browning by an imaginative sympathy. We are thereby informed of forces, of life, not of art, of shaping principles, not of qualities and characteristics. Rafael, Giotto, Da Vinci, pass before us not in schools of art, but in the rank of life singled out for some splendid inspiration, some living principle that distinguished their life from other lives, their art from other art. For by Browning more than by Pater is the *life* of the Renascence emphasized. In "My Last Duchess" and "The Bishop Orders His Tomb," evidenced through the medium of life are the qualities which Pater indicates in his analysis of art, the passion for beauty, for freedom, for individualism.

These differences in the material and its handling are necessarily

Digitized by Google

attendant upon difference in motive. But between the two men there is also a difference in view point. Pater portrays his ideal of life thus: "Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated dramatic life..... How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy? To burn always with this hard gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life." Contrast with this "The Grammarian's Funeral."

> "What 's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes!
> Man has Forever."

To the one the Renascence means a movement whose activity produced experience and rendered such possible for others; whose most prominent elements were care for physical beauty, worship of the body, revolt against emotional and intellectual limitations; whose characteristics were languid sweetness, intimacy. Browning, seeking a wider significance in the shifting currents of the period, values its art products not for themselves, but for that which they express; not purely for their power to please, but for their power to uplift man. The art which Pater prizes for its capacity of adding to the pleasure of the moment, whether the pleasure be that of imagination, retrospection, scientific analysis, or pure sensuous enjoyment, Browning counts as a symbol of past spiritual experience, valuable as such in the spiritual development of man.

Such is Pater's power that by the delicacy of his interpretation, the refinement of his insight, the beauty of his criticism,—which is itself art,—he transfigures the material and infuses the sensuous experience with a new and almost spiritual quality. This Browning does not do. Sense to him is still sense to be subordinated, used as a means not an end. The work of art has a higher function than to "produce pleasurable sensations." Fra Lippo Lippi comprehended it.

> "Have you noticed now,
> Your cullion's hanging face? A bit of chalk,
> And trust me but you should, though! How much more,

Digitized by Google

If I drew higher things with the same truth!
That were to take the Prior's pulpit-place,
Interpret God to all of you!"

What it means so to interpret God, "Old Pictures in Florence" states, in giving the purpose of Renascence art.

"To become now self-acquainters,
And paint man, man, whatever the issue!
Make new hopes shine through the flesh they fray,
New fears aggrandize the rags and tatters;
To bring the invisible full into play!
Let the visible go to the dogs—what matters?"

Andrea Del Sarto pictures Rafael—

"Reaching, that Heaven may so replenish him
Above and through his art;"

and Fra Lippo Lippi says,—

"Or say there 's beauty with no soul at all—
(I never saw it—put the case the same—)."

This is art with one supreme mission, one purpose which glorifies and uplifts it, the interpretation of the divine through the medium of the finite and human. Technique, detail of style, are looked to only for their burden of spiritual meaning.

So to Browning the element of the artist's personality, his purpose, his philosophy of life and art, make large difference in the estimate of his work. Pater ranks Andrea Del Sarto's work, the work of that "forthright craftsman's hand," as having its own distinctive value other than that of Rafael, a different place and value, he would not say a lesser one; Browning counts it a failure. He puts the reason into the man's own lips:—

"My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here."

"The play, the insight and the stretch" is his test for a work, where Pater's is beauty, the quality of giving pleasure.

The sharp distinction between present and past, unlike that which

Digitized by Google

the critic makes between Renascence and classic art, comes from this very difference in the valuation of qualities.

> "The first of the new in our race's story
> Beats the last of the old,"

since the new portrays not passive perfection, a type, "yourself as you wished you were, as you cannot be," but striving imperfection, individualism, man as he is, with the germ of the future within him. Browning grasps the ultimate effect on man of the two kinds of art, balances the deadening influence of an impossible ideal against the inspiration of a splendid possibility, and decides for the Renascence.

A philosophy of action against a philosophy of passivity, soul against sense, the eternal against the finite, such is the sharp antithesis. The individualism of the Renascence is, on the one hand, an opportunity to enrich life, to get "as many pulsations as possible into a given minute"; on the other, to "perfect the cup as planned." Freedom of action for good or ill is priceless, since it is proof of the assertion of the soul of man not for the moment's enjoyment but for a spiritual and eternal issue. Individualism for one is active; for the other, passive.

Pater's interpretation of his material, then, is based on its immediate value as producing pleasure; has for its keynote, beauty; for its aim, the enlarging of our capacity for intelligent enjoyment. In short, it is the interpretation of the æsthetic critic by whom the spiritual is regarded as a factor in beauty. Browning looks through art and life to the infinite, urges progressive action, and has for his aim the widening of its outlook, the clearness of its insight.

In the method of interpretation both show a thorough knowledge of the movement and sympathy with it, especially in the line of art, a knowledge not merely general, but technical and detailed. But from this point the two diverge widely. Pater, in his careful, scholarly studies, subordinates imagination to intellect, the poetic to the critical faculty. While his imaginative power in the reconstruction of a place or a period lends to his criticism the charm of intimacy, his estimate of work, of the peculiar quality of a man's

Digitized by Google

genius, of his exact contribution to our experience, is clear sighted, keen, minutely analytic. We know from him what there is to know of the life and personality of a man, but he fills in the gap, and in definite criticism as in his analysis of the method of expression ("Luca Della Robbia") there is evidenced the most finished logic as well as accurate knowledge of technique, combined with a penetrative insight. Browning is dynamic. From him we have analysis of impressions rather than of facts. Compare "My Last Duchess" with Pater's sketch of Winckelmann. Summarized to bring out Renascence qualities they would yield results not essentially different. Yet the one is the scholarly and detailed treatment of historical material; the other, the casting of the spirit underlying that material into a new and imaginative form.

Schiller, in his "Æsthetical Letters," says that our present generation is producing specialists, one-sided men. Perhaps we would not wish otherwise. Individualism is as dear to us to-day as five hundred years ago, and the individualities of others, critic and poet alike, are prized, as not the least precious fruit of the Renascence.

—Emily L. Covell, 1901.

TO A STRANGE COUNTRY.

The big ship had left America and was already two days out of sight of land. Passengers had begun to get acquainted with one another and were preparing for a long voyage, amusing themselves with books and cards. The July weather was warm and the sea calm and blue.

Occupying three deck chairs near the middle of the ship were two men and a little girl. Señor Carol was an exclusive gentleman with a dark face, waxed mustache, long tapering finger nails, and a polished smile. His supply of small Cuban cigars was inexhaustible, and he

Digitized by Google

was always enveloped in a cloud of white smoke, whether sitting idly on deck or in the smoking room playing whist.

Traveling with Señor Carol were his nephew José, a slender aristocratic youth of eighteen, and Lucia, his daughter, a sad-eyed little girl. José was following in the footsteps of his uncle, whom he openly admired, smoking his cigarettes with as great enjoyment and almost equal frequency, and imitating closely his suave, polite manners.

For hours these three sat, scarcely exchanging a word, the men comfortably stretched back in their chairs watching the white smoke, and Lucia, her hands on the arms of her chair, her feet reaching in vain for the deck, looking out with motionless face over the water, always looking, never seeing.

Although she seemed to take no notice of the people around her, Lucia knew every one, and had long times to think and make up stories about them. There were Mr. and Mrs. Lichtenstein, the round, good-natured Germans, in the chairs next hers. Each bright morning when the water was flecked with white and the wind was blowing briskly, Mr. Lichtenstein, fresh from the smoking room, would come hurrying up to his wife, who was comfortably dozing in her chair, and with a little shake would rouse her from her dreams. Holding his cigar between his fingers he would say, with a wicked twinkle in his eye: "Fifteen times makes one mile. Come!" Then for half an hour one might see a smiling German puffing his cigar, promenading the long deck, a large figure in voluminous gray skirt and cape, filled out by the wind, following close behind. Fifteen times they would circle the deck. Then Mrs. Lichtenstein was carefully reseated, enfolded in her rug, and her husband departed once more.

Besides these two there were all the children who trotted by with their nurses, or whose fathers took them by the hand and ran or played with them after breakfast. And best of all there was "la Querida," the dear young lady who always smiled as she passed. Lucia waited eagerly for "la Querida's" daily walk, and when she smiled the sad look almost left the little dark face. But her father had told her she must not talk to strange Americans, and indeed how could she talk to them? She

Digitized by Google

was so tired of hearing only this English. José was very good. Sometimes he would sit and smoke and talk to her of home and things she had loved there, but why speak of them? She was not going home. Then her father would tell her of Spain, where her grandparents lived, and where she was going;—all this was interesting, but she would rather not hear about it, only wait. It would be pleasant to see Margarita again and play with her as she used to, but Margarita was not here, she was at home in Cuba; it did no good to think about her. It was better only to be still and to see "la Querida."

On the sixth day out it was very warm. Twelve days is a long time on the water and amusements began to be tiresome. On the other side of the ship Virginia Field was sitting, a new magazine in her hand, looking down the long line of people, sleeping, reading, talking, and playing, when Jack Wallace came swinging down the deck. He stopped before her.

"Great game that! MacGregor tired in no time. Notice the swell? It 's growing. Have you made your mile yet? Let 's walk."

As they reached the other side Jack looked along to a small black figure.

"There 's your little Cuban lady," he said. "Does she ever move? I believe I saw her there yesterday, and even ——"

"Poor child! I wonder what her smiling father would say if I should speak to her."

Lucia looked up, her big eyes bigger and her mouth sadder than before. Virginia smiled and said a word or two in Spanish, and then sat down in the chair beside her, while Jack walked on alone.

Lucia, astonished at hearing "la Querida" speak to her in Spanish, almost forgot to answer, but "la Querida" talked on. Did Lucia like the ocean? Had she ever been on it before? Where did she live? until she found herself answering and even smiling.

As they talked on, Lucia told her of Margarita, of her school and her home, of how she had come with her father and José to New York and to the ship, but her lip quivered and finally she stopped. Virginia took her hand and said, "And your mother, dear, did she not come?"

Digitized by Google

A shake of the head and a sound like a sob were the answer, but Lucia did not cry.

"Before we came, when Papa was away, Mamma died. José was there and Papa came home. Then we came. I am going to live with my grandfather, but Margarita will not be there, and Mamma ——"

She stopped and looked out through the railing with wide dry eyes. Virginia leaned over and kissed her, and then went back to the other side of the ship to tell her mother of the little girl who was making this long journey to live in a strange country with grandparents she had never seen.

The next day was colder. The ship had passed into a fog which was almost like rain. The water was a dead gray, and a heavy swell was rocking the ship. Toward noon, however, Mr. Lichtenstein, unmoved by the weather, came to his wife to demand the usual walk. As she rose, she looked at the little girl in the next chair who was sitting as usual, a thin black cape around her shoulders, her short black dress blowing in the wind, and with a listless look in her heavy eyes. Impulsively the good woman wrapped her own rug around Lucia, but the child only smiled faintly and looked down.

Around the deck turn after turn the two went, clinging to each other for mutual support on the slippery planks. Then coming back, Mrs. Lichtenstein found her rug and pillow in her chair, and the one next hers empty.

A little later Virginia Field, coming into the cabin, saw Lucia sitting in a corner, shivering and flushed, with a far-away look in her eyes. Something must be done. What a wretch her father was to leave her so! She called the stewardess, who, after a few words, took Lucia by the hand and led her toward the stairs.

For the next few days ladies who had chairs near Señor Carol wondered where the little girl with the sad face and beautiful black hair could be. The story went around that she was ill. The weather continued cold, and there was little wonder that she should stay below.

Only Virginia Field had been to a stateroom where lay a little dark haired girl, hot, and tossing on her berth. Sometimes she would

Digitized by Google

hold "la Querida's" hand and talk of another little girl and of how they used to play; and of her mother and how she had played with them and taught them, and how she had left her.

She grew no better; the doctor and nurse looked anxious, and Virginia began to look tired from her long hours in the little stateroom. Sometimes she would find Lucia alone with the stewardess, and sometimes with her father or José, who scarcely seemed to comprehend the danger.

On the last day, when land was coming into sight, Virginia went down to the stateroom, where she found the nurse trying to quiet a little figure rolling and tossing on the berth. Lucia was unconscious, and was talking of her mother, of Margarita, of Spain, and her grandparents. Virginia took her hand and began to sing. After a little Lucia became more quiet and for a long time she lay still. Finally she stirred, murmured "Mamma," turned over and seemed to fall asleep.

The next morning everything was hurry and confusion. The ship had landed during the night, and every one was anxious to get through the custom house and reach the city. The sun was shining again, and there was a hot Italian sky overhead. Passengers were hurrying in every direction, saying good-bye and leaving the steamer. Mr. Lichtenstein, cigar in hand, standing beside his wife, who was dressed in a purple silk gown, was beaming on every one.

As a tall, fair girl went down the plank, her glance fell on a group below; a dark, dignified gentleman, his head wreathed in white smoke, and a dark, tall boy, standing beside a plain little wooden box. So "la Querida" left the little girl who had been making the long journey to a strange country.

—Harriet Murdock Marcy, 1904.

Digitized by Google

ON BEING A CO-ED.

It is not at all an unusual thing, I 've noticed it all my life, that when you get to be a certain thing it is n't the thing you thought it would be at all and very often you don't realize that you have arrived until something happens to remind you. I remember when I was only two and a half—years old and feet tall—and used to look up at a window sash immeasurably above me and wonder if my head would ever reach it, and how it would feel to be so fine and big and look out upon the world from such a high place. And then one day a few years later I bumped my chin on that very sash and suddenly realized that I had reached the point of my early aspirations and gone some inches beyond it without any sense of aggrandizement whatever. Instead of glorying in my high position, I began instead to try to recall the extraordinary sensation of being so little as to think the window a height.

It 's just so about being a Co-ed. I 'd been one for several weeks and never thought about it till one day I dropped a book in the library and all the men shuffled at me. That 's just a little way they have, but I did n't understand about it then, and in my unconscious ignorance I picked the book up leisurely and looked about to find out the cause of the disturbance; observing that everybody seemed to consider me the cause, I "tumbled" hastily—and into the nearest chair to recover and to consider. I was a Co-ed, that was what was the matter. All I had ever heard or dreamed of Co-eds came back to me then. Instinctively my hand sought the back of my neck and my waist to feel if the component parts of my attire were securely connected; a horrible fear seized me that my skirt braid was ragged and dangling and I determined to take all the shoes I owned to the shoemaker's that very day and have the heels squared whether they needed it or not. I looked about me at the rows of studious femininity ranged around the "girls' side" of the library. It was true, true enough at least to merit the reproach for the Co-ed. Three out of every seven at least of the backs in front of me showed in-

Digitized by Google

compatibilities of shirt waist and collar, or a glint of metal between belt and skirt gave evidence of a hasty toilet, haste explainable perhaps by circumstances having to do with midnight oil and "eight o'clocks," but still unforgivable, and hopelessly, unmistakably, Co-*eddish*. Similar sad sights have we sometimes seen even in women's colleges and lamented, but in the shock of the awakening of my Co-ed consciousness I forgot that Co-eds were notoriously untidy. Co-eds were all about me—I was one of them—could anything be worse? Certainly. A "Hen-Medic" was much worse. At least I was not a "Hen-Medic" nor yet a "Lady-Law." Why is a "Hen-Medic" worse? I don't know, except that the men say so, and the polite shuffling of the library becomes a tramp, tramp, tramp, to accompany the girl medical student to her seat in the lecture room, and a round of applause with cheers greets her if she appears in a new shirt waist or any other unaccustomed attire. To all of this the Hens and the Ladies are supposed to be oblivious, and they really seem not to mind,—at least the pretty and well-dressed ones do.

Having once realized your Co-edship it sort of haunts you till you get used to it, as you do in time, like everything else, and forget all about it after a while perhaps; but in the meantime you are a bit sensitive. You go to a quiz and the professor proceeds in his usual manner: "Miss ——, what have you read on this subject?" "Mr. ——, what is your *opinion?*" You may reason with yourself that this is only a coincidence and the implied distinction not intended, but you resent it all the same, and the fact which is not improbable to appear that Mr. —— has no opinion to offer does n't comfort or soothe you much, for his very way of declaring his ignorance seems to imply that his superior intelligence has been occupied in the contemplation of other and weightier matters, a "bluff" which may fool neither you nor the professor; still you know in your heart that you would never dare to flunk like that,—no Co-ed would, and that is one difference. Before the shuffling episode you had never noticed such things, and the class room half filled with men seemed rather a reminiscence of high school days than a new departure,—an occasional beard or mustache did n't seriously disturb the illusion.

Outside of college a Co-ed is really nearer to being just a girl like

Digitized by Google

other girls than the girl in the woman's college. She lives a more natural and less isolated life. She is part of the world without the college wall when she wants to be, and her college work is her daily business about which she comes and goes quite as regularly and conscientiously as any college girl, and when it is over she is free to pursue her own individual existence according to her tastes and preferences, and is not bound by the very conditions of her living to eat, sleep, and live in the college world to the exclusion of all other interests for ten months in the year, as is necessarily the case in a woman's college community. To be sure her independence has its drawbacks and living comparatively alone, as the large majority do, she misses all that may be accounted as the joys of dormitory life, and they are not a very few. Boarding house life is not an ideal one, but it is not so bad in a community of boarding houses where everybody lives that way, and it is certainly convenient. A Co-ed's room is her castle, unassailed by any proctor, and her freedom is secure. There is a sort of joy in hearing the clock strike eleven by gaslight, but it gets to be of rather a dreary sort by twelve, and you 'd better go to bed before then, for "blues" haunt the midnight hours and the miasma of homesickness is in the midnight air.

About the men: when all is said, it is the multitudinous majority of men about that makes a Co-ed, anyway. If it were n't for them we should never think of ourselves or be thought of as being any different from other college girls. They swarm the campus and town in hordes, and may be classified roughly as those who are economical in the matter of laundry bills and those who are reckless in that particular, or those who wear sweaters and those who don't. Or on another basis of difference, which in no way coincides with the first method of discrimination, they divide into the fraternity men and the independents, those who have chosen to be distinguished by some peculiar combination of the letters of the Greek alphabet and those who belong to the great brotherhood of X Y Z. This matter of fraternities, by the way, is another stumbling block to the unsophisticated Co-ed. You may go to walk with a more enlightened friend, say a sophomore, and as you go you may observe a handsome house in passing, and perhaps you may remark, "That is a beautiful

Digitized by Google

house." "Yes, it is, but, for goodness' sake, don't stare at it so!" You may be inclined to resent this abrupt and uncalled for lesson in manners, but your companion will hasten to explain that that is a Frat house and you must n't look up at it. This seems somewhat arbitrary, and you are immediately possessed with a desire to stare as far as you can see every time you pass it, just to see why you should n't—but you 'll never find out, at least I haven't and I've done it ever since. Nothing ever happens. One day when I passed there was a youth sitting on a stool out on the sidewalk in front of one of these houses, and as I approached he arose, gravely saluted me, walked around his stool three times and sat down again; but that did n't alarm me, for even a very green Co-ed might have recognized him as a freshman doing initiation "stunts."

Again, from a Co-ed standpoint, men may be classified as mere men and suitors, mere men as distinguished not from gods but from suitors, which is a general term in the Co-ed vernacular applicable to all those men who have a sociable habit of calling on us now and then, though I believe there are particular cases on record where it has re-acquired its dictionary definition.

To a thorough-going Co-ed one of the chief joys of life, real or professed, is the football season. Every Saturday afternoon she tramps with the crowd to the athletic field to sit on a bleacher and eat pop corn, to raise her shrill shriek with the deep thunder of the men's rooting and "nearly die" when our team is *almost* scored against. If you really take athletics to heart it is a sweet and pretty thing to do to fall in love with a football giant, and there is a certain evasive charm about this sort of hero-worship that is alluring and it 's hardly dangerous at all. When having struggled free from the muddy heap of tangled humanity piled up on a "first down," he treads on the necks of his enemies, in no figurative sense, and makes a furious dash down the field for at least a yard and a half magnificently regardless of three men clinging to each knee, your heart is stirred with a divine enthusiasm which need not be completely quelled if you meet him afterward at a party and find that he is too hard trained to eat ice, too stiff in his "football knee" to dance, and too unaccustomed to talk, for it is the mighty lord of the gridiron

Digitized by Google

you are worshiping and he has very little to do with this stupid man in dress clothes.

But I meant to speak of the men only incidentally, and it may perhaps seem that I am talking about them too much, which is another bad habit charged to Co-eds, so we try to avoid it, in public, and we do all wish and hope by an ostrich sort of strategy to make ourselves and others believe that as individuals we are only with them and not of them. After all, as in most other classes of people, there are Co-eds and Co-eds, all the way up and down the scale of youth and beauty, wealth and brains, from the popular belle of every fraternity dance to the plain and ancient maiden, who, having taught all she knows, returns to her Alma Mater to glean new sheaves of knowledge and is so desperately in earnest that she does n't at all see the humor of the situation when she rises to discuss with an old bald-headed professor the evidences of spontaneity in a juvenile love lyric.

But it is n't always true that a Co-ed's endowment of beauty is in inverse ratio to her allotment of brains, though every one appreciates the point of such funny paper jokes as these:—

"That Miss Spiel is a pretty girl. Is she bright?"

"Humph! School of Music, and ——"

"Is she pretty?"

"Lord, no! Hen-Medic."

—Eleanor Taylor Oliver, 1901.

Digitized by Google

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

Rest thee, my little one, rest;
The shadow fays steal from the west
Bearing sweet dreams, like shut flowers
Asleep in the cool dim night hours—
Rest thee, my little one, rest.

The slender moon, tip-tilted, sinks to sleep
Behind the mountain's shoulder in the west,
While on my hearth the light flames laugh and leap,
Upspringing like the fettered prisoner blest
With sudden freedom; so they flash and play
Like glinting sword blades 'gainst the dusky sprites
That darkly battle at the close of day
Within this quiet room. My fancy lights
Upon the child, and then I see him lie
All flushed and rosy tinted like a flower,
Kissed by Dream's dewy lips beneath my eye—
Not cold in marble pureness; is 't the hour,
The warm red flames, that lend me fantasies?
Nay then, forever let me sit and dream,
Holding the child safe sheltered where there is
Naught but my love within the firelight's gleam.

A marble baby carved in years gone by?
Oh, thou Madonna-goddess of Greek art,
Where art thou now—how couldst thou bear to die,
To pass unknown, leaving the harder part
Of loneliness forever to the child?
The shadows creep along museum walls—
Shall he not miss thine arm when, grimly piled,
They circle him with darkness and there falls
Cold night across the sunshine of the day?

Digitized by Google

Then come, thou laughing baby, to my arms,
And let thy curls fall here in tangled sway
Upon my hand; and all the night's alarms
The bright up-leaping flames shall swift dispel,
While I will croon thee soft a lullaby,
Mine own. Sleep, while the dancing fire-tongues tell
Their mystic cradle-song ere yet they die.

So rest thee, my little one, rest;
While the shadow fays steal from the west,
Bearing sweet dreams, like shut flowers
Asleep in the cool dim night hours—
Rest thee, my little one, rest.

—Beth Bradford Gilchrist, 1902.

A MAN OF UNDERSTANDING.

The windows of the stately old house on Salem street glowed with a rich splendor, quite surpassing in beauty the glittering dazzle of the electric light on the corner. The brightness in the windows was but a hint of the radiance within which illumined many a rare treasure of art and learning and seemed to linger almost lovingly on the face and figure of an old man, who sat looking into the depths of the flaming mass on the hearth.

His was the face of a man who has borne bravely a large share in the storm and stress of active life. The strength, however, was blended with that exquisite gentleness with which the hand of time completes its molding of a noble face. It was at once glad and sad and always a face good to look upon.

To-night there was a wistfulness in the old man's expression. It was just a year now since the catastrophe to which the crutches by his

Digitized by Google

side bore mute witness. He had accepted his misfortune and the necessary withdrawal from active life with the good cheer and grace that became a brave man and a Christian gentleman. But sometimes, as now, he longed to feel again the great throb of human life as it pulsed about him. He thought it would help to solve a problem just then troubling him sorely.

For two years his home had been shared by his niece, Katherine, a brilliant girl, full of vigorous young life. She had thrown herself into the settlement work with which she had been connected since leaving college, with a whole-souled devotion that thrilled her uncle's heart, even while he realized the danger. So eager was she for great service, that he feared she would sacrifice anything to her ambition. The fact that the ambition was, in many respects, a noble one, increased rather than diminished the danger. Moreover, she was a proud, high-spirited girl and seldom confided in anyone. Her uncle's knowledge of her had been gained by careful and loving watchfulness rather than by any voluntary revelation on her part.

All this Philip Lee knew full well as he pondered over the problem before him. Judge Jerome, the wealthiest man in the city and a scion of the oldest and most honorable stock in the land, had asked leave to press his suit with Katherine. Her uncle, knowing the Judge to be worthy, had given his consent, albeit with some misgivings, for he realized that the offer might be a great temptation to the girl.

Carefully and lovingly he had watched her of late and knew the offer had been made, though Katherine did not tell him. He knew, too, that she was troubled, but just here his knowledge ended. Perhaps she was simply uncertain of her love. Yet the feeling haunted him that this was a crisis in the girl's life and that the vision of great power dazzled her. Philip Lee had his own reasons for growing sick at heart at this thought. He must try to save her even at risk of giving offense. But how to do it was a problem by no means simple. He knew her proud spirit would brook no interference, and he realized what consummate wisdom and tact he must have who would help her.

Long and strenuously the old man struggled to find some way other

Digitized by Google

than the one which stared him in the face. He felt in his heart that it was a powerful instrument, but could he bring himself to use it? Should he open up the most sacred secrets of his life and another's to one who would give him none of hers? Suppose she really loved the Judge, would she not be indignant? If she really were in danger, would even this hold her back? It was hard to make a great sacrifice in the face of uncertainties.

At length a peaceful expression crept over the old man's countenance. He drew a miniature from his pocket and looked sadly into the beautiful eyes, whispering, "In your name I will do it, Margaret. Let us pray it may not be in vain."

Meanwhile Katherine Lee was hastening homeward through the snowy streets. She faced the cold blast that swirled the snow in her face with a kind of savage delight. Indeed, she had purposely dismissed her carriage, feeling that it would be a relief to battle against something material. She had grown weary of battling with her thoughts.

For a week she had lived in a tumult, scorning to ask help from anyone. At length, unable to bear the strain longer, she had opened her heart to Marian, her college chum, a girl like herself, young, high-spirited, and ambitious. Marian had put the matter before her in a strong light, had voiced indeed the thoughts that had been in Katherine's mind for days. She had appealed to all Katherine's altruistic sentiments and had urged that this was a glorious opportunity for great service. Katherine had felt the force of her words and, at the time, had believed herself convinced and was thankful that the matter was settled. Just as she was leaving, Marian had said, "I think you are right, Katherine, in not allowing any sentimental notions to hinder you from this step." Somehow Marian's last words had set her all in a whirl of doubt and perplexity again. It was then that she had obeyed a sudden impulse to dismiss her carriage.

As she hurried restlessly along, lost in her reverie, she ran suddenly against a young man, hastening in the opposite direction. The color rushed into the girl's face as she met the grave, earnest gaze of

Digitized by Google

Roger Sterling. "You here, alone, on such a night!" he said with surprised concern and insisted on escorting her home, though he must have found her anything but appreciative. At one moment Katherine was vexed that she had met him of all persons at this of all times, and the next she was angry with herself for her vexation.

It was in this turbulent frame of mind that Katherine appeared at the dinner table. Her uncle presided with a gentle dignity and was apparently unaware of her uneasiness, for which she mentally gave thanks. She felt as if a word would drive her mad. The old man's face bore an expression of unusual calm. He looked as if all trouble and struggle were foreign to him, Katherine thought. He seemed far away and unreal to her. Only once, just at the close of the meal, she surprised a look from him full of such sadness and tenderness that she was caught off her guard. A great lump came to her throat and she left the room hastily.

For an hour she paced the floor in indecision. Finally with a look of determination she turned to her desk, saying, "Enough of this. It must be right to accept this offer when it will give me such wonderful opportunities for doing good. I will write to Judge Jerome at once that there may be an end to this wearisome questioning."

To her surprise she saw, lying on the desk, a letter yellowed with age and beside it a little note in her uncle's hand.

"Dear Katherine," he had written, "will you indulge an old man's whim by reading this letter to-night?"

Wonderingly she took up the old letter. A faint, delicate odor came to her nostrils. It made her think of the fragrance of burning incense. The writing was unsteady and dim. She turned toward the light to read it.

"Dear Philip," she read, "I am a dying woman and some things may be said when Death is waiting that are not lawful to utter at another time.

"Philip, my friend, I have a confession to make. Thirty years ago I did you a great wrong, but, believe me, it was not half so great as the wrong I did myself. You loved me. I knew it then. I know it now,

Digitized by Google

and, my dear, in my heart I loved you. You knew my husband. He was a good man and great. I married him, Philip, not that I might share his glory simply, but because I thought that through it I could do great good in the world. I wanted to do great good. I burned to help poor suffering humanity and I thought I could do it best if I had great power.

"I smothered the love in my heart. I hoped you would forget, but you did not. I think that was part of my punishment, to know always that you never forgot. You have been lonely, Philip, but you have been noble, too, while I—I have been lonely, yes, but noble, never. I have been a faithful wife, I know. I have given thousands to the poor. They call me a benevolent woman, but there has been no joy in it all, for I have not once given myself. I could not. I think I lost myself that night I smothered my love for you. My thousands have done little good. They were but a cold, lifeless offering.

"There is a little woman in the street below here who loves her husband and her children and all the world, I think. She is poor and can seldom give away a dollar. She has done more good in a year of her life than I in all of mine. I envy her, though she does not dream it.

"I know you, Philip Lee. You will guard my secret. You and God and my own heart, alone, know it. You will forgive me. You have forgiven me. I think God will be no less loving. But myself I can never forgive. Farewell. Thy Margaret."

A mist of tears filled the girl's eyes. A hush fell on her heart. She felt as if she had lifted the veil and stepped into a holy place. Reverently she folded the letter and took her pen. A gracious little note it was she wrote the great Judge, but it was not the one he hoped for.

Then she crept softly downstairs to the library. The fire burned dim on the hearth. Only a faint glimmer pierced the shadows and that shone full on the face of the old man. His white hair gleamed in the darkness. It seemed to Katherine like a crown of glory or the halo of a saint. She crossed the room softly. "Oh, Uncle Philip," she cried, and her voice was vibrant with deep feeling, "how did you know?"

A great light came into the old man's face and a look of such joy

Digitized by Google

shone from his eyes that Katherine felt her own blinded with tears. He drew her to him and said gently, looking into her upturned face, "I shall know, being old."

A few evenings later Katherine and Philip Lee sat together in the library. Since that revelation he had given her of his own heart, a great friendship had sprung up between them. He had no need to fear now that he should not have her confidence. She poured out her rich young nature before him.

She handed him a note from Marian, indignant and cutting in its terms. She thought Katherine had thrown away the one chance of her life and was false to the vows they had taken to help the world. Katherine looked into her uncle's eyes and smiled. "To think I ever believed that!" she said.

Just then a servant entered the room and handed Katherine a card bearing the name of Roger Sterling. The rich color flooded the girl's fair, sweet face and a happy light came into her eyes. She stooped and kissed the old man gently as she left the room.

"She is a noble girl," said Philip Lee to himself as he sat alone. "God grant her great happiness and great usefulness, too." Then once again he looked tenderly at the little miniature, murmuring softly, "Dear, dear Margaret, surely you will forgive me for betraying your trust."

—Edith Warren Peck, 1902.

AN EXPERIENCE.

Christine was late to breakfast; she usually was, so no one looked surprised when she came sailing into the dining room at a quarter past seven.

"The late Miss Matthews," announced Marjorie Blair as Christine took her seat beside her.

"Good morning," was the chilly reply. "I suppose *you* were down

Digitized by Google

before the 'five' rang. Perhaps you can enlighten us on the principal events of the day gathered from your perusal of the morning paper." She reached over and dropped a nickel into the little bank which Marjorie had thoughtfully moved within convenient reach. "Maybe you think we're just getting up this spread for your benefit, Marjorie Blair," she continued, "a reward of merit, so to speak. But just you wait! There are six days more, and you'll come down from your pedestal yet!"

Marjorie paid no attention to this dismal prophecy except to smile an aggravating little smile, which said as plainly as words, "Don't be so sure! I haven't won my reputation only to lose it now."

A month previous to this the girls at Miss Hildreth's table had agreed to establish a system of fines for tardiness at breakfast and use the money thus collected for a grand spread at the end of the term. The pennies and nickels had accumulated rapidly, and now the little brown jug was quite heavy. The girls comforted themselves for the loss of their pennies by shaking it every day and speculating on the amount it contained; already they were planning the spread.

But no pennies had yet found their way from Marjorie Blair's pocketbook; she was a very model of promptness, and the girls had begun to fear that she was to have a share in the feast without contributing a single cent to its purchase.

Of course this seemed to them very unjust; moreover, the natural selfishness of the human race asserted itself and said that such a paragon of punctuality must not be tolerated. If they could not do as well as she,—why, she must be brought down to their level, and they would have welcomed gladly any mishap which could hinder Marjorie some morning and make her late for once, if only to prove that she was human like the rest.

When breakfast was over Marjorie was claimed by a waiting committee, and as Christine and Maud Ellis walked upstairs together they were talking of her.

"Something has *got* to be done!"

"And done right off, too."

Digitized by Google

"Marjorie *must* be made late! She's altogether too proud of her record!"

But though they laid their heads together and schemed and plotted, no feasible plan suggested itself, and they had to content themselves with the hope that something would yet "turn up" to help them.

Just after the "twenty" rang that night Christine rapped at Marjorie's door; there was no response, and while she stood hesitating some one passing through the corridor volunteered the information that Marjorie had just gone to take a bath.

"That means she won't be back before ten," thought Christine, and an idea popped into her head. "Now's our chance!" and she dashed downstairs for Maud Ellis.

In a few moments Marjorie's orderly room was the scene of strange operations. Maud was sewing up the tops of a pair of stockings with close, firm stitches of linen thread, while Christine rummaged in the closet for shoes.

"I'll leave her her worsted slippers," she said. "She won't wear those down to breakfast."

"What luck!" was the next exclamation, as she turned her attention to the chiffonier. "Marjorie has braided her hair down, and here are all her hairpins, side combs, too! Seems to me that vase on the bookcase is a nice place to put those; and here's the leather belt she always wears,—about my size," as she buckled it around her waist.

"Now for her shirt waists! I'll take these wool ones and her short skirt to my room. It always takes her so long to hook up that long skirt of hers," and she laughed as she thought of Marjorie struggling with the refractory hooks while the rest hurried down to breakfast.

In ten minutes much had been accomplished, and the girls surveyed their work with satisfaction. Everything looked innocent; there were Marjorie's clothes on the chair apparently just as she left them, for the sewed-up belts and sleeves were carefully tucked out of sight. A close observer might have noticed that there was n't a sign of a pin in the pincushion, and if the closet door had been open might have thought that there was a strange scarcity of warm dresses, considering that it

Digitized by Google

was December weather. Chiffonier drawers, too, had been overhauled and collars and neckties were conspicuous by their absence.

The conspirators chuckled at their success, but, warned by the five-minute bell, they slipped away, Christine turning back to drop the scissors into the wastebasket and tuck the box of matches behind a row of books.

"There," she said, as she closed the door behind her, "I guess you 're fixed! We 'll see who 's late to-morrow morning!" and the two plotters returned to their rooms, well satisfied that there would be a penny forthcoming from Marjorie next morning.

Just as the last bell rang a bath-robed figure came hastily in, turned out the gas and was soon in bed. She did n't even hear a stealthy footstep in the hall as Christine, reconnoitering from outside, stole back to her room whispering, "Ten o'clock, and all 's well!"

Pink tints were just showing over Prospect when the discordant bell went jangling up and down the corridors. Marjorie opened a pair of sleepy eyes,—it was cold and dark.

Five minutes later the sleepy eyes opened again, and Marjorie sat up with a start.

"Dear me!" she said. "I shall have to hurry. It won't do to be late now. How the girls would crow over me!"

She was feeling on the window sill for the box of matches,—not there, nor on the desk, nor on the table!

"Never mind! I suppose I can dress in the dark."

The stockings gave the first inkling of the troubles before her.

"Christine's work, I'll be bound!" she muttered, and groped for the scissors. But precious moments were wasted in vain search, and in desperation she seized a silver paper knife, which served the purpose. and on she hurried.

Each obstacle overcome but served to fire her ardor and she worked with eager determination. A considerable fraction of the precious half hour was already gone when she began to comb her hair; she gave the heavy waves a hasty brush and started to coil it,—her hairpins! But Marjorie had succeeded too well so far to let a little thing like that

Digitized by Google

disturb her and in a few moments the brown hair was in a long braid down her back. "They 'll take me for a freshman," she thought with a smile.

Now for the shoes; but here arose another difficulty, for no two mates could she find. A hurried search under the couch revealed a pair of patent leather dancing pumps which the conspirators had not discovered. Considering what she had already accepted Marjorie could not afford to be particular and she hailed them with delight.

Confident that the worst was over she turned to the closet for her flannel waist, but, alas! the evil fairies had been here, too, and nothing was available but an evening dress and a white lawn shirt waist. She shivered and glanced at the wintry sky, but the end was too near to turn back now, and on went the white waist. Of course she found no short skirt,—that was safely closeted in Christine Matthews' room; and with a groan she took down the long one with the patent-action hooks that always bothered her.

The "five" rang as she was looking for her belt and, in default of that, she seized upon the broad, blue streamer of class color that hung on her window curtain.

"Now for a collar!"

But that important article of a woman's dress caused the most trouble yet,—no stocks, no ribbons, not even a pin, and the last bell rang as she was hooking her pink chiffon collarette. She shot a last glance at the mirror and laughed in spite of herself; but at least she was ready and that was the main point. She thought with satisfaction of Christine's bewilderment at the failure of her plans.

The girls at Miss Hildreth's table were all on time this morning, for rumor of the conspiracy against Marjorie had gone abroad and all were eager to see its outcome. Their faces wore triumphant smiles which grew more and more jubilant as they passed into the dining room and no Marjorie appeared.

The girls were still standing behind their chairs waiting for the signal to be seated, when in sailed Marjorie to her seat beside Christine, as calm as if she had had a full hour in which to dress. She paid no

Digitized by Google

attention to the surprised glances in her direction, but looked as unconcerned as if she were quite accustomed to wearing her hair down her back and appearing in a white lawn shirt waist on a cold December morning.

She smiled a little smile as she caught the expression of astonishment and chagrin on Christine's face, but she only drew back her chair with the rest.

—MARION LOUISE RICHARDSON, 1903.

THE PLACE AND FUNCTION OF THE STUDY OF ROMANCE LANGUAGES.

MANY students, I fear, enter courses with vague notions as to why they do so. It is felt, dimly, that "one ought" to study, or to have studied, that branch. Even when the question "Why do I elect this?" is plainly put, the data necessary to the answer may be wanting.

The whole course of study should represent a systematic *in something* and *for something,* but especially the latter, since college is not the place for real specialization, and since many of us do not know yet just what we will do with our lives; and most of all, since the end of education is development—the attainment of a certain clearness of vision, of a certain power to use one's self—rather than the accumulation of facts.

Yet the choice of the body of facts through the appreciation and assimilation of which this mental discipline is to be attained is also most important. Seeing we need so many implements, it is a pity to use, even for the sake of the mental gymnastics alone, a superannuated or intrinsically useless tool. The study of the language of the Hottentots might train the memory, but of what use, in the average human life, would be the material gathered from that study?

Applying the above thoughts to the study of modern and especially

Digitized by Google

of the Romance languages, we ask ourselves: 1. What mental training may be gotten out of these studies? 2. Of what use is the material accumulated?

It is sometimes claimed that the ancient languages are "more exact" and hence train to greater precision of thought than the modern. This is, I think, an erroneous theory. The sight of the array of case-forms as possessed, for instance, by the Latin, leads one to think that case-relations can be expressed more clearly than in a non-inflected tongue. In the sentence *pater filium amat,* to take a concrete example, the relation of subject and object is so evident and so stably indicated that no possible change in the word-order can bring it into question, and the device of change of order may be employed to express other changes of thought—*amat pater filium, filium pater amat.* Our modern analytical manner of thought, and consequently of expression, will admit of no such juggling, and we must have recourse to emphasis, as: the father *loves* the son, the father loves the *son.* But is not the very possession and use of the article an element of precision? We know whether it is *the* father or simply *a* father. And in more complicated thoughts is not our use of prepositions clearer than the mere case-endings from which one of many possible prepositional relationships is to be inferred?

Undoubtedly the study of the ancient languages is useful—nay necessary—far be it from a teacher of Romance languages to speak lightly of the study of Latin!—yet let us not look to the dead languages for advantages which they cannot offer. They do offer so many—training for the memory, food for the imagination (the very vagueness of prepositional relationship just mentioned allowing scope for individual interpretation, *i. e.,* imagination), aside from the wealth of thought which can never be fully appreciated except when clad in its original language-garment. But let us not deny the doctrine of human progress; the Latin spoken to-day in the streets of Rome, or of Paris, or of Madrid, yes, even of Bucharest, is not corrupt, degenerated Latin, it is evoluted, polished Latin, Latin which bears in its body the marks of all history from Cæsar to Leo XIII., of all thought from Cicero and Gallus to

Digitized by Google

Dante, to Cervantes, to Victor Hugo. The study of this evolution, of this molding, this extension of the language in order that it might contain the ever-widening circles of thought, does not train the memory as does that of the crystallized classical Latin, but we can boldly claim that it trains the reason more. Behold that classical Latin locked in deadly combat with the languages of the Goth and the Vandal, and behold in its rise from that conflict the survival of the fittest! The Volgare of the Italian, the Roman of the Gaul, had thrust upon them a vast number of Germanic words, which crowded out some of their own, and yet the power of thought has conquered, the Latin grammar stands firm, it receives and inflects these foreign words. It is true that that grammar is not the same as in Cicero's day, but the changes are those that are inherent in it, that were already working in it when Plautus wrote his comedies. There it is, a great living system, battening on the weaker systems that come in contact with it. Hear Dante after his struggle to express his new thoughts through the old medium crying out (still in Latin!) that it is the duty of an Italian to write in his own tongue, and see him, hewing and polishing the rough stones of the Tuscan dialect, building of them at last his Gothic cathedral, cathedral which reaches higher into the clouds than any other, Christian or heathen, his "Divina Commedia."

But, given that we are not philologically inclined, that the evolution of language does not interest us, cannot all else be obtained through translations? No, it cannot, or at best only imperfectly. Broad statements can be translated, subtle thought cannot. The power to enter into this subtle thought is, as I take it, the end of language teaching. We must not be forced to tear the author's thought to bits, to render each fragment into a more or less nearly corresponding fragment of our own vernacular, we must be able to follow it in its entirety, the image must be evoked directly. And this thinking in the language, thinking over again the thought presented to eye or ear, is after all not so difficult. It is often merely a question of awakening interest, of becoming convinced that there is something here that is worth apprehending. It is not absolutely necessary that we be able to render the

Digitized by Google

thought again in the foreign tongue, it may be that we cannot always instantaneously render it in our own. And if we have learned to really understand even an abstruse and complicated thought *in the foreign language* we shall be able to express simple thought in it. Above all, if we have learned to understand the foreign idiom when spoken by another we are already prepared to speak it, given the circumstances which render the speaking of it desirable. To teach a class of twenty, reciting four hours a week, to "speak French like a native" is not feasible. Like most quite unattainable things it is also not utterly desirable. Supposing that the time of recitation be quite given up to "conversation" and that the pupil bears his full share in the same, *i. e.*, speaks as much as the teacher does, each pupil in the class of twenty would speak about five minutes per week. It is a trifle inadequate; nevertheless if all the effort be concentrated on the "conversation," one may, in the course of the year, attain to some facility of expression. I have met pupils who, after seven years of French under the conditions supposed above, really speak as well as most persons who, having gone to Paris with ordinary preparation, spend a couple of months there. All the strength both of teacher and pupils having, however, been utilized for this side of the study, these read only ordinarily well, have no idea of the development of the living language, not even connecting it in thought with the Latin, and next to none of the literature, and consequently have little interest in it. Such pupils, removed from the class and its advantages and taking up their residence in a New England village, naturally lose, and that quickly, the conversational ability so laboriously acquired, and do not read enough to keep up their French.

Understand me, I would not dissuade any from efforts to learn French, Italian, or Spanish as a spoken language; would that every pupil in the department had so assimilated each word known to her that she could understand it as well by ear as by eye, and could use it herself. Only when she can use it herself is it fully assimilated. Especially in the first year of study the pupil should be learning to understand *in the language,* wherefore my own personal predilection for a modified form of the so-called "natural method." Pupils can help themselves very

Digitized by Google

much in this matter, by calling to mind, with every word employed, a distinct image. For instance, we have learned, so long ago that we cannot remember with what pains, to call a certain object "chair." Let us, then, in learning a new set of symbols, *i. e.,* language, learn to attach the new word "chaise" or "Stuhl," or whatever it may be, to *the thing,* instead of trying to remember that opposite the word "chair" on a certain page of a certain book there stands the word "chaise." This is not so trifling a matter as it perhaps seems. It is eliminating one mental process, and if, as Herbert Spencer says, economy of attention is the secret of a pleasing style, *i. e.,* of pleasure in reading our own tongue, is it not also the secret of pleasure in reading one not our own?

Translation, therefore, should be sparingly used at the beginning, more freely later on, and that, while partly for the sake of teaching exactness, partly also to make clear the limitations of translation. We must learn that the concept-mass attached to a certain word in one language never quite corresponds to that of any one word in any other, that French and English do not "contain idioms," but are made up entirely of idioms. These differences of language, due to difference of thought-habit, are precisely what makes the study of foreign tongues valuable for culture—which brings us back to something remarked before. As a writer in *Scribner's* "Point of View" for July last well says: "In ordinary cases, naturally not in all, a knowledge of a foreign tongue that goes no further than this (a working knowledge) is in reality valueless outside of the most immediate and limited utility—such utility as might declare itself in some out-of-the-way corner of Europe when one had missed one's train. It is valueless in the sense that it adds nothing to the general culture. The true reason for learning another language than one's own is that it will widen one's outlook, open new vistas in the mind. Conversational fluency in the foreign idiom will not do that. Only an insight into that essential spirit of the language, its elusive inner life, will do it." Let not, then, those who do not "incline to speak" be therefore discouraged. They may learn to understand the speech and thought of others, the golden treasury is open to them also.

—Mary Vance Young.

Digitized by Google

IN SHORT.

TWO ADVENTURES IN THE LIFE OF EROS.

FROM THE ANACREONTICS.

I.

Once when mortals deep were sleeping,
And the silent stars burned high;
While Boötes chased his quarry,
And the midnight hour was nigh;
Little Eros by my dwelling
Came a-wandering in sad plight,
Stopped and pounded at my doorway,
Broke my slumbers, naughty wight!
Then I rose and said, "Who 's knocking?"
"Just a baby boy," he said;
"I 'm all wet and cold and hungry;
"I won't hurt you; don't be 'fraid!"
Then I brought a candle quickly,
Held it high the way to show;
Crafty little Eros entered,
With his arrows and his bow.
By the hearth a chair I set him;
Rubbed his little hands in mine;
Wrung the water from his garments;
Gave him dates and new sweet wine.
Soon he was all warm and happy;
"I must try my bow," he said;
"I 'm afraid that all this dampness
May have harmed my bowstring red."
Then he took his bow and arrow,
Looked with care at every part,

Digitized by Google

Stretched the string with his small fingers,
  Turned, and shot me through the heart!
"Wish me joy, my friend!" he shouted,
  With a laugh of wicked glee;
"My good bow is sound as ever;—
  In your heart the harm will be!"

II.

Little Love among the roses
  Playing once in childish glee,
On a sudden in his finger
  Felt the sharp sting of a bee.
Then he ran unto his mother;
  Stamped his feet, began to cry;
Said, "A naughty bee has stung me;
  See my finger! I shall die!"
Aphrodite smiled in answer,
  Said, "Aha! my little son,
If a bee's sting hurts, what think you
  Of the darts which you have thrown?"

—HELEN COX BOWERMAN, 1901.

The Battle of Waterloo.

BOY and I were very good friends indeed. Boy was well versed in history, especially in French history, which was his hobby, and Napoleon was his hero. From morning till night, with flowers as our army and weeds for the enemy, we fought battles and laid sieges, in which Boy always figured as Napoleon, and I usually as a general of some other nationality, who was invariably defeated with heavy losses. Sometimes, however, I had the honor to be one of Napoleon's aids, Field Marshal Ney, for instance, and then, oh, the glory of dashing into battle with my invincible chief!

Digitized by Google

The pompous little Napoleon would cry, "Now charge the enemy, cut 'em down, man and horse, we won't leave one to tell the tale!" And I would obediently echo, "Not one to tell a tale!"

One eventful day we fought the battle of Waterloo. The enemy were tall rows of mullein plants, while bright-colored rockets or French lilacs, lined up conveniently near, represented the French. Boy reviewed the troops on both sides, twirling his sword in magnificent style. At last he halted in front of me, cleared his throat several times, and said in rather a hesitating manner,—

"I say, Little Girl, you can be Napoleon to-day if you want to." "Little Girl's" eyes sparkled with pleasure. Here was the opportunity of my life. Before, I had always been an old Austrian or a German, but *now* I would be the great Napoleon, and victorious.

The Duke of Wellington took his stand with the despised English. As the new Napoleon, I decided in the ardor of my enthusiasm to make the first charge; so, rushing upon the enemy, I decapitated mullein plants with as much zeal as was ever displayed in the French ranks in 1815. But I soon found myself a commander without an army. My gay soldiers were completely demoralized, and the field was covered with the wounded and the slain. My eyes filled with tears; then with rising indignation I broke forth,—

"It is n't *fair*. I was *Napoleon, why* did n't I win, Boy?"

"Oh, that 's all right, Little Girl. You know Napoleon really was defeated at the battle of Waterloo; it 's according to history," Boy replied with unruffled calmness. That was too much for me. A big tear began to make its way slowly down my dusty little cheek. Seeing this, Boy gallantly offered to fight the battle over again, allowing me to be the Iron Duke.

I picked up my sword and having changed armies, a second time entered the fray. Although I belabored the French with as much energy as I had recently expended upon the English, I again met with a most crushing defeat. Neither the reflected glory of a great name nor the facts of history had availed in the least. Choking with indignation I rushed up to Boy, caught hold of his arm, and panted, *"Why,* WHY?"

Digitized by Google

With cool satisfaction Boy sat down upon a haycock to rest. "Because," he replied, "that is the way it should 'ave been."

—Anita B. Ferris, 1905.

UNSELFISHNESS.

I love her with so true a love,
My Lady dear,
All jealousy I 'm far above,
Or selfish fear.

I only ask that she may wear
The rose I give
Above her heart, and let it there
All single live.

—R. K. K., 1902.

EDITORIAL.

It was an old philosopher who cried, "There is nothing new under the sun," and the college editor now and again re-echoes the strain with more or less monotony in his variations. But may not the editorial sometimes repeat itself to good effect since "it is the continual dropping which wears away the stone"?

Dean Briggs of Harvard has aptly said, "The curse of college morals is a double standard—a shifting, for the convenience of the moment, from the character of a responsible man to the character of an irresponsible boy," and the statement may in certain lines be applied with equal truth to college women. Students seem to expect from the outside world some such attitude as that of the prejudiced parent, who

Digitized by Google

looks with fond indulgence on the most inane performance of his particular infant prodigy. But the fact remains that there are certain axioms at the bottom of the structure of society which cannot be converted into their opposites by the attraction of the collegian. One of these is that which bars stealing from the habits of civilized society. It is true that ethical laws are made for the normal man in society and that infringements of law committed by the weak-minded or by very young children are not visited with full punishment since such persons are not held responsible for their actions. The college man and woman, however, are not usually classed as imbecile and they would be the first to resent any imputation to the effect that they are too young to distinguish between right and wrong. Yet not a few college students appear to be laboring under the impression that upon entering college they have for a blissful period of four years—more or less as circumstances alter cases—cast off the burdensome conventions of civilization and entered upon a state of existence where perfect liberty is law. But so long as a man or woman is associated in any way with other human beings, whether it be in college or in the larger world, the social sense is active in restricting his individual freedom. It may be a desire to assert his liberty, coupled with æsthetic feeling, which prompts the college student to possess himself or herself of a souvenir upon every occasion, to borrow books, pencils, returnable and non-returnable articles; but it is certainly an abuse of liberty when, however thoughtlessly, he takes that which does not belong to him, or when he borrows anything, however trifling, which he either does not intend or forgets to return.

We would be slow to hold the average college man or woman lacking in either the brain power or the moral force necessary to distinguish between *meum* and *tuum,* nor would we class him as a child whose imagination runs away with him to such an extent that he confounds his own with another's; but it is nevertheless true that property rights are not respected in college communities as they are in the outside world. Since the college world is, no more than society at large, organized on a communistic basis, the foundation of the whole fabric is this private right of ownership. Any infringement of this law in the greater world is

Digitized by Google

known as stealing, and we see no reason why any less explicit language should be used in college. The college student would do well to transform his double standard of honorable dealing to a single adequate one which will serve to deter him from acts he would be ashamed to own in the light of common life.

DEPARTMENT NOTES.

THE LIBRARY.

Mrs. Frances Gallagher Cutler, of the class of '48, has given to the library a collection of about forty-five books and pamphlets in Italian, Spanish, and French, which belonged to her daughter, Miss Susan R. Cutler, who has died. Miss Cutler had devoted herself especially to Romance languages and had studied much abroad. The list includes "Don Quixote" in the original.

Books purchased for the department of Romance languages this month are especially noteworthy, including the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Montaigne, and Chenier.

Another valuable set has been added to the American history library, "Jefferson's Writings," in ten volumes, edited by Paul Leicester Ford.

The library has subscribed for the following periodicals: *Masters in Art*, from its beginning in 1900; *Das Museum*, from its beginning in 1896; *American Journal of Anatomy*, a new journal published at Johns Hopkins University; *Biblia; The Athenaeum* (London); *Mitteilungen des Kaiserlich Deutschen Archaeologischen Instituts; Athenische Abteilung;* and *Index and Review*, a record of our government publications.

The Library of Congress now offers for sale printed catalogue cards for all the books recently added to its collection, and many besides which are being recatalogued. This is a great step forward in library progress, as it saves much duplication of work in different libraries. An order for cards is sent from our library at the same time as an order for books, and most of the cards which can be supplied are received as soon as the books.

An informal library club, meeting for a half hour each week, has been started for students who wish to take up library work after leaving college. The object is not to secure technical training in library administration, but to gain a wider acquaintance with books old and new, and learn something of the spirit of the modern library movement. There is some practice in book appraisal and book selection, and reports of current events are given.

Digitized by Google

COLLEGE NOTES.

Owing to the early date on which The Mount Holyoke goes to press we are unable to give any adequate account of the events of the month.

Apropos of the Christmas season mention should be made of various gifts received by several of the houses from alumnæ and friends. Especially noteworthy among Mead Hall's presents is the handsome hall clock with mahogany frame and hand-painted moon dial, presented by Mrs Tirzah Snell Hall (class of 1863). Mead has also received several gifts of pictures from the Hampshire Alumnæ Association and from Mrs. Olive Parmelee Andrus of Mardin, Turkey; a large photograph of the Aurora from Mrs. Mead; a Bible for the guest room, presented by Mrs. S. E. Bridgman of Northampton; a large American flag from Miss Sarah Demarest, as well as several palms and ferns for the decoration of the parlors, sent by Mr. A. N. Pierson of Cromwell, Conn.

The Boston Mount Holyoke Club sent to Safford Hall a Christmas box containing fifty new books for the house library. This library now numbers about two hundred and sixty volumes.

The club also sent a handsome guest book for each hall which had not such a book, and to three guest rooms the Mary Lyon Year Book. A picture for the music room is coming soon.

Mrs. Charlotte Mann Paine of West Newton, class of 1850, has made for the guest room of Safford Hall a handsome silk bedquilt.

Invitations to join Greek letter societies will not be extended to freshmen until the third term.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association of the Northwest met Saturday, October 26, at Kinsley's, Chicago.

Among matters of interest may be mentioned the election of Mrs. Clara Arnold ('80) to the presidency of the local association, and the nomination of Mrs. Zella Dixson ('80) for trustee.

Mrs. Moses Smith gave glowing accounts of her recent visit to the college with which the Northwestern Alumnæ felt in closer touch than usual on

Digitized by Google

account of the presence of three of the faculty who are spending this year in study at the University of Chicago.

The annual meeting of the New Haven Alumnæ Association was held at the home of Mrs. Maria Talcott Beach, 70 Howe street, October 26, 1901.

With one exception, the old officers were re-elected.

The social part of the afternoon consisted in the recounting of vacation experiences over the chafing dish. Miss Eastie Armstrong told of her summer in England and Scotland, Miss Mabel Canada related some Vermont experiences, and Mrs. Fairchild told her experiences in rhyme.

The chafing dishes produced fudge and penuchee, which gave a college flavor to all the experiences, and the alumnæ song closed the afternoon's programme.

The regular fall business meeting of the New York Alumnæ Association was held November 16 at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. At eleven o'clock the president, Mrs. Barry, opened the day with scripture reading. Business proceeded in the usual order. Mrs. Sylvester reported for the committee which has been seeking to place Mary Lyon's name in the Hall of Fame. It is desired by the electors that they be furnished with complete details as to the life and influence of Mary Lyon. The alumnæ are asked to make personal appeal to individual judges. Mrs. Atwell (Marion Gaylord, '79) was unanimously nominated as alumnæ trustee to fill that vacancy on the board made by the expiration of her own term of office.

At about one o'clock breakfast was served to a company of one hundred and twenty. At the officers' table Mrs. Barry presided with Mrs. Clark, president of the Hartford Association, as guest of honor at her right. The Mary Lyon blessing was asked by Mrs. Thomas Carter. At each plate lay a yellow chrysanthemum, and the centerpiece at the head table was of chrysanthemums. At each plate also lay the printed programme, and after the breakfast all entered the central dining room for the musical and literary exercise. This had been arranged under the chairmanship of Miss Emily F. Paine ('86), who did the further work of organizing a glee club for the occasion. This glee club is to continue, practicing frequently, giving an opportunity for all alumnæ who can sing and are near enough together to have a better acquaintance. The association will expect to have this music always provided for the meetings.

Mrs. Clark was introduced and gave a cordial greeting from the Hartford Association.

Digitized by Google

The programme given was the following:—

1. Duet, "Swiss Song,".....*Laura S. Collins*
MISS MAY R. DENTON, Soprano, MRS. GRACE RUSSELL SMITH, Contralto, and the Composer.

2. Selections from "Three Fair Philanthropists,".....*Alice M. Muzzy ('73)*
MISS COLLINS.

(Carol composed by Miss Collins for this occasion and sung by MISS DENTON and MRS. SMITH.)

3. Songs: *a.* "Blue Bells," .....*Eva Lonsdale*
b. "At Parting," .....*Rogers*
MISS MAY R. DENTON.

4. Poem, "Revolutionary Ancestress."
MRS. TOBIAS NEW (LISABETH A. PARMELEE, '58).

5. Music,
By the GLEE CLUB.

6. Paper, "An Hour in My Library,"
MRS. I. W. SYLVESTER (IDA C. POND, '76).

7. Poems,
CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN ('94).

8. Music,
By the GLEE CLUB.

9. College Song,
By the GLEE CLUB and the ASSOCIATION.

To this was added heartily by those who knew it best the college cheer. It was a disappointment to many that owing to illness two articles were omitted; a paper on "The Morals of the Child" by Grace Peckham Murray, M.D., and a college story by Mabel Eaton ('98).

The work of the glee club under its leader, Mrs. Farrington, was a source of pleasure to all, as was the whole musical programme; while the literary selections were heartily enjoyed—gleams of Mount Holyoke humor in Miss Muzzy's prose, Miss Glen's quaint rendering of her children's verse, Mrs. New's stirring and pathetic story in verse, and Mrs. Sylvester's jingles. The latter were the light touch added at the end of a book lover's talk on old and new books. Readers of THE MOUNT HOLYOKE will enjoy a few of those jingles added here.

Digitized by Google

The essay called "An Hour in My Library," was divided into two parts—Chapter I. and Chapter II.

In chapter first the writer, after describing the especial adaptability of her library for quietude and reading purposes, makes some solid and unique criticisms upon the various popular books of the day, handling them with vigor and fearlessness. She then bids good-bye to a departing guest, offering to loan him an umbrella, as it is raining, and returns to her library to complete the paper promised for the alumnæ breakfast, closing this part as follows:—

But these modern novels take me, however, rather outside of my library than keep me within it, for I have not as yet added many to my library,—waiting till they be sifted.

My lamp is burning low. It is late and the clock chimes eleven. The wind is howling furiously outside and not a word as yet written. The paper will be dull, I am afraid, but it must be done to-night.

Chapter II.

Still howls the wind furiously and the tree boughs tempestuously lash my windowpanes. Did you ever sit in your library towards midnight with the wind moaning and careering about windows and chimney and turn to your books for comfort and ever be able to find anything but Poe's "Raven," or Hawthorne's ghostly works, "Mysteries of Udolpho," Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," or something of that sort?

In one corner stood "Dr. Grimshaw's Secret," in another "Mysteries of Edwin Drood." I turned my eyes to see a "Woman in White,"—she was near the "House of the Seven Gables." Irving's dwarfs were playing at tenpins and Tam O'Shanter's witch was pursuing him with hot breath. Ah! he has sprung the brook and saved himself, although she caught a handful of his horse's tail in her dreadful clutch. She laughs and rides away upon the storm without.

Then nine little goblins climb to the top of the bookcase. They were Riley's. You have read Riley's poem, "There were nine little goblins with green glass eyes." They climbed to the top of a high board fence. They scratched their heads with queer little arms that grew out of their ears, thumped their backs till black in the face with fists that grew on the end of their tails. They laughed like rusty hinges and had no lids to their eyes.

You doubtless know this stanza by heart:—

Digitized by Google

"They ever kept their green glass eyes
Fixed on me with a stony stare
Till my own grew glazed with a dread surmise
And my hat whooped up on my lifted hair,
And I felt the heart in my breast snap to
As you 've heard the lid of a snuff box do."

These creatures climbed now to the top of the bookcase and clambered over the mantel and ornaments, settling in various places. One dropped his body into a rare and costly vase, his hideous twisted limbs dangled about endangering a glass from Venice near by, but I could not rescue it. A few joined hands and swayed backward and forward on the edge of the shelf, all keeping the while upon me that lidless stare of their green glass eyes.

The leader of the gang, the one sitting in the vase, noticed the paper and pencil in my hand and raising his forefinger, which I noticed was pointed and several inches long, pointed it at me. He had great difficulty in making it point, however. It was limp, as though the bone did not extend to the tip. He had to prop it up, but adjusted it finally to his satisfaction. Pointing it at me, he said in his rusty hinge voice, "Write!"

Abou Ben Adhem had once been commanded to write, and witless for thoughts of my own, with a glance at Leigh Hunt to see that his ghost was quiescent, I was about to be guilty of plagiarism and subscribe myself as one who loved her fellow men, hoping that this good and proper sentiment might also exorcise these demons. But he of the lidless eyes had noticed my glance.

"No, that won't do!" he squeaked. "Write a poem,—something amusing! Commence it—*'There were nine little.'* Begin it with,—*'nine little.'*"

With *"nine little,"*—well, that was easy. I recovered myself. The poem of the nine little goblins, which had created him and which was probably the only thing his little brain was familiar with, I knew very well, having read it frequently to my babies. I seized my pencil and started off, but just as I had "Nine little" written, the row of goblins, who all had hold of hands and were swaying to and fro, piped up in shrieking voices:—

"But don't you say *goblins,*—don't you *dare* say *goblins!* Write 'nine little,' but *don't you dare say goblins!*"

O—h! I sank back in despair.

"Write!" shrieked No. 1, "write a poem, and as my delectable brethren say"—he bowed, making a grimace to them,—"begin it with *'Nine little,'* but *don't* say goblins."

Well, I remembered the games at Holyoke, where we had composed rhymes at a moment's notice, and thankful for this training I commenced, "There were nine little candy animals!"

Digitized by Google

"Good!" said the goblin.
"Don't interrupt!" said I.
He made a grimace and I went on.

There were nine candy animals, yellow and red,
That stood by the side of the little girl's bed;
As her eyes fell asleep
They all rose for a peep
To see if she really were dead.

But, no! She breathed softly, all rosy and warm,
So to dance around lightly, sure was no harm,
And as they danced gayly they little did think
How she took it all in, in one little wink,
And they ne'er once felt an alarm.

"Good again," said the goblin. "Go on!"

The candy dog danced on his wee tippy toes,
And the elephant pranced on the flowery bedclothes,
But she ne'er once felt his ponderous weight,
Though his dancing was lively and speed very great,
But looked at them dreamily in slumbering doze.

The candy hen flew to the edge of the lamp,
But the heat singed her wings and she looked very damp,
She 'gan feel so faint, she needed a prop,
But fell to the floor, drop by drop,—
Till she looked as forlorn as any old tramp.

"Smooth up your rhythm!" said Green-Eye. "Are n't you a little off!"
"Keep still!" said I, and on I rattled.

The rhinoceros with a horn on the end of his nose
Blew a note loud and strong till the sound arose
In terrible tones, shaking ceiling and floor,
As he cut off escape 'twixt her and the door;
In terror she sank beneath the bedclothes.

The lion caught the monkey in tightening grasp,
Till he raised his hands in a saintlike clasp.
The duck said "Quack! quack!" and waddled away,

Digitized by Google

The horse let forth a heartrending neigh,
The sound from floor to ceiling did rasp!

"That 's very exciting!" said the loquacious fiend. "Go on!"

The rabbit jumped up with a hoppity-hop,
And the little girl's eyes did very near pop
Out of her head to see such a sight!
But the animals soon were in sorry plight
From exercise melting, drop by drop.

On the next morn, when she rose from her bed,
What do you think the little girl said,
When she saw the animals melted and hot
With the sunshine pouring right down on the spot?
Only this, "I see you really are dead!"

"That 's quite silly," said my tormentor. "Brethren, how do you like it?"

They gave a feeble grin and were swayed far forward. So far that I expected them to fall every moment and they did fall,—*dead!*

"You can't kill me!" said the hideous Green-Eye. "*I* like silly things. You are not equal to Riley or Eugene Field, but you can write me another—poem, if that 's what you call them. The subject shall be 'The wind outside there.' "

There was, I knew, no escaping his green eye, and I wrote, reading as I wrote, hearing his chuckle of delight and grunt of approval for a while, but with, as I thought, his increasing interest he became silent. When the poem was finished I looked up and Green-Eye, too, lay dead.

A blessed thought came into my head,—what peace ought to come to that writer, who, if he cannot create, can slay demons with his pen!

The clock striking midnight aroused me and just then a vivid flash of lightning revealed the fact that a blank paper was still in my hands.

The luncheon given by the Boston alumnæ at the Vendome, Saturday afternoon, November 23, was a very pleasant occasion.

Between sixty and seventy ladies gathered around the tables and enjoyed the feast of good things, together with much cheerful conversation.

The literary committee, which had charge of the entertainment, had secured Mrs. Adeline Birdsall Strong to sing. She gave several charming selections to the delight of her listeners.

Digitized by Google

Miss Frances J. Dyer of Boston gave a very delightful talk on Browning's "Del Sarto and His Lucrezia."

Mrs. Mary I. Fuller, in her report, brought a vivid account of the scenes of Founder's Day at the college.

The president, Mrs. J. Frederick Hill, then called upon the secretary to read a letter from the New York Association, asking the co-operation of the Boston Association in their efforts to have the name of Mary Lyon placed in the Hall of Fame. The New York Association started the movement and has secured the names of six prominent men who have given written promises to vote for her name.

Mrs. Mary C. Tuttle Bourdon, Mrs. Mary Bennett Morse, and Mrs Luvan Charles Hyde were named as members of a committee to confer with the committee from the New York Association.

'61. Mrs. Mary (Hammond) Gates visited the college during last month.

'66. The address of Mrs. Harriet C. (Betts) Kendall has been changed to Winter Park, Florida.

'67. Mrs. S. Jane (Southworth) Wells is now residing at 549 Westford street, Lowell, Mass.

'69. Mrs. Sarah L. (Coy) Berry is at present at Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa.

Mary N. Thompson has changed her address to 9 Park terrace. Hartford, Conn.

'75. (Non-graduate) Elizabeth Newcomb, M.D., is now residing at 102 Westford street, Lowell, Mass.

'86. Mrs. Julia (Kimball) Dickinson visited the college during the last month.

'87. Martha H. Pixley is now at Esidumbini, Upper Tougaat, Natal, South Africa.

'90. Sara K. Boutwell is now residing at 36 George street, Providence, R. I.

'93. Helen A. Stewart has a position as governess in a family in Chester, Conn.

'94. Carrie Frost is teaching in Umzumbe, M. S. Her address is Umzumbe, M. S., via Umzinto, Natal, South Africa.

'95. Mary A. Goodrich is teaching English in Hasbrouck Institute, Jersey City, N. J.

'96. (Special) Margaret B. MacDonald is teaching physics, biology, and chemistry in Asheville College, Asheville, N. C.

Digitized by Google

'97. Anna Prescott Sherman has announced her engagement to Henry Arnold, Brown University, '93.

'99. Susan B. Leiter has obtained a position in an electrical and physical laboratory in New York city.

1900. Bessie Armington is teaching in the grammar grades at Tougaloo University, Tougaloo, Miss.

Marion Storrs is teaching in the normal department of Dorchester Academy, McIntosh, Ga. She also has classes in science and mathematics.

'01. Edith St. John is teaching in Attleboro, Mass.

BIRTHS.

'91. Mary L. (Rogers) Towne, November, 1901, a son.

DEATHS.

'39. (Non-graduate) Mrs. Elizabeth (Dinsmore) Pillsbury, November 26, 1901, at Boston.

'41. (Non-graduate) Mrs. Malvina (Baker) Tenney, July 31, 1901, at Magnolia, Mass.

Mrs. Malvina (Chapin) Rowell, October 25, 1901, at Craftonville, Cal.

'42. (Non-graduate) Arabella J. (Bissell) Loomis, November 5, 1901, at Suffield, Conn.

(Non-graduate) Selina (Booth) Newell, September 29, 1901, at Farmington, Ill.

'53. Mary E. (Gleason) Bridgman, August 12, 1901, at McIndoes Falls, Vt.

'54. Emily (Morse) Seymour, November 13, 1901, at Washington, D. C.

'67. Laura C. (French) Smith, June 4, 1901, at Atlantic, Mass.

'71. Nellie (Jones) Russell, October 10, 1901.

OTHER COLLEGES.

GREAT interest in the matter of debating is being felt in colleges all over the country. The latest evidence of it comes from Vassar, where permission has been obtained from the faculty to hold intercollegiate debates. The first debate will be with Bryn Mawr, which has already received the challenge.

Digitized by Google

Vassar, like Mount Holyoke, has two chapters for debating and its choice of subjects also reminds one of *Τὸ μέν* and *Τὸ δέ*. Among other questions, it has recently argued upon: "Resolved, that the proctor system is an effective branch of college government;" and, again, upon "How to win a debate."

Nearly all the catalogues and annual reports that are pouring forth from the college press at this season show an increase in student membership, and in endowment. President Seelye states in his report for the past year that Smith College can accommodate in its dormitories less than half of the student body and that the capacity of its assembly hall is altogether inadequate. The report of Treasurer Tyler of Yale shows an increase of permanent university funds of $595,027. The Wellesley catalogue states that the entire number of students is over eight hundred, the largest enrollment in the history of the college. Princeton has made rapid strides in growth and evidently expects to continue to do so. Its new gymnasium is planned to surpass any college gymnasium in the world, both in cost and in size. It is to be made large enough to accommodate nearly twice the number of students now in the university. Syracuse University is organizing a college of applied science in which mechanical, electrical, and civil engineering will be taught.

The proposed national university, which Andrew Carnegie has made possible by his generous offer of $10,000,000, intends to utilize for educational purposes the scientific and other resources of the government at Washington. This can be done in accordance with a recent act of Congress which has opened to students the doors of the national libraries, museums, laboratories, experimental stations, and historical archives. The government will not, however, have an active part in the control of the new university, although the president of the United States will be the ex officio at its head. The institution is designed for students of advanced standing and will fill a need hitherto unprovided for in America, being a place where candidates for higher degrees in American and foreign universities will be able to meet and pursue their studies with the immense advantage of having the educational resources of the whole nation to draw upon. The aim of the new university will not be to usurp the place of Harvard, Yale, Chicago, or any other center of American learning, but to coöperate with them.

Stanford University has received within the last month two deeds of grant and one deed of gift from Mrs. Stanford. These deeds are chiefly confirmatory, though they include certain securities not in the possession of the

Digitized by Google

university before. They cover all the real estate ever given, including the campus of nine thousand acres, the Stanford residence, which it is expected will be used eventually for educational purposes, and numerous stocks and bonds. The deeds are made in accordance with an amendment to the university constitution, making legal grants and gifts. This amendment was adopted in order that it might settle any questions in regard to the validity of the original endowment and prevent legal technicalities from interfering with future gifts.

A parallel to Booker T. Washington's undertaking for negro education in the South is found in the work of Dr. Frost, president of Berea College, a little heard of but very interesting college which is the seat of the higher education of the "mountain whites" of Kentucky and other portions of "Appalachian America." The students who attend Berea come largely from those remote mountain hamlets of pre-revolutionary simplicity that have figured so prominently in romantic fiction,—districts where the people dress in homespun and barter with "moonshine whisky" as their ancestors did in colonial days. The extreme simplicity of these people is illustrated by the statement that "more than one student has been turned back by his parents after great preparation and long journeys on foot or on horseback, because the first sight of a train of moving cars brought such terror that the father was not willing to trust his son into the keeping of such an engine of destruction." Berea College numbers some eight hundred of these innocent sons and daughters of the South, who depend on it not only for book learning, but for their first introduction to the ways of modern civilization.

EXCHANGES.

MANY of our prominent exchanges have not arrived, for THE MOUNT HOLYOKE goes early to press on account of the approaching vacation. Still, some of our old friends are here, and have brought with them much good reading matter. *The Inlander* and *The Dartmouth* deserve special mention. It is hard to say just what gives these magazines a tone so different from that of the majority of college publications. On opening them, the editor, who has been plodding through mediocre student tales and verse in search of something worthy of comment, is attracted to a number of really tempting articles. She forgets that she is performing a duty, and dips into them with the same

Digitized by Google

BOOK REVIEW.

FRESHMAN ENGLISH AND THEME-CORRECTING IN HARVARD COLLEGE. By C. T. Copeland, Lecturer on English Literature, and H. M. Rideout, Instructor in English, Harvard University. Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.00.

This is a handbook for teachers—a handbook of a very definite and practical type; for in describing the course at Harvard called English A, as it was given in the year '99-1900, it explains methods that have been proved and found useful. All teachers of English are aware that special attention is given at Harvard to this department, and are acquainted more or less definitely with the "Harvard system." They will be the more ready to welcome this little book, which tells what the students are required to do and what they really achieve. That the explanation may be complete, criticised themes are given and in some cases are reproduced in facsimile. Rewritten versions serve as illustrations of what the training actually accomplishes. The course described is a very thorough drill in the practice of writing, necessarily reduced to a system when it is given to more than six hundred students by a dozen different instructors. There is no reason, however, why it should not be an entirely practicable and desirable scheme for the training of any class, small or large, in either college or preparatory work.

A SENIOR'S CHRISTMAS.

I am sitting here by my window,
A decidedly homesick, lone, girl,
As I think of the friends in the far distant home,
Where the yuletide joys are awhirl.

No step breaks the silence of hallway,
No voice is heard at my door,
Bidding me haste to the making of fudge,
Or a last cup of cocoa to pour.

All home are the friends of the class room,
They think not of me at this hour;
My eyes fill with tears that I cannot restrain,
And sad thoughts my spirit overpower.

Till at last I turn to my solace,
The friends that abide evermore,
And discover new courage and thoughts that uplift,
In the books that from *Johnson's* I bore.

BOOK

SPRINGF

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR B. H. MARKARIAN.

Digitized by Google

INDIAN SUMMER.

This is the sunset of the passing year,
The afterglow of fierce midsummer noon—
Fitful, the breezes, wandering, cry or croon,
Like sleepy children lost when night is near.

. . . . . .

This is the dream-hour of the pensive day.
Golden her hair, and soft from throat to shoon
The clinging mists, and on her lips a tune
That slips, unchidden, from her heart away.

The Inlander. —Richard R. Kirk.

MY VISION.

Beneath the light of a summer moon,
I met her under the willow;
With her witching form so round and fair,
Her beckoning eye and waving hair,
Her voice so soft and mellow,
Like a goddess she seems,
In the moon's pale beams,
The moonlight under the willow.

Alas, in the light of the garish day
I hoped to see this vision;
But her eye no longer softly falls,
Her voice no longer sweetly calls,
Or sounds but in derision.
Like the flittering gleams
Of our vanishing dreams,
So fades away my vision.

The Brunonian. —Allan Westcott.

Digitized by Google

often observe that in a lifetime they might aspire to master the details of the English lack-of-system. One's past records are not carefully scrutinized; to gain admittance to lectures—at least for an alien—is no such awe-inspiring ordeal as matriculation at Holyoke, for instance; nobody is particularly interested to know what work one has done or what one is now qualified to do. In the case of women—if they have connected themselves with the Association for the Higher Education of Women at Oxford—a few general questions are asked, but nothing specially pertinent. One is not classified, one is simply allowed to browse at will in the rich scholastic pastures of the university.

Some two days before the lectures of a term begin—often hardly before the very date of term opening—with the exercise of some diligence, one may secure lists of all the lectures to be given in the university. Hitherto one has been in blissful ignorance regarding the subjects to be treated, but now it is necessary to indicate—to the secretary of the association, if one is a woman,—the lectures one desires to hear. Sometimes one has chosen lectures to which women are not admitted. Perhaps the lecture chosen for a certain hour is to be given at St. John's, well up St. Giles street; then one discovers that for the very next hour one has chosen a lecture to be given at Merton or New, — blocks away. A pneumatic tube might deposit one at his destination in time; but rapid transit, with its raucous noises, has not yet disturbed the mediæval calm of Oxford. Possibly there are no lectures at all which exactly hit one's subject; in all such cases one is content to take the second-best.

At Oxford, research, in the German sense, is far from being a dominant feature of university life. Bacon wrote of the universities in his day, "Readings and exercises are here so managed that it cannot easily come into anyone's mind to think of things out of the common road. . . . For the studies of men in such places are confined and pinned down to the writings of certain authors." This sort of dogmatism is still the rule at Oxford,—in less degree, perhaps, at Cambridge.

All this, however, is negative. Even the uninitiated can see that it needs qualification. Considering the matter from the positive side,

Digitized by Google

there are three fundamental facts to be kept in mind: First, the English undergraduate upon entering the university immediately specializes; second, for the work of a given subject—"department," we should say,—the services of the most eminent scholars are given; third, the individual, personal work is done through tutors.

To an American, at least until recently, for a freshman to specialize is absurd. Not so is it in England. The undergraduate presumably already has obtained a general education in his preparatory school; he now follows—not altogether exclusively—a chosen subject. The B. A. he eventually receives does not mean—as ours characteristically does—a general training in science, mathematics, history, and language. As a natural result of this extreme specialization, it follows that the most advanced courses of lectures, in the classics, we will say, may be given at any time, and for these courses the services of eminent scholars are required. To assert that there are no strictly so-called graduate courses given is only half the truth, for much of the work done would be graduate work in this country; while it must always be remembered that Oxford and Cambridge from time immemorial could claim scholars of world-wide reputation, to whom even to listen should rightly be regarded a privilege.

Moreover, since all university courses are lecture courses, it follows that the work of the individual must be supervised in some special way. The tutor is an essential factor in the English system. Each student is assigned ordinarily to a fellow or don of some college; so many hourly or half-hourly meetings for a week are arranged. In this way, particular, definite work is done, adapted to the needs of the individual. The tutor, also, can, with some degree of authority, give advice regarding the lectures to be attended. Since it is not impossible, by exercising American foresight and firmness, to obtain as tutor one of the more prominent men of the university, it is apparent that the tutorial system may be invaluable to the American. For with the Bodleian at one's command, and a tutor to supervise, true research work may be done; in classics or history at Oxford, *par excellence;* in science or mathematics at Cambridge.

Digitized by Google

What has already been written is in general equally true for men and women students. Probably all understand that, for the men, the University of Oxford is made up of some twenty-two different colleges. The relation of the parts to the whole is difficult to explain briefly; suffice it to say, that the colleges are separate as regards residence, but the instructing body, wherever the dons may reside or lecture, is the same for all students.

The women students are quite apart from the men. They are not regarded as part of the university, but their presence at lectures is tolerated,—and ignored, for the most part. They also may take the same examinations as the men, but not with them. No degrees are given to women, but, in lieu, certificates of work done.

The English girls at Oxford have four halls, or centers,—St. Hilda's, St. Hugh's, Lady Margaret Hall, and Somerville College. These are not fully developed colleges such as our schools, but they have an embryonic "faculty," consisting of women tutors and lecturers. The girls, however, largely attend the university lectures, and have tutors from the dons of the university. At Cambridge, Newnham and Girton are more fully organized and are analogous to the American girls' college.

The English girls are good students, and are usually "sharks" in some particular line. They are more uniformly athletic than American girls, though less strenuously so. At Oxford they have innumerable clubs; in place of basket-ball they play hockey. At a match game the conduct of the supporters is essentially dignified; the courteously encouraging "Well played, St. Hugh's!" or "Well played, Somerville!" contrasted strongly in my mind with a certain memorable field-day basket-ball game at Holyoke, when the partisans at each end of the rink leaped three feet into the air and emitted aboriginal yells.

American girls, familiar at home with undergraduate life, ordinarily prefer not to affiliate themselves with the halls at Oxford, but board and lodge in the town. They are granted more privileges than the English girls, as a concession, perhaps, to their independence, and in recognition of their previous college training. The women are never

Digitized by Google

treated with indignity by students; they often meet with special consideration and courtesy on the part of the dons.

It will be seen from the foregoing that with the exercise of that "eternal vigilance which is the price of liberty," an American graduate student can do really advanced work at an English university, with satisfaction to himself. But it will be admitted necessary on the part of each student to go with a very definite idea of the work he wishes to do. It is not enough for one to say he will study English constitutional history, or the classics; he must have in mind a certain sharply-limited period, a particular event or condition for research, some one classic to study. The American girl graduate will not usually find it profitable to go to Oxford or Cambridge immediately after graduation; at all events she should not go then unless accompanied by an older and experienced student. A year or two of teaching or advanced work previous to foreign study is in all cases desirable. If one should ask, therefore, "Would not the American graduate accomplish more in definite scientific work at an American university?" it would be necessary to reply in the affirmative. But if one should further ask, "Is there any reason, then, why Americans should go to the English universities?" it would be equally necessary to admit that there is such a reason. Granted that under the right conditions really valuable work can be done, there is still an added consideration.

Americans are so practical that the virtue becomes a fault. Yet, by a paradox, they are also most susceptible to atmosphere, to sentiment, to the ideal. In Westminster Abbey we saw a huge bunch of roses on the slab marking Browning's grave. A passing Englishwoman exclaimed—with a mixture of wonder, amusement, and apology in her tone,—"Some American must have put that there!" One was obliged to admit the truth of the statement. Yet probably in our most exalted states, whether inspired by a poet's grave, or our Stratford Mecca, or the memorial to the martyred bishops in Oxford, we have a mean, subconscious feeling that this is not practical, is not good to live with. But the ideal is ultimately the most practical. It is good, therefore, for one to come from ready-made America—with all it holds we could not live

Digitized by Google

without—to Oxford with its infinity of associations, its atmosphere surcharged with scholastic learning, traditions, culture. To attend lectures in old halls, highly wainscoted, emblazoned with escutcheons, the party-colored light falling through mullioned windows, is not without value. Even Stubbs—here, as at Holyoke, an authority—acquires a romantic interest. The Poetics of Aristotle express here a more perfect harmony. The development of English liberties becomes a living drama, for was it not here that Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were burned?—and in these old colleges Charles found a last refuge, gathering about him his ever-loyal Oxonians, soon to yield to Cromwell, who shot his captured spies against the old city wall running by the gardens of Merton and New, while his men smashed old windows and pilfered brasses from the chapels. Here came the great Duchess of Marlborough holding her levees before going to court, and inspiring her redoubtable husband to new deeds of valor. Along this walk Addison strolled, from that window Wycliffe gazed. There Dr. Johnson studied; perhaps from this old hostelry the "clerk of Oxenford" led his horse "lene as is a rake"; and well you know, when you enter the Bodleian, that here came Charles Lamb in the vacation, to turn over the old volumes and mourn his loss of the "sweet fruits of academic institution."

In the spring especially, when the ivy on the walls puts forth a fresh green, and the ancient gardens bloom; when the gayly-adorned punts of the undergraduates choke the Cher; when if you walk to Iffley along the towpath, where Drysdale ran cheering Tom Brown, you may see the eights practicing for the great races, and then get tea in some quaint cottage, coming back through green fields with the towers of Oxford in the distance,—at this time, surely, no American questions the value of a pilgrimage *outre mer,* and a year's sojourn in the oldest university town in England.

Moreover, in Oxford is a concentration of the ideas, manners, and customs which have dominated England, and are dominating it to-day. And the American, not handicapped by a foreign language and totally different race view-point, may here come into direct contact with a people whom it is well for Americans to understand; for, however much

Digitized by Google

desired by some or deplored by others, an evolution of events is daily forcing these two nations into closer relations.

—Harriet Rice Congdon, '98.

Note.—All the work of women at Oxford is supervised by the Association for the Higher Education of Women. It is not necessary to be connected with this in order to attend lectures or get a tutor; but it is usually advisable to join. The Principal is Mrs. A. H. Johnson, 8 Merton Street; the Secretary, Miss Rogers, 39 Museum Road.

MY VALENTINE.

Little maid in the lilac gown,
  High-heeled slippers and dainty lace,
Merry, laughing eyes of brown,
  Bewitching dimple and fair young face,
If I were a youth of the long ago
  I 'd glide with you through the solemn grace
    And the stately step
    Of the minuet.
Would you answer my question by yes or no?
  Would your answering glance be a smile or frown,
If I were a youth of the long ago,
  Fair little maid in the lilac gown?

Little maid in the lilac gown,
  A bunch of violets on your breast,
From your golden frame you 're smiling down
  As if you would speak. Hair quaintly dressed—
You were my grandmother years ago—
  Never a woe on your heart impressed
    In the misty haze
    Of the olden days.

Digitized by Google

Tell me, tell me, grandmother mine!
If I were a youth of ancient renown,
Would you be my own sweet valentine,
Dear little maid in the lilac gown?

—Ruth Wheaton Waters, 1904.

INNOCENCE ABROAD ON A BIKE.

My first acquaintance with my bicycle was at 1.45 A. M. in the Waterloo station of London. I had always wanted a wheel, but had long since settled down to the fact that I should have one only when my ship came in. How well I remember the moment when I first became aware that I was the proud possessor of a bike! The scene is still vivid in my mind. We had had a long, dirty, noisy, tiresome ride through the black night from South Hampton to London. Scarcely had the long hissing train stopped with a jerk, when some malicious wretch turned out every light in that big barny station save one flickering jet. I bethought me of the old saying, "How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world." The porters vanished with the lights. The passengers were left to tumble out of the cars and to search in the luggage vans for their property in the ghostly twilight. Many a muttered execration I heard from the desperate travelers.

After fifteen or twenty minutes of suspense, I saw my uncle emerge, dragging a trunk triumphantly behind him down the long station platform to our waiting 'bus. Then my doctor cousin, a stout, good-natured man of sixty years, came puffing and panting with another. It was no slight matter to identify and capture the twenty-four pieces of luggage belonging to our party. Precisely at 1.45 o'clock, as I have said, as I sat on the edge of a trunk just outside the station trying to keep awake and to make myself believe that this deserted, foggy, smelly

Digitized by Google

town, on which the drizzling rain fell with dismal effect, was London,—just then I beheld the doctor and my uncle, one pushing, the other pulling, the last piece of missing luggage, containing two bicycles, one for my aunt, the other for myself—brought all the way from dear old Boston as a surprise for me, a would-be partner of my future joys, a supposable helpmeet. Here my bicycle experiences began.

I had come to Europe to travel with my aunt, a maidenly lady of fifty summers. The plan sounded alluring; we were to take a bicycling trip through England, Scotland, Wales, and the following spring, through Italy and Switzerland. After three weeks of gayety in London, during which our bicycles were stowed away in the hotel, forgotten, my uncle's family left us and my aunt and I started on our travels. In the course of a couple of weeks we found ourselves at the very end of England, in Cornish Penzance. We stayed a Sabbath there and were enchanted with the place. I bethought me of the deserted bicycles and despatched a telegram to London to send the machines to Penzance by fast freight. My account book tells me we each paid eleven shillings fourpence ha'penny for the transportation. To get the crate open and put the saddles on the wheels I had to purchase a screw-driver for sixpence. I speedily discovered that I did n't know much about bicycles, for it took me two or three days to put them together properly or otherwise.

My aunt had never ridden a bicycle; I knew how. A lad of seventeen was procured to give her lessons. She was confident she could learn to ride in about ten minutes, for had she not ridden donkeys in Egypt and Palestine with marked success? Surely riding a bicycle was much easier. Besides it was just about the same motion! During her first lesson she fell and cut her ankle to the bone and there was an end to her riding for several days.

We stayed about Penzance, having a charming time walking, coaching, botanizing,—waiting for my aunt's courage to revive. During the interval I rode full fifteen miles. Two or three times she attempted to take a lesson, but always the awful thought of the great distance between the saddle and the ground rose before her eyes and she gave it

Digitized by Google

up. We left Cornwall. Just before leaving I expended four-and-six for a cyclometer. I had visions of writing home of riding my wheel one hundred, two hundred, three hundred miles. Bicycle fare to Plymouth, four shillings threepence, with sixpence for storage over the Sabbath.

We decided to go to Tintagel, the heart of the Arthurian country, and of course our bikes went too. Why should they not ride on the railroad as well as we? Arriving at Camelford, the home of the far-famed Lady of Shalot, we discovered we must coach the brief distance of four miles to Tintagel. It was four o'clock of a pleasant July afternoon. A happy thought struck me. Why not get some good from my bicycle by riding it to Tintagel? The road looked inviting, it was only a short distance, and I could save time and money in not patronizing the stage.

I proposed the scheme to my aunt. She looked horrified. *I*, a young American maiden of twenty-one, to ride off *alone* on a bicycle for *four* long miles over an unknown road, without chaperon or protector. Awful thought! 'T would never do. If she could only ride with me we might do it. Two long hours I sat gazing wistfully at my bike and when at last the stage came the driver refused to take the machines. I begged, I commanded, I *tipped* him, and the bicycles went. I was perched on top of the coach to hold on to the wheels as we rattled up hill and down dale. The moderate sum of two shillings apiece for myself and the bikes was all that that short ride in the sunset hour cost.

Tintagel, with all its romance and beauty, did not enthrall us long, as it was a case of "The wicked flea, when no man pursueth." It was an impossibility for the bike to ride in the smart little rig in which we were to travel to Clovelly. There was nothing for it but that they must ride back by stage to Camelford and there take train to meet us at "the white little town of Bideford."

We went our way, the wheels went theirs, each of us roving over the country at our own sweet will. We met at Chester. Since last we had seen our much traveled bikes they had each spent twenty-one shillings one pence ha'penny. We took a little trip together through Wales

Digitized by Google

and they had the pleasure of seeing Llandudno, Carnarvon Castle, Banjor and Bettys-coed. I was heartless enough to leave them behind when I went up Mount Snowdon. Meanwhile I was pining for a spin.

I suggested to my aunt that we should visit the English Lake country, as I had heard the roads in that region were splendid for bicycling. We were delightfully occupied for two weeks in visiting the homes and haunts of the Lakists, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Kit North, Mrs. Hemans, Ruskin, and Tennyson. Before leaving the Lakes we decided to have a do-nothing day. That was my opportunity. I seized it and ran to the bikes while my aunt was napping after lunch. They were in pathetic condition; so dirty with their long train rides,—all the bright polish worn off, the cyclometer broken, the spokes bent. I worked like a Trojan; I scrubbed and cleaned; I went for a spin. Oh, it was glorious to be a-wheel again! I rode ten miles and came home in fine spirits.

As we were to leave the following day I fell to thinking as to what could be done to preserve the vanishing beauty of those bicycles. Next morning I was up with the birds in pursuance of my scheme. I purchased five yards of unbleached cotton cloth, which I tore into strips and wound round and round all the possible parts of the machines. They were sorry looking sights, strongly resembling veteran soldiers all scarred and bandaged from a campaign in the Boer country. I confess I had to put my pride in my pocket to travel with those two comrades.

'T were long to tell of all our travels together, my bike and I; of train rides and left-luggage rooms, of 'bus rides and dreary hotels. We traveled all through the north and east of Great Britain and came at length to London once more. Six weeks passed rapidly there in the cathedrals, galleries, shops; our day of departure drew on with many final preparations for our continental trip. Again the bicycles came in for a share of our considerations. Baedeker recommended very strongly that all bicyclists going to the continent should join the Cyclists' Touring Club if they would save time, trouble, money, in crossing frontiers. We took his advice. An entire morning was spent in our efforts to find and join the said club. As it was the latter part of Novem-

Digitized by Google

ber we had to pay, in addition to entrance fees, dues for the passing year as well as for the new year.

We were bidden to produce photos of ourselves to be pasted into the pass-books. My aunt was fortunate to possess one which answered the purpose, but I had to undergo the agony of "being taken." We were strongly advised to subscribe to the *Cyclists' Magazine,* to purchase various valuable publications and maps, and it was an absolute necessity to have nickel plates with our names inscribed thereon to fasten to our wheels for identification. My month's allowance was left in large proportion in the grasping hands of the Cyclists' Touring Club; but a grim determination filled my soul to act out the bicycle comedy, which was fast becoming a tragedy, to the bitter end.

My last English experience with those bikes was to buy a patent padlock arrangement for each to prevent my being deprived of them. My aunt's æsthetic senses would not permit her to travel longer in company with wheels swathed from top to bottom in dirty, unbleached cotton bandages; so two days before our departure I strolled out to Regent street and purchased a large roll of heavy, vivid green baize. The remainder of my time was consumed in converting that green baize into stylish traveling jackets for our protégés. It is a dressmaking experience that I do not care to repeat.

I 'll not pause here to tell all that befell us four in gay Paris and France. About Christmas time, sick for sunshine, we left the rain and fog and depression of the north for the charming Italian Riviera. By way of consolation for a three hours' struggle to get our wheels through the custom house of the little Italian frontier town of Ventimiglia, thereby losing the last train, the officials presented me with two massive documents a foot and a half square, relative to the machines. My knowledge of the *dolce lingua Italiana* was limited, so, instead of perusing the documents, I thrust them into a capacious petticoat tourist pocket and speedily forgot them and all the world in a refreshing slumber made possible by the knowledge that my aunt, my bikes, and myself were safely across the Italian frontier.

Immediately on my arrival at Bordighera, not stopping even for

Digitized by Google

lunch, I jumped on my bicycle for the long anticipated ride. I spun along in fine style for three or four miles, my heart thumping with pleasure in being at last a bonafide bicyclist. Suddenly I felt a queer sensation,—something had given way in the rear,—the back tire was punctured! My pleasant sensations evaporated rapidly. Resolved that no permanent disablement should come to that cherished possession, I shouldered it tenderly and trudged home. It seemed to weigh a ton before those four weary miles were traversed. Boots took the machine to the repair shop for me and came back reporting it would cost me forty-five lire (nine dollars). I would not pay any such ridiculously outrageous and swindling price. The repairs must wait until I reached Florence.

Perhaps it was all a part of the same fate, for instead of the warmth and enchanting sunshine of Italian skies, for fourteen days it rained and snowed alternately, incessantly. The tall palms bent their glossy green leaves under the weight of the snow. The luxuriant roses in glorious bloom were frozen to death. The ripe golden oranges and perfumed white blossoms looked limp, shriveled, and disconsolate; while the silvery olives looked cold and cheerless, and I 'm sure I felt so. The smiling blue Mediterranean had lost its sparkle and its opalescent hues. We departed to Florence to get warm.

The Florentine bicycle repairer pronounced the same verdict,—forty-five lire to mend the punctured tire. In deep disgust I stored my wheel and went on my way rejoicing to be relieved of my white elephant. I did not pine for a sight of my bike, in fact I hardly thought of it again until the year rolled round to the time of my return to America. I sent word to the storage company to clean the bicycles, crate them carefully and send them with my other luggage to meet me at the ship in Genoa. I went aboard the "Aller" an hour previous to sailing, and found all my luggage save the bikes. Where could they be? No one could tell. Precisely five minutes before sailing time the agent came panting up the gangway demanding what was to be done with the wheels.

"Why are they not here?" said I sternly. "Signorina, they stand in the custom house and cannot be taken out until you produce the papers given you when you crossed the frontier." There was a sinking feeling

Digitized by Google

in my heart as visions of the desolate little station at Ventimiglia and the impressive documents on cheap paper one foot and a half square floated before my mind's eye. "I threw those away months ago; what shall I do?" "Pay twenty dollars for each bicycle, Signorina." I gasped. At this juncture the ship was loosed from her moorings and we sailed away toward the setting sun.

All the way home, fourteen days on the deep sounding sea, ever and anon I would muse on those bicycles. Could it be possible that I had saved the papers all those months of travel, of incessant unpackings and repackings? I searched my luggage to no purpose, all save a much-needed steamer trunk which had been left behind through a wretched blunder of the same shipping agent. It lacked but two weeks of a year since the memorable afternoon in Ventimiglia. After that the documents would be worthless, so what was the use of my worrying further about the matter? I did n't.

Four months later the belated trunk arrived and, sooth to tell, in it I found the missing documents. Of course they were worthless, but at the prompting of a passing fancy I tucked them safely away in my desk. Spring drew on and the out-of-door world became so attractive that often I would long for a swift ride over the country roads. One morning I posted a letter to Italy containing those dirty, worn, ragged documents with instructions not to send me the bicycles until I knew the exact expense.

In less time than I believed possible for me to hear, I received a notification that a crate of bicycles was in New York awaiting my instructions. My father laughed and said, "Send for them." The bill came to seventeen dollars and fifty cents apiece for transportation, storage, customs, et cetera. When they were unpacked it was found that three tires out of the four were injured beyond repair. They could not be put into ridable shape for less than twenty-five dollars apiece.

They now repose in the cellar,—peace to their ashes! One has been ridden ten miles, the other thirty-five. Shall I venture to tell you how many miles *they* have ridden or how many ducats they have cost me? I dare not tell myself.

Digitized by Google

If loving attention, lavish expenditure, world-wide travels, could make those beloved bikes attractive and cultured, they certainly ought to be. But instead they are a dilapidated, pathetic spectacle; all their glory is departed,—and with it the desire of this Innocent to go abroad with a bike! Take the advice of a long suffering and deeply experienced Innocent, and when you go to "furrin parts" leave your wheel on this side of the sea.

—Frances Leavitt, 1903.

THE PURPOSE OF THE NOVEL.

The worthiness of all things human, provided they fulfill the purpose for which they were created, may be measured with a good degree of accuracy by the worthiness of that purpose, which is the very heart of all reasoning endeavor and achievement. In attempting to reach a decision as to the relative value and importance of the novel in the scale of man's creative efforts, we must, therefore, ask ourselves, first, what is the purpose of the novel? and, second, is that purpose worthy?

Purpose, however, must be distinguished from motive; the one is the reason, the other the cause.* The cause of the writing of "Rasselas," its immediate motive, was Dr. Johnson's urgent need of funds to pay the funeral expenses of his mother; but the reason why, on this occasion, Dr. Johnson wrote "Rasselas," and not a treatise on theology, was the purpose in his mind to set forth the everlasting pursuit of happiness in material prosperity, and its vanity and endless disappointment. The purpose of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the true representation of life in the South; the motive which prompted its writing was the wish to help in the freeing of a wronged and suffering race. Pur-

*Some readers may not agree with the author in her use of the terms, purpose and motive. The board of editors invites for the next Mount Holyoke a discussion of these terms and their use in this article.

Digitized by Google

pose, then, we may conclude, is necessary to any literary effort, while conscious motive may be entirely absent. And as purpose may exist independent of motive, so the worthiness of the purpose does not necessarily depend upon the nobility of the motive. Novels of worthy purpose have been successfully written, although the motive in the author's mind was far from noble.

The purpose of the novel, as I construe it, is twofold: in the first place, to represent life truly, and in the second place, to produce a work of art. Life, however, is a large word, and to limit it somewhat, I may say that this first purpose of the novel is to represent life, as it really is at the present time, or as it really was at some particular time, or as there is reason, in the writer's mind, to hope, or fear, it really may be; thus differing from the purpose of the romance, which, so it represent truly the life which is and always has been and forever will be, cares little whether it is representing the life of to-day, or the life of yesterday, or the life of to-morrow. Mr. Bellamy would doubtless have been much chagrined had the critics referred to "Looking Backward," or to "Equality," as a romance. For he was writing of real life as he believed it was to be, and however romantic and impossible the book may seem to the pessimist, it is, in purpose, a novel of the future. "Monsieur Beaucaire," on the other hand, is, it seems to me, unmistakably a romance, and I wonder if the disparaging criticisms which one hears of it are not the result of a misunderstanding of the purpose of the book. It may be surprising, but it is true, that Mr. Tarkington, although he was born in the latter half of the nineteenth century, was not attempting to write an "historical novel." The truth he was portraying is, alas, an everlasting one; for whether men win their titles by inheritance or royal favor, by wealth or political prestige, by fame in art or in letters, it is as true to-day as in the day of Louis the Fifteenth of France, that, as far as the general public is concerned, "Live men are only jus' names."

Since no one book can represent life in all its manifold and complex phases and relations, therefore each particular novel must have for its purpose, to represent some particular phase, or phases, some special

Digitized by Google

relation, or relations, of life. But as always in confining our consideration of any subject to one special point of view, there is danger, unless that point be the absolute summit of human wisdom,of narrowing our horizon, so the danger of the novelist lies in making too prominent in the landscape of life the features which he would describe. We have seen this done recently, I suppose, in "Unleavened Bread," where a striking character study is forced into the semblance of a novel, and the analytical power of the writer's mind is displayed to great advantage, while in the construction of the plot and the vitalizing of the characters the synthetical power is felt to be lacking. As a true representative of a type of selfishness and blind conceit, Selma deserves to live as an awful example to the rest of mankind, but, for the sake of art, it would be well if she might live as an identity in herself, and separate from the book in which she figures.

For art, the second purpose of the novel, demands proportion, and the true artist strives for this no less zealously than he strives for truth. The first purpose, then, has regard to the subject matter, the second, to the form of the work. No doubt one purpose often overbalances the other; and we have an illustrious example of this fact in the case of Madame Sand and George Eliot, of whom it has been said that "the Frenchwoman was the greater artist; the Englishwoman the greater genius."

The genius and the artist the world over have made life their theme, and life itself would not be what it is to-day were it not for all that has been thought and written by the great and good about it. It is true that there are aspects of life which it is not pleasant to contemplate, and when such aspects are perhaps unduly dwelt upon, it is usually for the sake of the motive of the work, which, we must remember, is not the same thing as the purpose. Looking over the history of literature, and noting that the books which live, from the histories of Thucydides and the biographies of Plutarch to the novels of the nineteenth century, are those which treat of life, the conclusion is inevitable that if life, and life as it really is or has been or perhaps shall be, is not a worthy theme

Digitized by Google

for genius and for art, then the best which has been written in the world may die, and the world lose nothing.

But to treat of life is not the whole purpose of the novel, and, when its subject is chosen, it has still to present that subject in artistic form—to produce a work of art. Beauty makes no small part of the world's happiness, and, indeed, of its goodness, and art, man's attempt to eke out the failures and the half-successes of nature, is no small part of the world's beauty. The novel, in its second purpose, aims at nothing lower than contributing its share to the beauty and happiness of the world.

To represent life truly, and to produce a work of art—just in so far as one of these two purposes overbalances the other in any novel, so far does the work fall short of excellence; and just in so far as the two are harmoniously blended, so near does the work approach to an excellence as wide and comprehensive as may be found in the world of art and letters.

—Helen L. Willcox, 1905.

A VALENTINE.

I loved thee in the tender spring,
When birds their hearts' enthrallment told;
Yet though all nature seemed to sing,
My love I never dared unfold.

In languorous lull of summer's day
I dreamed, and nature's ardent glow
Beside my love seemed cold and gray;
And yet I could not tell thee so.

Digitized by Google

When autumn drew an azure veil
  Across the blushing hills, and bade
The winds to whisper love's sweet tale,
  I heard, but still in silence sad.

But now, when nature's heart is cold,
  The day of good Saint Valentine
Has come, and in his name I 'm bold
  To say, "Dear Love, my heart is thine."

—R. K. K., 1902.

THE ARREST OF ELEANOR.

Mrs. Reddington sank wearily down upon a high-backed settle on the eastern portico of Mount Vernon.

"Yes," she said to the attentive guide who stood beside her, "my niece there—the tall one—is indirectly, yes, almost directly, descended from Nellie Custis, and of course she 'll want to spend about an hour sight-seeing in every single room of this mansion. You need n't trouble, sir, to stay and describe this Potomac view to me. I 've got to get some rest somewhere, and I 'll stay out here and rest, and look for myself."

Poor Mrs. Reddington had patiently followed many a weary mile, in the past, sharing her enthusiastic niece's explorations, till she could summon but a languid interest nowadays, even in such a fascinating historical object as this former home of General Washington.

Just inside the broad door leading from the portico to the spacious corridor stood Eleanor Lee, explaining, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, to her Cousin Virginia, the sacred charm for her in the old harpsichord that really had been Nellie Custis's own, and in the faded specimens of that same young maiden's handiwork in embroidery.

Eleanor's special passion, since her Colonial History course and historical research at college, had been in following out for herself every

Digitized by Google

historic suggestion or association that came across her path in the course of her frequent little tours of sight-seeing with her aunt and cousin. Even the guard of the corridor, long accustomed to hearing every variety of comment and distorted historical information from those who came to see, and gratuitously dispensed wisdom as they saw, listened with quiet deference and respect while Eleanor lucidly recounted to her cousin the true facts in the puzzling connection of the Custises and the Lees with the house of Washington.

Virginia could hardly be said to share either the reverent appreciation of her older cousin for the quaint furnishings of the music-room and other apartments, or her pride in such an honorable ancestry; she had caught sight, through the vista made by two opposite doors of the dining-room, of another guard, who appeared in the distance younger and even more prepossessing than theirs at present. As Eleanor stepped away to look once more at the huge key of the Bastille, presented by Lafayette, Virginia turned hastily and accosted the man near her with the question: "Is that young man out there some descendant of the family, or is he a guard, too?"

"Yes, miss; that is,—he 's both, really; he belongs some way to the John Parke Custis family, and just now he 's substituting here as guard in place of his cousin who 's sick. The cousin is the regular guard, and this one won't be here long, probably."

"Ah, Nell! do you hear that?" called Virginia softly. "There 's a man here who 's a grandson, or something, of *John* Custis—is n't that Nellie Custis's brother? Would n't it be fun if——"

"Never mind," interrupted Eleanor. "I knew one of Mr. John Custis's descendants once, and he was n't so interesting after all. Come on now, upstairs."

Nearly an hour and a half later the girls came downstairs, and Virginia declared herself entirely ready to share the lunch that Mrs. Reddington proposed they should take down to the summerhouse by the riverside. Eleanor ate with an abstracted air, and her thoughts were plainly of something other than the fair sunny expanse of lawn and glancing water before them. "I *must* see the things themselves in

Digitized by Google

Nellie Custis's room," she was telling herself. "The idea of having those hateful little iron gates across every doorway! padlocked, too, and the guard up there says they are never allowed to unlock them for any visitor. I 've a good mind to tell him I 'm a lineal descendant of the lady; probably he would n't unlock it anyway then, for fear I 'd be all the more likely to try to carry off some of the 'original belongings.' Oh dear, though! some of her own set of books are in there, and two or three letters of hers to her lover, on the mantelpiece,—the guide book says so, and I saw them from the doorway."

The lunch finished, Mrs. Reddington followed the girls down the long slope towards the Old Tomb and the New Tomb of Washington and his wife. Eleanor soon excused herself, however, and hastened back towards the Mansion, determination on her face and in her heart.

"I *will* see those things for myself. I don't want to steal any of their precious relics, but if anybody ever had a right to handle those books and letters I surely have. The guards are gone to lunch, some of them. I 'll make a chance, some way."

The lower corridor was empty as she passed noiselessly through it and up the staircase to the room on the second floor. The iron gateway reached within eight inches of the doorsill at the bottom and came up as high as her chest.

"I 'm not so thin as I used to be," she reflected ruefully, "so I can't crawl under."

There was no one in sight; Eleanor's pointed shoe-tips fitted easily into the interstices of the ironwork, and her gymnasium training of other days stood her in good stead now. Two minutes later she was reading one of the notes that brought her fascinating ancestor back from the far-away past, and sent a thrill of interest if not of sympathy through the modern Eleanor who was perusing it.

"Pardon me, madam," broke in a courteous voice at her back, "but really,—I 'm afraid I shall have to arrest you,—for—for trespass, you know." He was trying the padlock as he spoke, and found it still firmly snapped. "May I ask how you got in there, please?"

Eleanor whirled around to confront the intruder with wrathful

Digitized by Google

dignity; she turned first scarlet, then white, and hastily dropped the interesting little love letter. This then was that descendant of John Parke Custis whom she used to know, and whom she had ceased to know two years before. She found herself unaccountably trembling and chagrined, for it was rather unexpected, this meeting,—the first time she had seen him since one morning soon after her graduation; then she had declined to agree with his plan that they should now follow out her beloved history work together, although it was so congenial to both of them and each could claim this same fair Miss Custis for an ancestor. The next day she had started East with her aunt, trying to satisfy a strange questioning within her by the assurance that she was n't ready yet to have anything to do with any man, however interesting he might be from a historical standpoint. In the fall, when she returned, Robert was gone abroad, and she assured herself again that her not missing his absence—not so very much—was proof that she had answered him in the only right way.

And now he was before her again, half-amused, half-embarrassed at first, then with a swift start against the gateway as he recognized her.

"You know why I 'm in here"—she tried to rally her usual gayety and naturalness of voice—"it 's Nellie Custis's room, of course. But if you arrest me, where are you going to put me?" she concluded, half-defiantly, yet half-piteously.

"This room seems right well ironed and barred," he rejoined, calm again now. "Indeed, I think you would be an added attraction to exhibit along with the room. A real, living relative of Miss Custis, you see,—who is especially well informed as to all her ancestors and all the contemporary personages and events,—O Nell, just let me lift you out in my arms! Quick! there 's a big party downstairs now; they 'll be up here in two or three minutes."

Eleanor walked demurely over to the gateway. "Oh, don't try, now!" she pleaded, an instant later; "run for a stepladder or a chair, please. I weigh a hundred and forty, now."

—Bertha E. Sprague, 1905.

Digitized by Google

STERN REALITY.

"Miss Alice, I understand that this is your last year at college; may I ask what are your plans for next year?"

They had just come in from supper and were standing for a moment before the open fire. At the question of Dr. Leonard, Alice, with a smile of pleasant anticipation, looked up into the face of the gentleman who was to lecture that evening at the Hall.

"Certainly, Dr. Leonard, I am glad to tell you my ambitions. I wish to teach next year in the lower grades."

"Indeed! That is good; I am very much pleased with your choice. Do you intend to study at a normal school after your graduation?"

The interest in Dr. Leonard's face encouraged Alice. "No, I do not,—that is, for the present. As for experience, Dr. Leonard, don't you think that my two small brothers have unconsciously been giving me a very good training for my chosen work?"

Dr. Leonard smiled as a few recollection of the "two small brothers" came to his mind. "From what I have seen in your home, I should say that John and Harold are doing their part. You surely know whereof you speak, Miss Alice, and I shall be very much interested in your success as a teacher."

"Pardon me, Doctor, but the carriage is waiting and I think perhaps we had better go now." Mrs. Dickerman stood in the doorway as she spoke, hastily pulling on her gloves.

"Alice, we 'll leave you and Grandma as sole possessors to-night. I hope the boys will be good and you 'll have no trouble." Mrs. Dickerman bent and kissed the "two small brothers" as they came running up and threw themselves into her arms.

"John and Harold, I 'm going over to the Hall to hear Dr. Leonard speak and Alice is going to stay with you to-night. I know you 'll be good boys and help all you can."

"Yep, we will," came the comforting reply as they rushed off to

Digitized by Google

start the "Saxonia" across the dish pan Atlantic on her fifteenth trip since supper.

As the door closed after Mrs. Dickerman and Dr. Leonard had gone out, Alice went back into the parlor, where she stood looking into the fire and musing for a long time. She felt a pleasant thrill in thinking of the encouraging words which the Doctor had spoken. "I think I *have* chosen rightly and I 'm so glad I talked with him about it, for he is so interested in that work. I know he has a very high ideal for a teacher of children and I 'd like to meet his approval. . . . Now for the boys,—I do hope John will be good to-night." She walked slowly into the other room where the two children sat on the floor busily engaged in their play. John Long Dickerman, Jr., aged six, looked up at Alice and then down, as with determined zeal he started the "Saxonia" upon her twentieth trip. John Long Dickerman, Jr., knew what it meant when the "biggest finger" on the big clock was pointing straight down and the little finger was near it on the other side. John loved Alice, but he *did n't* love to go to bed, so he said nothing but thought much as with skillful hand he guided the "Saxonia" over the tumultuous sea. Harold was eight. He, too, knew why Alice had come into the room when the "big finger" was pointing down.

"Come, boys, just see where the hand is! Come and see who 'll be ready to tumble into bed first, and, if you hurry fast, I 'll read about the Indian boy to-night."

"Alice, I wish I did n't ever go to bed, but I s'pose I must. When I get big as Papa I never will. But if you 'll truly read about Red Feather, I guess I 'll get into bed as quick as I can." Without a backward glance at the beautiful ship, Harold dashed through the door, through the hall and upstairs. Soon the quick tumble of boots proved to Alice that the Indian boy was strong in its attractions.

"John, Harold has gone already; come on quick and see if you can beat him. I almost think you can."

"I don't want to go to bed now. Just let me take the 'Saxonia' to Liverpool ten more times."

"John, I 'd like to, but you know what Mamma says,—that when

Digitized by Google

she asks us to do a thing, we must do it quickly and not ask any questions. Just think, you 'll have all day to-morrow for play. Please come with me now like a good boy."

"No,—I don't want to; I 've *got* to play with my 'Saxonia' and I 'm not going to bed till Mamma comes home."

"John, you must come now; I cannot wait any longer."

"I *shan't* come." John looked determined. Alice stood for a moment in hesitation. On went the "Saxonia" guided by its silent pilot.

Harold, in gleeful triumph, was by this time at the top of the stairs. "Come on, Alice, I 'm all ready."

"John, John, you are n't good to-night. Harold is all ready for the story and I 'm going now. Are you coming?"

An ominous silence, broken only by the ticking of the clock as the "big finger" kept on its journey. Alice turned and went upstairs with Harold, who was soon snugly tucked in bed, listening with sparkling eyes to his favorite story. As Alice was reading the last adventure of Red Feather a little stir on the bed beside her made her look up suddenly—John—yes—John was stealthily creeping up on the bed. Could it be that he was penitent? No, not yet.

"I 'm going to hear the story first before I go to bed."

"No, John, to bed first and then you can hear only the last part of the story."

"I 'm going to hear the story now."

"No, John, you are not."

John began to kick vigorously against the foot of the bed. Alice quietly stooped and, lifting him, carried him to the large old-fashioned closet in the room and firmly closed the door. This method usually brought John to terms, but Alice sighed as she turned away, for she knew she had rather be imprisoned for a whole day than imprison him for one minute.

"John, when you are good again you may come out."

"Well, I *will* come out and I shan't ever be good in the world, and I 'll scream and pound the door just every minute until my mother

Digitized by Google

comes." And scream he did. The older sister walked slowly across the room and picked up the unfinished story. Harold listened in rapturous contentment until the end. As Alice bent down to kiss him good-night a voice came from the closet. "I want to come out."

Alice looked up hopefully and turned toward the prison door. "Will you be good?"

"I want to come out."

"Will you be good, John?"

"Perhaps I will."

"You can't come till you say *surely* that you 'll be a very good boy."

Silence! Alice waited. Harold slept,—the clock ticked on.

A long silence! A smile stole over Alice's face as she saw so plainly the struggle that was going on in the mind of the "small brother."

"I want to come out." Alice smiled again and drew a long breath, for the tone of the little prisoner had changed and she knew how the struggle had ended.

"Will you be very good?"

"I guess I will." The voice was low and meek.

"Are you sure you will?"

"Yes."

The door was opened, a demure little fellow stepped out and lifted up his tear-stained face to be kissed, then began to untie his shoes.

In a few minutes the one small brother was reposing beside the other in bed and Alice with a happy sigh of relief started downstairs. Scarcely had she reached the last stair when a voice from the room above recalled her.

"Alice, please come up here a minute; Johnnie 's troubling me."

Alice went back upstairs. John was nowhere to be seen, but Harold was sitting up in bed with a most distressed expression on his face.

"Alice, Johnnie is n't so naughty now as he was in the closet, but I 'm trying to go to sleep and he keeps both'ring me *orful*. He keeps saying over about

'Dr. Foster went to Gloucester
In a shower of rain,'

Digitized by Google

just on purpose so I can't go to sleep,"—here an irrepressible gurgle of laughter from the mysterious depths of some pillows. The humor of the situation was plainly evident even to the tired seeker of dreams. Alice, vainly trying to hide her smile, took up Mr. John and led the little gentleman into the other room where he was put into his mother's bed. The good-night kiss and "Sweet dreams" were repeated and again Alice descended the stairs just as the door opened and Mr. and Mrs. Dickerman entered with Dr. Leonard.

"Well, Alice, have you had a good time over that interesting book?" said the father, but the mother asked, "Were the boys good?"

Alice tried to meet the searching and loving eyes of her mother with an innocent expression as she replied, "Harold was splendid, and John,—well, he might have been lots worse," but there was a big question mark in her mind as she spoke the last words.

"On the way home from the Hall, we have been speaking of you and your plans for next year. In fact, I am very much interested and hope you 'll be very successful in the work you have chosen," said the Doctor.

Alice looked up pleasantly. "I am glad I told you my plans since you were so interested in them. I *think* I will do as I plan, but I am not *sure,* of course."

"Why, Alice, is n't that John's voice? We must have wakened him when we came in. I think he is calling you."

At the words of her mother, Alice looked up quickly and then sped up to the head of the stairs where a little white-robed figure stood waiting for her.

"What is it, darling?"

John quickly put his arms around her neck.

"Alice,—I 'll forgive—you."

"Forgive *me,* dear. Why, John! What do you mean? don't you mean something else?"

"Well—perhaps—I guess—yes, I guess I mean, will you forgive me? I 'll never be naughty ever again, and I love you orfully much!"

—Florence A. Cowell, 1903.

Digitized by Google

QUATRAIN.

In the purple shades of sunset
Faintly shines one tiny light,
Almost lost amid the splendor
Of God's beautiful Good-night.

—A. M. K., 1904.

THE PASSING OF LINCOLN.

At the close of the civil war, in the spring of 1865, I was in Springfield, Illinois, acting as clerk for my brother, a captain in the regular army, when word came to headquarters that there was a plot on foot to liberate the rebel prisoners on Johnson's Island in Lake Erie. Several times I had carried important documents and letters to Washington, and again I was ordered to be prepared to leave without delay with dispatches for the President.

On the fourteenth of April I left Springfield with my traveling bag half filled with papers for Mr. Lincoln—official documents and personal letters from old friends like Mr. Cheenery, Mr. Condell and Mr. Irving, who never missed an opportunity to send good wishes to the White House. My trip was uneventful save for the fact that I had an unknown traveling companion who for the first part of the ride kept close watch over my movements, even going so far as to sit opposite me in the car and to take the opposite berth in the sleeper. At Toledo he left the train, and it was not until long afterwards that I discovered he was an armed detective sent to guard me in case an attempt was made to rob me of my papers.

It was after five o'clock of the following afternoon when I reached Washington, and after going to my hotel for dinner I drove directly to

Digitized by Google

the White House where, by showing my pass from Springfield, I readily gained admittance to the office of the President.

Mr. Lincoln greeted me in his customary friendly manner and, motioning me to a chair, broke the seals of the dispatches and, after looking them over carefully and asking a few questions, deposited them in his silk hat, which was turned upside down on the table. This done he turned to me in his kindly, genial way with questions about Springfield. Springfield was his home and the home of his friends, and every bit of news or gossip was of interest to him. I remember repeating, in the course of our conversation, a remark of Mr. Cheenery's which set him off into peals of laughter and launched him upon one of his delightful stories about this old Democratic friend. He was in splendid spirits and it was about seven o'clock when I left, having been with him nearly half an hour. I was to go back to the White House in the morning to get his reply to the dispatches—but when morning came I was hurrying back to Springfield.

On my way to the White House I had purchased, in the lobby of the hotel, a ticket for the evening performance at Ford's theater, but on going back I met an acquaintance who asked me to join him later in the evening at Grover's. As I knew nothing of either play I was indifferent as to which one I saw, and for the sake of companionship accepted the invitation. I have among my old papers a bit of pasteboard which would have procured admittance to the most terrible tragedy ever acted in America, but which, thank God, I did not see. It was during the last act at Grover's that the intelligence of Lincoln's assassination reached the theater. Without, in the streets, there was a tumult steadily increasing in volume; in a few minutes the theater was in a panic. I soon found that the rumor was only too true, and, after I had learned the facts of the crime, knew that my presence would be wanted in Springfield, and accordingly made my way, as well as I could, toward the railway station. The streets were lined with a mob of howling people,—men, women, and children,—weeping, cursing, praying. The bells were tolling; everywhere the wildest confusion reigned. Guards and mounted police were galloping up and down the streets; police were

Digitized by Google

circled about the railway stations; every individual was questioned and searched and watched. No trains left the city that night; it was after ten o'clock on the following morning when the first train pulled out from Washington.

I shall never forget that ride; I thought then that it would never end. It was soon found out that I had just left the capital, and all I could do was to repeat again and again the story of the assassination. Just below Pittsburg the engineer sent for me to ride on the cab with him, and when I told him the few facts I knew the tears streamed down his face and he was so overcome by emotion that he had to ask to be relieved from duty. There was something about this President which touched the hearts of all manner of men. The farther west we went, the stronger was the feeling, the more intense the excitement.

We pulled into the Springfield station at midnight—about two hours late. My brother, haggard and troubled, met me in silence at the train, but his hand clasp said much and his eyes were filled with tears; the young captain had a very tender memory of the great President. He dragged me through the crowd at the station and pushed me into a carriage.

"Drive to the Cheenery House as fast as you can," he shouted as he sprang in and slammed the door. The Cheenery House! Ah, that was where they gathered around Mr. Lincoln as he sat with his hands in his pockets and his chair tipped back against the house and "swapped" yarns with the boys. Mr. Lincoln—"Old Abe"——

Our horse was suddenly thrown back on its haunches and the carriage stopped. We thrust our heads from the windows—a mob filled the street; the body of a man was dangling from a lamp-post. David shouted a command and jumped from the carriage.

"By whose authority? Who are you?" demanded a gruff voice.

"Captain M——," yelled my brother, slashing at the rope with his sword. "Are there no men here?" he asked as the body fell. I ran to assist him and with the aid of one or two others we placed the man in the carriage and I pressed my traveling flask to his lips.

Digitized by Google

"What was the matter with this fellow?" David demanded, standing by the door and still grasping his sword.

"He said it was a good thing Lincoln was shot. Curse him!" yelled one of the men making a dash for the carriage.

David did not reply. He climbed up beside the driver. "To the guard-house," he said.

After placing the man under guard, my brother again entered the carriage.

"Ah, Bruce, that was a narrow escape," he said and his hand trembled as he mopped his face with his handkerchief. All day the soldiers had gone through this sort of thing.

Upon alighting at the Cheenery House we were met by the two sons of old Mr. Cheenery. "Father is waiting," they told me; "he will not go to bed until he has seen you."

I went at once to his room. He was an old man, past seventy, and the shock had told on him. His face was pale and drawn and his hands trembled as he grasped mine and pushed me into a chair. We sat there and talked until daylight. When I rose to go he put his hand on my arm and with great tears rolling down his cheeks, said, "My boy, you have something to remember as long as you live; you gave to Abraham Lincoln the last letters he had from home." As I closed the door the hard old Democrat buried his white head in his arms and sobbed like a child.

Those were bad days in Springfield. The funeral train was followed by thousands of crooks and pickpockets from Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and all the cities along its line and after them came detectives. From miles on all sides of the city people poured into Springfield, and churches, schoolhouses and offices were thrown open to the visitors; people slept in wagons in the street; it was a perfect Eden for thieves. The police were active, and I remember standing near a Chicago detective when he placed his hand on the shoulder of a man in front of him. "You had better come with me," he insisted gently.

The man wheeled and his face fell, then he tried bribery. "Give

Digitized by Google

me just a couple of hours in this crowd, Mr. Manley," he pleaded, "and I will make you a handsome present." But he was hurried away; thieves were not caught stealing, they were arrested on sight.

In the Springfield State House, in the heart of the city, the body of President Lincoln lay in state for two days. Iron chains were stretched in the streets to keep back the crowd. For two days a solid mass of humanity in a line over a mile long waited in front of the State House, marched slowly through its corridors past the flag-draped bier and out by another door. Army officers stood guard over the body. Among them I remember three young captains who had recently received their commissions—my brother, Captain David M——, Captain Sam Sumner, now brigadier-general in the United States army, and Captain Harry Egbert, who as Major Egbert met death in the Philippines during the Spanish war.

There was a little knoll overlooking the city near the center of Springfield and there the townspeople placed the vault. But Mrs. Lincoln would have it otherwise, and on a hot and dusty afternoon all that was mortal of the nation's chief was carried to his last resting place in Oak Ridge cemetery, where, amid the sobs of a multitude, a final salute was fired over the grave of Abraham Lincoln—martyr, hero, man.

—Rosetta Schuyler Montgomery, 1903.

IN SHORT.

The Awakening of Louise.

Never through all the length of Louise's six years had she seen such a delightful opportunity for mischief. Mamma was going out for the evening. Not that this in itself was so very rare, but attendant circumstances were certainly out of the ordinary. Usually when mamma departed it meant an extra early bedtime and bedtime at best always came at an early hour. But even mamma's strict ideas could scarcely decree bed at six o'clock, and, left alone with papa, Louise trusted to her powers of suasion, hitherto

Digitized by Google

generally successful. So she lay in a little ball before the library fire, planning future mischief. The room was in dusky gloaming, faintly reddened with fire glow; and there was no sound save an occasional distant echo from other rooms.

The fireplace generally brought to Louise most of her mischief-ideas. In it she saw imps and elves and beautiful white-robed, gauzy fairies who acted out suggestions for mischief. But to-night no fire dweller showed himself; only little gold flames played back and forth with each other in front and big blue ones struggled chimneyward behind. The gold ones were just turning into elves and the big blue ones were beginning to look like imps, when the door opened and papa came in. Louise sprang up with a cry of delight. Papa was the best of companions. When imps and elves and fays persistently stayed away, he could recite wonderful poems and tell breathless tales of magic charms and fiery dragons and enchanted princesses. He could plan, too, even better than Louise. When all fun failed completely, papa always had delightful schemes that never went awry. So when papa sat down in the big Morris chair in front of the fire, Louise perched herself upon his knee to question.

"Come on, papa, let 's have some new kind o' fun."

"H'm—new fun;—that 's rather hard. Oh, I have it! How would it do to surprise some one; your mother, say?"

Louise looked doubtful. Faith in papa's power and insight almost grew weak.

"Oh! you could n't, papa! She 's never 'tall surprised at anything I do."

"Well, I know when she would be, though."

"Honest true, black and blue?"

"Honest true, black *and* blue," repeated papa, with such sure conviction that Louise's faith revived.

"Tell me what! Tell me what!" she shouted.

"'Sh! Not so loud. We don't want your mother to hear," he whispered. "We 'll have to hurry or you can't do it; but I 'll help you and perhaps we can arrange."

Digitized by Google

"Oh what is it? What is it? We 'll just hurry awful fast. Tell me quick."

"Well, it 's just this. You know what mamma thinks?"

"What?" And Louise's eyes grew big.

"Why, she thinks that when she comes downstairs and comes in here to say good-bye you 'll be here."

"Won't I?"

"Not if we hurry just as fast as we can. You won't be here—you 'll be upstairs in bed."

"M'm'm'm."

"Then mamma 'll come in and she 'll say, 'Why, where is Louise?' and I 'll look around and say, 'That 's so, *where* is she?' Then I 'll say, 'Mary, you 've forgotten—m'm—your handkerchief.' Then she 'll go back upstairs for it and she 'll see you. And she 'll be so surprised. I think she 'll scream.—But you must hurry!"

"Oh, come on, hurry up—hurry up quick! I 'll get all undressed down here, and then you call mamma away while I get all in bed, and then when she goes back—Oh, won't she be surprised! Oh, my!"

After much scrambling and struggling with knots and buttons, Louise found herself actually in bed with mamma apparently unsuspecting. Now her mother was coming upstairs.

"Hush! I 've got to keep awful still."

Now she was at the door.

"Hello! mamma! hello! Did n't expect to see *me* here, did you?"

"What Louise—abed! already? Why I would never have believed it. Tell me, how did it happen?"

Louise told; but as she told somehow the glow seemed to depart, giving place to comprehension of present stern reality. The delight of surprising was all past; through the long dark evening she must lie, prisoner-like, in bed, thinking desperately of the library fire and papa's voice telling tales of magic and enchantment. But with the seductive "might have been," flashed full upon her also the realization that all was of her own choosing; that no one had forced her. She had chosen alone; she must suffer alone. But the philosophy of six years will not

Digitized by Google

endure all and with mamma's departure came tears. Papa reading quietly below heard a small voice.

"Oh, I wish I was up. But it 's all my own fault,—it 's *all* my own fault. There 's no one to blame but me."

—Charlotte E. Farnham, 1904.

TO RUTH.

Out on the hills the cold, fierce winds do blow,
All wint'ry seems, and dull, the sky is gray,
The air is filled with scatt'ring flakes of snow.
Dear heart, my life is dreary, like the day.
But look on me with those sweet eyes of blue,
Tell me it is not all in vain I pray,
Oh, promise me, my darling, to be true!
Ah, that would chase the shadows all away!
For, dearest, all my love is thine alone,
Of thee my waking thoughts, and e'en my dreams.
Oh, tell me now that thou wilt be mine own—
My poor heart, with its aching, bursting seems.
Yes, all the world were bright if this were truth,
If thou loved me as I love thee, my Ruth!

—M. F. C., 1903.

His First Valentine.

"'The rose is red, the violet blue,
The pink is sweet, and so are you.'

"No, that won't do, I am sure. I want something nicer than that for *Her*."

He was a little, timid, nine-year-old boy. For six years he had lived with his grandparents, for his father and mother were dead. A few big books were their only legacy to him, and in these

Digitized by Google

he had read until he almost knew them by heart. He had never been to school, for he was not very strong, and his grandmother had dreaded to send him with all the rough boys of the village. Grandfather Stone had not thought much about it; Paul was to him still a baby, and he let "Mother" do as she liked with "little Nell's boy"; and so he had grown, a happy, lonely little child in a house of old people.

A month before a family had moved into the next house. From his seat at the library window, Paul watched the vans unloaded, forgetting, in the unusual excitement, even his book. Then, while he watched, a carriage drove up, and he saw a tall man lift to the ground a little golden-haired girl. He could plainly see her face, a dimpled, laughing little face. His heart jumped into his mouth; it was love at first sight. He watched her as she danced up the steps and down again carrying packages. How beautiful she was! Then she disappeared into the house, and although he watched longingly for almost an hour, he caught only one glimpse of gold at a window.

For some reason he said nothing to Grandma Stone about the new neighbors; he felt that *She* was too precious a thing to talk about in ordinary conversation. When in the house, thinking about her, he was very bold; presently he would go out and crawl through the hole in the fence and speak to her. But always when he got to the fence his courage failed him. What would she think of him, to come right into her yard, without an introduction or anything? He had read in one of grandma's books, called "Young Ladies' Book of Manners," that a gentleman should *never* speak to a lady without an introduction. He was not quite sure what an introduction was, but, anyway, he had none.

Now he had firmly resolved to do something. To-morrow was Valentine's Day. Grandpa Stone had been speaking, the evening before, of how in his youth the young men had sent valentines to their sweethearts. Immediately Paul determined to do the same. That was why he was sitting at the old-fashioned desk in the library, puzzling what to write.

"'The rose is red, the violet blue,'—

Digitized by Google

"That 's what mine from Cook Sarah said," he murmured to himself. "But I want something all my own for Her. That 's the kind grandpa's were, I know. Let me see. I must say I love her, anyway." He thought deeply some minutes, and then wrote:—

"I love you
Because you are nicer than anyone I ever knew."

"There," he said, "I think that is good, an' it 's true, too. Now I must say something about valentines." This was harder, but at last he finished.

"Your eyes are blue,
Your curly hair is fine.
Will you be my Valentine?"

He read it to himself, very proud of his production, and then copied it carefully. By this time he had become very bold indeed, so, taking the paper, he ran quickly out of the house, into the next yard, and up to the door, her door. He hoped to get safely out of sight before anyone saw him, but, to his great dismay, *She* opened the door the moment he pulled the bell. Without a word he turned, and, with tight-shut eyes, fled down the path.

And now what visions came to him! She had seen him; she would know that her unknown adorer, the sender of the Valentine, was no other than he; perhaps she would come and live with him, and they would be married, and live at Grandpa Stone's, and play together all the time.

Early, very early next morning he began to watch for her. At last his waiting was rewarded; he saw her come out of her back door. Shouting to his grandmother, he rushed to the hole in the fence, his shyness all gone. She came nearer, quickly at first, then slower and slower, as she in turn grew shy.

"Well, will you?" Paul called eagerly, when she was near enough to hear him.

"Ye-es," came the answer bashfully. "Come on over 'n play, won't you?"

Digitized by Google

Gladly he went, his heart singing to itself. She was all he thought she was, and all his dreams were coming true.

—Edith Lillian Smith, 1904.

EDITORIAL

When last year the judges of the Hall of Fame cast their votes for the fifty names which should first be enrolled as representative Americans, the result was of especial interest to those who sought to discover the reasons governing the election. Only twenty-nine having been selected, lists are again this year to be submitted to the judges for a choice of the twenty-one other names, and in view of the widespread interest in the voting it may not be altogether profitless for college women to think a little about those qualities which go to make up the sum of true greatness.

There is nothing so hard to do as to get out of the old ruts of thought, because there is nothing so hard as to see by the eye of faith or of imagination that which no man has ever yet seen in the world of reality. The greatness of a life consists, primarily, not in the number of its acts, nor yet in the breadth of its stage, but in the power of its vision. Every step the world has taken in the line of progress has been an advance into an unexplored country, timorously made and slowly, under the guidance of those discoverers, the rare souls who in all ages have seen beyond their times, and, breaking the bonds of habit, have thought further than the men who stood beside them.

The thought of the one is nevertheless useless unless it advances the thinking of the many. Service is the interpreter of vision. To see the pattern of the unseen and then to draft that pattern into a working model that other men may see and help to rear the temple of the future, this is to be something more than a mystic and a dreamer. To see the fabric of "States yet unborn" and build them into a nation, is

Digitized by Google

to be a Washington or a Jefferson; to see the plan of a campaign yet unfought and fight it, is to be a Grant or a Lee; to catch the vision of a truth yet unwritten and write it, is to be an Emerson or a Longfellow; to see the power of a life as yet unlived and teach that life to realize its possibilities, is to be a Horace Mann or a Mary Lyon. Those who not only have the gift of vision and the power of its realization, but are impelled to service by the desire to secure the highest happiness of the men who live with them and who shall come after them—they are the truly great, leaders in those movements, whether spiritual, social, political, or intellectual, which are continually sweeping the world onward. To the commemoration of such great souls the Hall of Fame is dedicated, a fitting place wherein to pay the honor and reverence due the seers who have passed into a people's memory.

Somewhat notable is the fact that, among the great Americans selected by their countrymen for this honor, there is found no woman's name. Are we then to conclude that no woman has printed her personality so deeply upon the life of America that the immediate years cannot rub it smooth? We should face the question fairly, not letting ourselves, as women, be warped in our judgment, for the issue is not representation in the roll of famous Americans, but the claim of individual greatness to recognition. Yet although none were elected to enrollment on the tablets of the Hall of Fame, the names of certain American women stood on the lists submitted to the judges, and among these Mary Lyon received the highest number of votes. This year our alumnæ are making special efforts to have her name and the work she did brought so forcibly to the minds of those among the judges who have not hitherto recognized her influence upon the life of America, that to her may be given the honor which is her due. President Rankin of Howard University says, "Mary Lyon's name might fittingly have been placed among the honored names on the exterior of the Boston Public Library."

The facts of her life are, or ought to be, not unknown to us; but it is the significance of the life that concerns us and that constitutes her claim to the essential attribute of greatness. Born as she was in 1797, her youth fell upon a time when tradition, particularly in regard to the

Digitized by Google

training and function of woman, held unchallenged sway. That the girl of a century ago was mentally equal to her brother, that she had a right to an equal amount of brain culture, was not scoffed at, but entirely undreamed of by herself and her generation. The woman of eighteen hundred had practically two alternatives, life in the home or life as a teacher of the A B C of knowledge. The woman of to-day when she leaves college or university armed with her degree may choose among a thousand spheres of action, business, politics, reform—all the professions, all the arts, all the sciences lie open to her.

That the past century has marked an emancipation, a complete revolution of the wheel of public opinion, cannot but be admitted; by many, however, Mary Lyon's share in the turning of the wheel is overlooked. A recent writer has said of her, "She was fifty years in advance of her times." Her battle against the traditional non-education of woman is now history, a battle waged with all the tireless patience, the indomitable courage, the fearless clear-sightedness of her heroic soul, with all the wit and graciousness and magnetism of her beautiful womanhood. And the monument that stands to commemorate her victory in the quiet valley where by the work of her hands she vindicated the truth of her visions, is reared not merely in walls of brick and of stone, in beauty of form and color and outward appliance, but, laid on strong foundations of true scholarship, is builded in beauty of life and mind and heart, sending its influence into all the world till every corner of the earth pays tribute to the memory of her who embodied in the actual her vision of the ideal.

Mary Lyon was a born leader, quick to read character and possessed of that rare power of fitting people into the best places and stimulating them to the highest possible endeavor. With an executive ability equaled only by her vision, she saw beyond the bounding circle of her time and looking far down the years founded, in the first chartered institution expressly designed for the higher education of women, often called the "Queen and Mother of Colleges," an institution—to quote her own words—"designed to be furnished with every advantage that the state of education in the country will allow."

Digitized by Google

But her mission was not simply, nor even preëminently, to establish a school, save as that school aided in her greater work, that of accustoming the minds of men to entertain uncombatively the proposition: woman has as inalienable a right as man to the pursuit of knowledge. Now the world holds Mary Lyon's view; colleges and universities have multiplied in this and other lands, colleges founded on the pattern of her work or on the inspiration of the movement she led as pioneer. Founded to progress, Mount Holyoke is to-day one of the centers for the highest education of women; that it has indeed fulfilled her purpose for it is strongly evidenced in the words spoken by President McKinley at the Commencement of the class of Ninety-nine:—

"I count myself most fortunate to-day to look upon the faces of the graduates of this gloriously historic institution, that has done so much for the exaltation of women, and whose influence is felt, not only in Massachusetts, but in every part of our common country. Mount Holyoke is more than sixty years old to-day, and the influence of this institution in molding and shaping the citizens of the nation can never be told."

Not merely in education was Mary Lyon an innovator. At the very beginning of that movement toward coöperation which so distinguishes the economic life of our day, she founded her embryo-college on a coöperative social basis, and nothing more strikingly indicates the originality of her mind and the progressiveness of her thinking than that in the last of the thirties she should plan and put in operation such a system. A seer, a translator of vision into act, Mary Lyon was actuated by the noblest motive, for she lived and strove and accomplished, not for the betterment and blessing of woman only, but through woman for the good of the world.

In an educational age such as this, looking back over the hundred and more years of American history to choose from the company of the nation's great ones those who have served their country most nobly and whose influence most powerfully thrills in her life to-day, it would seem that the judges of the Hall of Fame, rating at its true value the high service of Mary Lyon and having with clear insight questioned her

Digitized by Google

claim to greatness, can hardly fail to acknowledge her as worthy of a place among those Americans who have "served mankind in noble character, in world-wide good," and who "live forevermore."

DEPARTMENT NOTES.

THE LIBRARY.

THE total number of books added to the library from the beginning of the college year to January 20 is 814. Among those of last month are:—

Balfour, Graham. Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. 2 v. 1901.
Scudder, H. E. James Russell Lowell; a biography. 2 v. 1901.
Defoe, Daniel. Romances and narratives. 16 v. 1895-1901.
Molière, J. B. P. Dramatic works; *tr.* by C. H. Wall. 3 v. 1897-1900.
Arabian Nights. Thousand and one nights . . . a translation with notes by E. W. Lane, *ed.* by E. S. Poole. 3 v. 1889.
Hagen. Atlas stellarum variabilium. Ser. 2 and 3. 1899-1900.

Among other new books in the Edwards library are:—

Riis, J. A. The Making of an American. 1901.
Washington, B. T. Up from Slavery; an autobiography. 1901.
Seton, E. Thompson. Lives of the Hunted. 1901.
Hurll, E. M. Murillo. 1901.
Ewing, J. H. Last Words; a final collection of stories. 1898.

The volumes lacking in our set of "Great Educators," and several new volumes of the "International Education Series" have been purchased with other books for the department of pedagogy.

Seventeen additional volumes of the "Künstler-Monographien" series, edited by Knackfuss, have been received, each volume profusely illustrated from the works of the artist represented.

A set of the *Philosophical Magazine*, complete, with the exception of a few out-of-print numbers, from its beginning in 1798, has been ordered from the publishers. This large purchase was made possible by an extra appropriation by the trustees, and will meet a demand keenly felt by the department of physics for a set of a periodical in which the history of the science can be traced.

One of the alumnæ, who wishes her name withheld, has sent the money to

Digitized by Google

buy the "Dictionary of National Biography," edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. This is by far the most valuable dictionary in its field. Careful articles by eminent literary men take the place of the catalogues of names and dates which make up the ordinary biographical dictionary. Sixty-six volumes and three supplementary volumes make up the set, whose purchase was beyond our annual appropriation for books of general reference. It is given in memory of Sarah Chapin, of Springfield, Mass., a fellow student with Mary Lyon. A special book plate has been provided by the donor.

During the vacation electric lighting was introduced into the library, an improvement which is appreciated thoroughly. The green-shaded lights on the tables and desks satisfy the readers, and a few chandeliers give sufficient light for the room and the bookcases.

COLLEGE NOTES.

LECTURES, lectures, and still more lectures seem to have been the programme for the last month. The new term opened well, with an interesting talk by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard on the American Empire. On the following Friday, Professor Wright of Oberlin, who has recently returned from the East, lectured on Asia. Miss Katharine Coman, professor of economics at Wellesley, spoke January 18, on "The Spain of To-day." The last two lectures were illustrated by stereopticon views and were therefore doubly interesting. The Current Events Club was fortunate enough to have present at its regular meeting on Friday, January 17, Mr. Cowles of Connecticut, who gave a brief address concerning some proposed Postal Reforms. On the following Friday, Mr. Fletcher of Amherst gave a Library Talk to an interested audience, in Assembly Hall. The last two lectures of the month were given under the auspices of different departments; on February 3, at 4.30, Dr. Sargent of Boston spoke to the physical culture classes, and on the following Wednesday Professor Clifford Moore of Harvard gave a very interesting lecture under the auspices of the Latin department.

We have been exceedingly fortunate in having had with us, during the month, so many interesting speakers at the Sunday vesper services and Y. W. C. A. meetings. On January 12, Miss Bertha Condé, the Student Secretary of the American Committee of the Y. W. C. A., conducted the services, and the following Sunday Miss Katharine Coman of Wellesley spoke on the Settlement work in New York city. On the evening of the twenty-sixth, Dr. Gutterson

Digitized by Google

gave an address on India, and on the following Sunday the vesper service was conducted by Rev. Judson Smith, D.D., of Boston.

The mid-week prayer meetings have been of unusual interest, and in addition to leaders from the college, several speakers from away have addressed us: On January 9, Miss Bertha Condé; the following Thursday, Rev. Mr. Bishop, of Concord, N. H.; on the Day of Prayer, Rev. Dr. Richards of Plainfield, N. J., and on February 6, Dr. Loba of Evanston, Ill.

The third of the Whiting series of organ recitals was given in Mary Lyon chapel on the afternoon of the fifteenth, and was as much enjoyed as Mr. Hammond's recitals always are. The chapel was unlighted, with the exception of the one lamp at the organ, and the semi-darkness served to render more impressive the grand Wagner selections.

PROGRAMME.

Theme and variations in G major.....(1685-1759) *Handel*

Rigaudon in C minor. (From the collection of airs composed for the band of Louis XIV.).....(1633-1687) *Lulli*

Romanza in F minor.....(1659-1725) *Scarlatti*

Allegretto in D flat major.....(1714-1788) *C. P. E. Bach*

Piece symphonique in C minor,
Melodie in G major, Op. 34,
Daybreak (from the Peer Gynt Suite),
Funeral march in A minor,
..... (1843-) *Grieg*

Introduction to Act 1,
Elsa's entrance to the Cathedral,
Introduction to Act III,
Lohengrin, ...(1813-1886) *Wagner*

Pearsons Hall was "at home" in the gymnasium on the evening of the fourteenth, and all who were so fortunate as to receive invitations reported a delightful time. The floor was covered with canvas, and the bare walls were hidden beneath oriental hangings. Twelve couples from Pearsons went through several figures of the german, then the dancing became general and the floor was crowded with girls enjoying the fine music to the utmost until ten o'clock.

The first Senior dramatics of the year were given in the gymnasium on the evening of February 11. The evening was taken up with two short pieces, "The Lamentable Tragedy of Julius Cæsar," a burlesque with a large cast, in which the acting of Fanny Perkins and Elizabeth Brigham was particularly

Digitized by Google

acceptable, and the farce "A Dramatic Evening," by John Kendrick Bangs, in which Mae Brock, Alice Little, Gertrude Garland, Blanche Hellyar, Elizabeth Gulick, and Helen Broeksmit were the chief figures.

At a meeting of the Students' League held on the thirteenth of January, an important change was made in the matter of giving permissions. Hereafter, standing permission for absence will include absence from college for driving or going to neighboring towns when no recitations are missed. This does not include Sunday, cases where a chaperon is required or a night is spent away from college, nor does it cover the time after six in the evening. Seniors have the privilege of being absent from college from 4.30 Tuesday to 6 P. M. Wednesday, and no student shall leave college, except for shopping in Holyoke, without registration, cards for which have been provided by the League. At the same meeting, Helen Buck, 1905, was elected a member of the executive committee of the League.

Several belated Christmas presents have been received by the different houses, among them a beautiful picture of Watts' "Hope," from Dr. Dole of Greenfield, three books from Mr. and Mrs. Bridgman, a set of Edward Rowland Sill's complete works from the Mount Holyoke Club of Boston, and a beautiful cut glass vase for the guest room from Mrs. Parker, for Wilder. Mead has also received a Christmas box from the Alumnæ Association of Eastern New York, containing four pillows, six books, a Battenberg centerpiece, a Japanese tray and a beautiful carbon copy of Murillo's "Saint Anthony."

And now, at last, "Mid-years" are over, the semester exam. is a thing of the past. Some of us remember them with joy, some with sorrow, all with relief. No more does the fiendish whir of the alarm clock disturb our slumbers at an unearthly hour. The new semester has begun, and with it, new trials and new joys—June is still too far away to cause more than a brief shiver of anticipation.

Digitized by Google

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

On November 9 the Alumnæ Association of Michigan held a very pleasant meeting at the home of Miss E. Candler. There was an interesting discussion of the question of making some provision for retiring teachers of the college, and every member present was decidedly in favor of formulating some plan to this end. Other helpful plans were discussed, and the meeting adjourned for two months.

'68. (Non-graduate) The Press Committee of the Woman's National Sabbath Alliance has examined with care the thirty-three manuscripts received in response to an offer of twenty-five dollars for the best paper upon the reconstruction of the family on a Christian basis; and has awarded the prize to a manuscript entitled "The Pastor's Daughter," written by Anna Stevens Reed of Camden, N. J.

'80. Mary E. (Kimball) Cummings has changed her residence to Danville, Vt., where her husband has been called to the pastorate of the Congregational church.

'89. The Century Company has just published a book entitled "A Frigate's Namesake," written by Alice Balch Abbot.

Ida Galloway is teaching history in a high school in New York city.

Edith Grout visited the college recently.

Marion Hubbard, who has been instructor at Wellesley and was last year made assistant professor in zoölogy, has been given the year for study, which she will take at the University of Chicago.

'93. Emily Beach is teaching in Stratford, Conn.

'94. Frances H. Abbot is teaching English in Greater New York at the Stapleton high school, Staten Island.

'95. (Non-graduate) Mary E. Feustel is teaching German and English literature in the Torrington high school.

'96. Caroline Louise Ransom received in 1897 a fellowship in archæology from the University of Chicago, the first fellowship granted by the university in that department. For nearly two years Miss Ransom has continued her studies in archæology abroad, much of the time at the University of Berlin. During the midwinter vacation this year, which begins in February, Miss Ransom expects to take the journey south to Athens, accompanied

Digitized by Google

by a friend and fellow student, Miss Laura Pesel of Bradford, England. It is their plan to spend several weeks in Greece, with trips to Delphi, Olympia, Argos and Mycene. Among other excursions they have arranged to join Dr. Dörpfeld's party on the "Island Tour," a delightful voyage among the historic islands of the Ægean, visiting Crete and various places of archæological interest, including Troy. From Athens the return journey to Berlin in May will be made by the way of Constantinople and Vienna.

'97. Louise Stephens is spending the year in Minneapolis, Minn.

'98. Alma W. Bissell is at home in Brimfield, Mass.

Bertha Hyde is teaching in the preparatory school, Wells School, Aurora, N. Y.

Kate Niles Morse, who has been given for this year the Mary E. Garrett European fellowship from Bryn Mawr, is now for the winter semester in the University of Berlin. She says in a recent letter, "I find the archæological work here most interesting, so much so, in fact, that I am tempted to neglect my Greek for it." Miss Morse is also expecting to go to Greece for the midwinter vacation, taking a short journey through Italy *en route*. In Athens she will join Miss Ransom and Miss Pesel for the "Island Tour" and other excursions.

'99. Lota Clancy is at home resting at the parsonage, Brimfield, Mass.

Isabel Matson is teaching in Elizabeth College, Charlotte, N. C.

Martha Mohn is teaching in the high school, Palmyra, N. J.

1900. Grace Beach visited college during the last month.

Minnie Crane is teaching Latin and English literature in Denmark, Iowa.

Helen Jackson visited the college in January.

The engagement of Pearl Taber to Mr. J. K. Warner Davenport (Cornell, 1900) of South Hadley Falls was announced in December.

'01. Rose Alden is teaching in Newark, N. J., but is residing at her home, 419 Center street, Orange, N. J.

Marinda Polly Davis, who has but slowly recovered from a severe illness in the hospital at Holyoke, Mass., has returned to her home.

Beth Deyo is teaching in the Presbyterian College for Women, Charlotte, N. C.

Clara Hirst is teaching the first grade in the American missionary school in New Orleans, La.

Elizabeth Potwin is now teaching in Greenwich Academy, Greenwich, Conn.

Florence Rogers visited the college in January.

Digitized by Google

Lavinia Rose is substituting in the English department of the high school, Attleboro, Mass.

Caroline Whipple visited the college during the last month.

MARRIAGES.

'74. Salvage—Davis. At Camden, N. J., December 17, 1901, Rev. Benjamin Jay Salvage and Anna Young Davis.

'95. Albertson—Benedict. At Riverhead, N. Y., December 25, 1901, Mr. Lester Conklin Albertson and Mary Benedict. At home until February 1, 1902, at 502 West 143d street, N. Y.

'89. Casman—Judd. At Springfield, January 16, 1902, Mr. George T. Casman and Annie B. Judd (non-graduate). At home, 849 Main street, Springfield.

'98. French—Mix. At Columbus, Ohio, October 24, 1901, Mr. Henry Richardson French and Gertrude Demorest Mix.

'99. Henretta—Wayave. At Corning, N. Y., August, 1901, Mr. James Henretta and Antoinette Wayave. At home in Kane, Penn.

'01. (Non-graduate) Parker—Rising. At West Pawlet, Vt., October 21, 1901, Mr. Clarence Le Roy Parker and Laura Pratt Rising. At home in Washington, D. C.

'03. (Non-graduate) Cobleigh—Miner. At Lawrence, Mass., December 25, 1901, Mr. Henry Rolfe Cobleigh and Edna Miner. At home after February 1 at 12 Summer street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

BIRTHS.

'98. Mary (Hall) Hunt, December 25, 1901, a son, grandson to Anna (Hood) Hall ('69).

DEATHS.

'40. (Non-graduate) Mrs. Julia P. Clark, widow of Rev. T. J. Clark, December 2, 1901, at Springfield.

'84. (Non-graduate) Emma C. (Hall) Lyman, December 25, 1901.

'93. Hattie (Rich) Perry, November, 1901, at her home in Lowville, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

OTHER COLLEGES.

DURING the past month college circles have rejoiced in the acquisition of two new presidents and mourned the loss of a most valued educational leader. In the death of Horace E. Scudder, former editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Williams has been deprived of an able trustee and Wellesley of a friend who was always faithful.

Williams College could hardly have chosen as successor to Dr. Carter a president more intimately connected with its interests than the Rev. Dr. Henry Hopkins, who was born in Williamstown into the family of the famous Williams president, Mark Hopkins, educated at Williams, granted a doctor's degree by the same institution, and who has been for years one of its trustees.

We quote the following extract from the greeting of Columbia's new president, Dr. Butler, because it seems very applicable to college life as well as the life of the university students whom he is addressing: "What the university means and ought to mean is that it should be the brightest spot in the lives of all of us. It should be abundant in happiness and inspiration. You are here not alone for formal study but for that spirit of modern education, the chiefest product of civilization. You are here to come in contact with the spirit of the sciences and letters, and to carry away that precious possession of knowing how to enjoy leisure, known only to the cultivated and educated man. In the words of Aristotle, 'Work to enjoy leisure.' Enjoy the free play of the human spirit—that is the badge of the educated man. Don't be so self-centered or absorbed in one branch that you lose sight of the others. In a great democratic university such as this we are judged by the measure of our work and accomplishment. We go forward to thoroughness and distinction according to our capabilities. Give something that you yourselves may gain more abundantly."

The fact that the Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association contributes to the support of the schools for classical study in Athens and Rome makes interesting a plan to insure a more adequate support for these and all other American archæological societies. The proposition, made chiefly through the efforts of Dr. Nies of Brooklyn, is to raise a fund of sufficient income to support the several societies when divided among them. The fund will be controlled by the American Archæological Institute, which founded the schools at Athens and Rome and has always retained an active interest in them as well as in the

Digitized by Google

school at Jerusalem. These schools are at present supported largely by the voluntary contributions of about twenty American colleges.

Among the recent gifts to colleges are two from John D. Rockefeller, one of them a promise made to Vassar to double all sums of money to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars that shall be raised before June, 1904. It is stipulated that the money must be used for biological laboratories and residence halls. The other gift is one of seventy-five thousand dollars to Brown for a building to be devoted to social and religious purposes. The building will contain reading and lounging rooms, offices for the college publications, rooms for the musical clubs, a large auditorium and other accessories that make the gift heartily welcome at Brown.

EXCHANGES.

SUCH an accumulation of December and January magazines has been awaiting the editor's perusal since the Christmas vacation that she has been able to read only a small part of the material. Light love stories and sketches of child life seem to be the leading forms of fiction just now, and the latter are becoming more popular from month to month. The merit of these child stories deepens our conviction that the weakness of most college fiction is due to lack of experience. In structure and style these stories far excel the "grown-up" tales beside which they stand, and we can but lay this superiority of form to the reality of the subject-matter. The *Smith Monthly* for December contains especially good child sketches and in the January number is a longer story, "The Painting of the Iliad," of the same character. The magazines of the men's colleges have seemed to hold aloof from these reminiscences, but the January number of the *Williams Literary Monthly* gives us in "Pauline, John, and Henrietta, Confederates," an excellent example of what college men can do in this line.

The *Vassar Miscellany* for December is hardly up to the usual standard of that magazine. The opening essay on "Tennyson's Maud," though inviting no criticism in the matter of treatment, is one of those essays that no one but a college student or a member of a Tennyson club would write. The selection

Digitized by Google

of literary essays for college publications should receive more attention than the editors seem to bestow upon it. A subject may be perfectly suitable for a class essay, and may call for the display of great knowledge and appreciation on the part of the student, and yet be quite unsuited to magazine use. A good test of essay subjects is to ask whether they would be treated in a current magazine. The *Inlander* for January gives us three essays of unquestionable interest, and one of them is distinctly literary. The story, "Cæsar, Fullback," in the same number, is noteworthy for its originality.

The verse of the month is unusually good, and we regret that so few specimens can be given here.

A SONG OF YESTERYEAR.

Lightly the birds sang in the thorn,
  Sweet-voiced and clear.
With gladsomeness they thrilled the morn
  Of yesteryear.

Ah! sweet, sweet was the springtime breath
  Of yesteryear.
It woke a hope of life from death
  And love from fear.

Ah! blue, blue leaned the kindly sky
  Above the mere,
And warm, warm beat a true-love's heart
  Of yesteryear.

Why have you ceased your gladsome tune,
  Song of my heart;
Why did you dim and fade so soon
  And leave a smart?
Oh, song, glad song, that rang so clear,
  Where have you gone since yesteryear?

Digitized by Google

Why have you lost your joyful thrill,
Life of my heart?
Gray loom the skies and winds blow shrill,
And love must part.
Oh, life, glad life, that felt no fear,
Where have you fled since yesteryear?

Why have you left me in my grief,
Heart of my heart,
Only a faded crimson leaf,
With heedless art?
Why have you gone, and I still here,
Heart of my heart of yesteryear?

Williams Literary Monthly. —HARRY JAMES SMITH.

IN OLDEN STYLE.

RONDEAU.

Good mistletoe, I wish to say
That none alive, be who he may,
Less superstitious is than I,
Or signs or omens more defy,
Old, foolish customs less obey;

I 'm modern quite in every way,
No beau or powdered popinjay
Am I, nor could be should I try,
Good mistletoe.

And yet 't was just this very day,
With ribbons red, and holly gay,

Digitized by Google

I saw you hanging there on high,
'T was dark, and Polly laughed and—why
You would n't blame a convert, pray,
Good mistletoe?

Georgetown College Journal. —W. F. BARRON, '04.

AFTERMATH.

The mellow sun melts softly from our view
And with a growing hush the even falls,
The whip o' will across the marshland calls,
In dying whispers fails the breeze that blew.
Then in an instant all the world we knew—
The meadow land, the slumbrous forest halls,
The pines that weave strange fairy palace walls—
Take on new forms, yet still in heart are true.

Pale golden arrows quiver up the sky;
Piercing gray clouds they stain each fold with red,
Or shade from gray to crimson fold on fold,
While all about the peaks that stretch on high,
The quiet waters lapping in their bed,
The gleaming in a bath of molten gold.

The Morningside. —C. W. K.

LITERARY NOTE FROM THE CENTURY CO.

The February *Century* contains two articles, with illustrations, on the new scheme for beautifying the city of Washington; another important feature in the same issue is "A Visit to Mount Vernon a Century Ago," containing conversations with General Washington as recorded in the diary of a Polish poet attached in this country to the suite of Kosciuszko. In one of their talks

Digitized by Google

the matter of new buildings for the government departments in the "Federal City" was brought up,—the expense of the buildings was estimated at $96,000, and it was suggested that it would be difficult to get enough houses to lodge all the members. "'Very well,' the general said, jokingly; 'they have only to camp out: the Representatives will be placed in the first row, the Senate in the second, the President with his suite in the middle.'"

The present topographical arrangement of the city of Washington was designed under President Washington's supervision, and the new plans contemplate an enriching of this arrangement, the chief improvement being a superb avenue from the Capitol to the Washington monument, the latter forming an axis from which other avenues and vistas will open.

MY REVERIE.

Fair Luna bade me forth last night,
I scarce could resist her charms
Before whom e'en the mighty oaks
Prostrate their shadowy forms.

The spell of the light and the silence
Moved strangely over my soul,
And the day with its doings and sayings
Before my mind's vision unrolled.

I had done this thing that I ought not,
Had failed to do this that I ought,
Had spoken too sharply to this friend,
To another some kindness had brought.

I experienced some joy and some sadness,
Each event with either was fraught;
But the result that gave most satisfaction
Was the *book* that at *Johnson's* I 'd bought.

BOO

SPRINGF

European Travel. PROF. W. G. BALLANTINE, LL.D., of Springfield, Mas conduct a limited party for the study of Art and Histo summer. The work is in connection with the Bureau of University Travel, in accordance with a especially adapted to the wants and tastes of University Teachers and Students.

Particulars gladly sent. Address, 321 ST. JAMES AVENUE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Reference, Miss Nellie A. Spore, Mount Holyoke College.

Digitized by Google

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Vol. XI. MARCH, 1902. No. 7.

BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST, 1902, *Editor-in-Chief.*

Editors.

RACHEL FLORENCE RILEY, 1902. ROWENA KEITH KEYES, 1902.

ETHEL COLLINGWOOD HALL, 1903. ANNA GRACE MCGOVERN, 1903.

MAY FISKE, 1903.

HARRIET CROSS VAN WAGNER, 1903, *Business Manager.*

HELENE MAUD POPE, 1904, *Assistant Business Manager.*

DWIGHT MEMORIAL ART BUILDING.

BY those interested in the development of the college the need of an Art Building has so long been recognized and its realization held but as a cherished dream that Dwight Hall in the flesh has for them the uncertain quality of an illusion. They rub their eyes and look again, almost expecting to see the level stretch of the north campus with the old wooden landmark of North cottage at the corner; but there instead stands Dwight with a stone strength and stateliness that belies even a suggestion of the fleeting quality of dreams.

The building is a fine structure with its resemblance to English university buildings, towered and battlemented, only the ivy wanting to complete the picture. The main entrance facing the street is just at the right of the tower and over it is carved the name in quaint old English characters, "Dwight Art Memorial." The hall is built in the form of the letter L; to the south juts off the wing, seventy-five feet long and forty wide, containing sculpture and picture galleries;

Digitized by Google

to the north and east lies the rest of the building, holding library, lecture rooms, and studios. Built, as is Mary Lyon Hall, of Kibbie stone, redder in color and harder than Longmeadow stone, Dwight is architecturally English-collegiate in style, with here and there quaint faces carved out, copies of sculptured reliefs from old English cathedrals.

Approaching from the campus or from the street, one is struck by the dignity of the building; in stately lines it invites one to enter and explore, holding out a powerful but subtle suggestion of spaciousness. Nor does the interior disappoint one's expectations; the lines of construction are broad, graceful, sweeping. Throughout the building the woodwork is of dark oak, with antique finish, giving an unusual richness of effect; the lighting, too, is especially noteworthy, the arrangement of light in the galleries and studios being wonderfully fine, unsurpassed by that of any other American gallery. The advantage of a country site for the college is here particularly noticeable in that there is no obstruction offered to the passage of light by adjacent buildings. One great charm of the hall lies in the beautiful views obtained from its numerous windows—the panorama of the campus and the sweep of the surrounding hills.

On the right, as one enters the broad hallway, stretches the sculpture gallery, the beautiful outlines of the casts gleaming white and distinct against the green-hung walls. On the left is the library, a veritable gem among libraries, artistic throughout, with its side walls, high paneled and terra cotta tinted above, its broad windows and dull oak furniture. Numerous alcoves and bookcases give space for a very comprehensive art library, and an increase in our art books is at present an imperative need in order to supply the large classes in the subject and give opportunity for advanced work. Opening from the library, as well as from the main hallway, is the study, paneled in dark oak and supplied with long reading tables, a place for seminar work in history of art. At the end of the hallway is the lecture room, spacious and well lighted, tinted in harmonious shades of green, the entire front wall being sheathed in wood and covered with green burlap, offering space—over and above that furnished by the screens—for the display of photo-

Digitized by Google

graphs supplementary to class study. The room used as a photograph stack, fitted up with convenient cases for keeping the photographs, opens directly from this lecture room, and adjoining it is an office of the department. The deep bay window in the hall, supplied with its oaken settle, looks out on the rugged outlines of Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke, while almost opposite a broad staircase leads to the second floor, which is occupied by the department of painting.

One of the most interesting sights, however, to be seen in this entrance hall is the bit of wood carving which surmounts the newel post of the staircase, a little mediæval lion, not necessarily striking the eye at once, because in harmony with his surroundings and seemingly perfectly at home, a stubby, obstinate little beast, sitting pugnaciously with his tail curled at his feet—one who has already earned for himself the familiar designation of "Mary's Lyon." And what better explanation of his presence could be given?

On the second floor over the sculpture gallery is the gallery of paintings done in shades of red. Opposite it across the hallway is a handsome lecture room, and, farther down the corridor, three studios with clear north light; the main studio and a large recitation room open from the end of the hall, while opposite the studios is the memorial room for the Clara Leigh Dwight collection of Elbridge Kingsley's engravings,—all the rooms being tinted in the same shades of green as are employed downstairs.

As yet only two large rooms have been finished off in the fine high basement, better called the first floor, but these decidedly outrank the ordinary class of basement recitation rooms, being large, exceptionally well lighted and beautifully tinted. These, together with one of the second floor rooms, give partial accommodation to the departments of Greek and Latin, and it is probable that for the present the classics will divide the library with the art books.

While every feature of equipment of Dwight Hall impresses one with a sense of its artistic value, of its beautiful relation to the eternal fitness and worth of art, the two galleries are the most striking. The walls of the sculpture gallery are hung with deep green burlap, the high

Digitized by Google

ceiling being tinted in a more delicate shade of green. The light falls through four groups of long windows on the right hand wall, and on this side the main gallery is divided into a series of four nearly square alcoves. From the other side, doors lead into a smaller gallery, long and narrow, also done in green. Broad low steps descend from the entrance doors to the floor level. To one standing in the library looking across the hall space through the wide archway, the gallery presents a vista of great beauty. Seen from the distance the Venus of Melos stands at the farther end, flashing forth in all her superb loveliness as the ruling goddess of the hall, before whom on either side master works shall stretch to the doors, forming an avenue of approach. As yet these lines of masterpieces are merely begun; Polyclitus' Amazon, the beautiful Lemnian Athena, the portrait-statue of Sophocles, Niobe Chiaramonti, with one or two other large figures serving but to give a suggestion of the final effect. In the not distant future it is expected that the glorious Victory of Samothrace will stand beside the Venus at her post of vantage. Pedestals are at present being made for all these larger statues, colored a peculiarly delicate shade of gray which will harmonize with walls and woodwork.

The purpose which has been held to in the choice of casts is that of making the gallery as distinctive as possible, of giving it, to some extent at least, a unique and peculiar value for the study of art. Accordingly casts have been chosen to show, not merely accomplished mastery, but development of artistic power; examples not only of the greatest productivity of Egypt and Greece and Italy, but also of the several stages leading from earliest beginnings to entire control of material. Of all galleries in the Connecticut valley, Dwight Hall's will be unique in this particular with a value for study all its own, as the collections at Smith, Amherst, and Springfield embrace particularly the masterpieces of the periods of finished art. In accordance with this purpose of tracing development, the four alcoves of the main gallery are devoted to distinct periods. At present the first alcove holds examples of the archaic art of Egypt and Greece, although in the future, as more casts arrive, it is probable that the entire collection of archaic specimens will be placed

Digitized by Google

in the smaller gallery and there arranged according to the gradual development of art. The second alcove is for Olympia sculptures and other examples of fifth century art. At present there is in place, besides casts from the west pediment, one of the metopes from the temple of Zeus at Olympia, Hercules bearing Atlas' load of the heavens; the Hellenistic is the subject for the third alcove, while the last is devoted to Renaissance art. Of course as more casts are obtained the arrangement and designations of these alcoves may be materially changed, but grouping according to periods, after the manner of the cast collection in the Art Museum at Boston, will still prevail.

High on the unbroken space of the left wall stretches a long line of slabs from the Panathenaic frieze, beautifully tinted, and below them several reliefs of Greek stelæ of the fifth century. The tinting of the casts has been a much discussed question in regard to the collection. From an artistic standpoint the decision would be, by all means tint the casts,—but practical reasons are against it. The authorities on the subject both in Europe and America agree that all casts should be left white for advantage in study and in drawing; indeed in the *Formerei* near Berlin where many of the casts are made, the directors advise strongly against tinting. It has seemed best, therefore, to have casts ordered by the college untinted, although the great artistic value of tinting, when exceptionally well done, is clearly seen in such examples as these slabs of the Panathenaic frieze.

Grouping according to periods obtains to some extent in the picture gallery although the arrangement is hardly begun as yet. Leading off from the main hall are two narrower side galleries, each divided into several rooms, thus giving opportunity for certain pictures to have each a room to itself as is the case in many foreign galleries. The light comes here entirely from the roof and with the rich warmth of the walls, the gallery offers very fine opportunity for the adequate display of any treasures it may possess. At present the plan is to group various landscape views on the end wall, to place Rembrandts on one side wall space, and to make an effective grouping of the Italian pictures for the other.

Digitized by Google

Dwight Hall, the realization of the dream of years, suggests further dreams. It is indeed but a beginning that has as yet been made in the collections of books, of casts, of paintings relative to this department, a beginning that must needs advance nearer to perfection in the coming years. With a building ranked among the finest of its kind in this country, it cannot be but that the collections this building contains shall have an equal value, and that when ivy mantles the stones of Dwight Memorial Art Building even as it twines around the storied windows of the English Oxford, the art treasures of this beautiful hall will be the complete realization of the thought, the plan, the hope of those who in these present days have so actively striven to insure its highest success.

—Beth Bradford Gilchrist, 1902.

THE CLARA LEIGH DWIGHT COLLECTION OF ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY ENGRAVINGS.

The art of engraving was born with the art of printing. We might go back still further and place the date in that dim period when man first learned to engrave upon stone the records which posterity was to read. Long ago, when printing was young, wood engraving in a crude form was known; but, owing to the softness of the wood employed, mere outlines could be made and there could be no attempt at light and shade. With the substitution of boxwood in the eighteenth century greater possibilities were opened to the wood engraver. The hardness of the wood permitted of more delicate lines and therefore the ability to obtain better effects.

In wood engraving the wood is cut away, leaving the picture in relief upon the surface of the block. In steel engraving the incised method is used; that is, the picture is cut into the metal. It is this

Digitized by Google

difference which has made wood engraving more adaptable for the purpose of illustration. The surface is inked, a quick pressure applied, and the impression is made. With steel engraving, on the other hand, the plate is inked, the surface cleaned, then a strong pressure applied so that the ink which remains in the incised lines is absorbed by the paper. This is a much slower process. The quality of paper used for the two processes must necessarily be different. In the steel engraving a heavy massive paper is used, which, dampened slightly, is pressed into the incised lines of the plate. This gives a slight relief to the print. In wood engraving, mere contact being sufficient to make the print, a soft and pliable paper brings the best results, and a paper made only in Japan, with silk in its fibers, best fills the requirements. Thus with improved materials the engraver, like the master of any art, can obtain more artistic results.

Until about twenty years ago the engraver or a skilled draughtsman drew with pencil on the wooden block the picture which he wished to reproduce. The engraver with his tools then cut the wood away, obtaining in this manner a picture which represented with more or less accuracy the main features of the original. The form might be well indicated, atmospherical effect be there, expression even be gained, but it was all in black and white; the effect of color was lost.

Along in the eighties it was found that the block of boxwood could be sensitized; that photography could be used. By this means what was formerly lacking was obtained; in place of the drawing the photograph was printed on the sensitized surface. The subtle qualities suggested therein opened a new field to the artist-engraver; namely, the rendering of textile and color values.

At first this innovation met with a great deal of opposition. Engravers of the old school maintained that that could not be true art which made use of anything outside of human skill; the new school proved that this was not so. The bringing out of color effects required an infinite number of delicate lines invisible to the eye, the placing of which depended upon the artist's sense for and appreciation of color. The conditions of engraving remained the same. Wood engraving is

Digitized by Google

an art in which every line counts. A line once made can never be erased. It demands, therefore, that the engraver be in sympathy with his subject, know what he wishes to say and be such a master of technique as to make no error in the use of his tools. The new school gradually obtained a footing, eventually superseding the old. It was at this time that the art of wood engraving reached its height.

Of the artists who brought this branch of art to so high a plane, Elbridge Kingsley stands among the first. Others of the school were Davis, Cole, Juengling, Smithwick, French, King, Konell, Johnson, Closson, and Wolf. But of them all, Mr. Kingsley was, perhaps, the greatest innovator. Having experimented so far, he went still further and undertook to reproduce directly from nature. Heretofore engravers had devoted themselves merely to the reproduction of paintings.

In a car built especially for the purpose he has made trips up and down the Connecticut valley, spending days in this novel manner of camping out. Many of his best works have thus been made while he was camping in the Hatfield woods or on the side of Mount Holyoke. Of this original work two series were executed to illustrate two articles by John Burroughs, "Signs and Seasons," and "At Sea"; a series of White Mountain pictures was used to illustrate "Poems of Nature," by Whittier, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; three engravings illustrated an edition of Longfellow; and another series illustrated a memorial volume for the wife of Judge E. C. Billings of New Haven, Connecticut. Other works have been used for magazine illustration.

Mr. Kingsley is essentially a landscape artist, and most of the works contained in the collection which has come into the possession of Mount Holyoke College, through the generosity of Mr. Dwight, are of this nature. Besides the originals there are copies of Inness, Granville Perkins, Swain Gifford, and others; also a series of reproductions of paintings of the French Barbizon school. In them he has caught much of the spirit of the originals.

Born in Ohio in 1842, he was but six months old when his parents returned to Hatfield, Mass., from whence they had emigrated. His childhood and boyhood days were spent there. He attended the village

Digitized by Google

school and later went to Hadley to enter Hopkins Academy. He learned the printer's trade in Northampton, and during this time attempted to draw illustrations for books which he read. When he was of age he made his way to New York and spent the first winter in study at Cooper Institute. Later he obtained a position as a typesetter. It was at this time that he took up engraving. Except for this sojourn in New York and a second one in that city following a short residence in Northampton, his entire life has been spent in Hatfield and Hadley. During his residence in Northampton he joined a class under J. Wells Champney, sketching and drawing from nature. Mr. Kingsley was also a friend of George Inness.

Being thus familiar with the country lying about Hatfield and in sight of the Holyoke and Tom ranges, it is but natural that the hand of this artist-engraver should have attempted to express what the eye saw and the soul felt. Among his original works the one most to be noted is "White Birches." The subject is one of great simplicity; just a clump of birch trees which find a precarious footing on a mountain side. It was this picture which brought to Mr. Kingsley the gold medal from the Paris Exposition of 1889. The picture was engraved from the sketching car on the side of Mount Holyoke under "Titan's Piazza."

According to the artist's own estimate, and he is doubtless correct, the most delicate piece of work which he has ever done is "Springtime," after Tryon. It represents an orchard on a warm spring day when the trees are bright with blossoms, the air soft and balmy, and the ground just covered with the tender green grass. In it there are no glaring effects of light and shade, no intenseness of color is hinted at; but instead the delicate tints and soft shades seem to melt into each other with a tender suggestiveness.

It would be impossible to enter into a description of all the pictures contained in the collection, for it comprises about three hundred framed ones and one hundred or more in portfolios. With the collection will be a case containing the tools of the artist, the medal which he received from Paris, blocks showing the various steps in producing an engraving, and negatives used in the various kinds of prints. A catalogue, the

Digitized by Google

limited edition of which numbers but fifty-two copies, with a students' edition of one thousand numbers for more general use, has been provided. It gives the names and numbers of some three hundred pictures, beside the list of miscellaneous things to be contained in the case. The catalogue has been very carefully compiled and is prefaced by a short sketch of the life and work of Mr. Kingsley. The students' edition has paper covers and contains a half-tone likeness of the artist. The limited edition is bound in boards, simple but artistic. It is printed on heavy paper and the frontispiece is a photogravure portrait of Mr. Kingsley. The collection will be housed in a room especially designed for it in the Dwight Memorial Art Building. The room has a southerly exposure overlooking the campus and will be known as the "Clara Leigh Dwight Room," after the late Clara Leigh Dwight, wife of Mr. John Dwight of New York city. It was Mrs. Dwight who brought the collection together.

In 1890 the work of the engraver as an illustrator practically came to an end when the new method of half-tone prints came into use. A purely mechanical process, it reduced the cost of reproducing to such an extent that it crowded the artist who worked by hand from the field. The half-tone being made on a sensitized copper plate from what is termed a screen negative, and after going through a process of burning and an acid bath, has, in the end, the same defects possessed by the photograph, and to an even greater extent. However, through its cheapness, it is better adapted to commercial use, and so the artist-engraver has had to give way to it.

Since 1890 Mr. Kingsley's engraving has been almost altogether on large work for Japan proof alone. He and his fellow engravers now treat wood engraving as the painter-etchers of Europe treat etchings, most of their work going to buyers of fine pictures for private collections.

The art of engraving is fast becoming a lost art. The younger artist, finding that the position of engraver has been usurped by a mechanical device, finds another means of expression, and so few recruits are added to the ranks. In the Clara Leigh Dwight Collection of Elbridge Kingsley Engravings, Mount Holyoke has a treasure, not only

Digitized by Google

because of the beauty of the pictures themselves, but because they represent the highest technical achievement of an art which, in a few years, may become unknown except as it is preserved in such examples as these.

—Marian Griswold Boalt.

A COLLECTION OF CASTS FOR THE DWIGHT MEMORIAL ART BUILDING.

Of the few casts ordered in Germany last summer, the beginning toward a collection for the sculpture gallery of Dwight Hall, thirteen cases have already been received at the college. The formalities of "passing customs," necessary to all importations, caused some delay in New York, during the Christmas holidays; however, once "declared free," the boxes were forwarded to South Hadley, arriving early in January, the month for the opening of the Art Building to studio and class work.

The unpacking of this first "foreign consignment" proved a matter of interest. It could but be asked, somewhat anxiously, whether the casts had come through quite unbroken and whether they would prove in every particular such as were ordered. To those who watched the removal of covers from case after case, the result seemed to show the perfection of packing. Each object, from its careful and abundant wrappings of cotton, tissue paper and straw, appeared in perfect and lovely state, as if fresh from the mould. The Germans know well all scientific methods in handling, as in making, the most delicate reproductions, whether it be glass flowers or plaster casts; and further, at the German Royal Museums, from the *Formerei* of which most of the casts for the Dwight gallery have come, it is a matter of pride and high honor to fulfill a contract to the letter.

One case, containing the model of the Acropolis and models of ancient Athens and Olympia from the *atelier* of Herr Heinrich Walger

Digitized by Google

of Berlin, the gift of the class of '96, has not yet arrived but is expected soon.

In the department notes of THE MOUNT HOLYOKE, this month, (see p. 374), a list is given of the casts thus far received. It will be found, by comparing this list with the Purchase List of Casts for Dwight Hall, published in June, 1901, that last summer's order includes nearly all objects quoted, as best purchased in Berlin and Dresden. To lessen the heavy expense of transportation, the commission for any one place must needs be as large as possible.

The next foreign order for the sculpture gallery, it is well thought, should go to Paris. One very important cast, already promised to the gallery and to be purchased now only in Paris, is the Bronze Charioteer of Delphi. The original, a fine example in fifth century art, was found during recent excavations conducted by the French government at Delphi.

Still another delightful example in Greek sculpture and one of the chief treasures of the Louvre, the splendid Victory of Samothrace, has been generously contributed by the class of 1902. It would seem most fitting to have the cast of the Victory, the gift of the present senior class, in its place, if possible, by Commencement time, and for this the order should be sent promptly. And yet to bring the Victory over by itself, and with it the Bronze Charioteer, will cost nearly as much as to include in the one consignment other important casts from Paris. Among the latter are nos. 3, 12, 13, and 14, in Egyptian and Babylonian art, named in the Purchase List, Part II; also the Silenus holding the Child Dionysus (no. 78), the St. George, by Donatello (no. 101), and others.

Further contributions toward casts to be obtained in Paris will be most welcome if made soon. One timely subscription of this kind of three small relief sculptures has lately been added by a friend connected with the Springfield Alumnæ Association.

We may hope that in time the Dwight Memorial Art Building shall be worthily endowed, with a sum sufficient to maintain the Hall and to add yearly to the collections. The Farnsworth Art Building at Wellesley has a permanent fund of $50,000; the Hillyer Art Gallery,

Digitized by Google

Smith College, is still more richly endowed. Yet, until an endowment comes, in this as in every good enterprise at Mount Holyoke, the college must needs depend upon the help of the alumnæ to make the immediate want known.

—Louise Fitz-Randolph.

TO MY LADY.

In the land where you abide
Cometh now the glad Springtide,
Ruddy daisies in the grass
Lift their faces as you pass;

In each fragrant, shaded place,
Violets entreat your grace;
Daffodils shine everywhere,
Laughter-loving, golden-fair.

Here, alas, the cold winds blow
Over brown fields touched with snow;
Sullen skies hang dull and gray—
Yet am I right glad and gay;
So my thoughts of you may be,
Sweetheart,—it is Spring with me.

—R. D. H., 1902.

Digitized by Google

THE SHADOW OF A FEAR.

A BIRD thrilled its low tremulous note out to herald the white dawn, hushed its song as if frightened by the sweetness of the melody, and the shore was still except for the monotonous rhythm of the waves curling and dividing one after one on the coral reef that formed a crescent between the island and the restless, gray sea. From the shadowy mainland where the flat roofs and white, projecting balconies of the hot city were crowded together, the oppressive land breeze bore the heavy fragrance of orange blossoms. Suddenly the clear toned bell on the little island chapel began to toll and the first rays of the sun shot over the ocean, flooding the sea with keen points and sparkling curves of light, streaming back from the cross on the chapel in long iridescent lines, glancing and flashing over the naked swords of two men below on the shore.

A procession of gray clad monks had filed into the little chapel. It was the season of Lent, and the first supplicating accents of the miserere floating down the hill mingled strangely with the hollow clash of the crossed steel and the wary breathing of the men as they lunged and parried with cat-like rapidity. Suddenly struck from his hand, the sword of the younger man gleamed through the air, buried itself in a thicket, and the boy fell back upon his own scarlet army cloak thrown upon the ground. As his adversary bent over to help him, he tore himself free.

"Coward!" he cried, "coward! coward!"

The clear cry blended sharply with the pleading voices of the monks in the distance. The hill caught it up and flung it back tauntingly, exultantly. And the waves lisped and whispered it to one another out over the sea, "Coward, coward, coward."

A brand fell in the fireplace and Rob seized the opportunity to prod the glowing logs until they snapped off a cloud of sparks and sent

Digitized by Google

them flying out over the rug. Walton reached over languidly and wrested the tongs from the boy's hands.

"Save all volcanic showers for your travels in the West Indies, Rob. They 're not the correct thing here in Boston," he said nonchalantly. Then turning once more to Grafton Dexter, "That 's a great scientific problem Peabody 's working on," he said. "He brought out some interesting new data at the smoke talk last night."

Dexter placed his teacup upon the table and leaned back in his chair before he spoke.

"I suppose most of us could furnish him with data of more or less value," he said. "We must all be influenced by a knowledge of what our parents have done. Take my own case, for instance. My father died when I was a small youngster and I don't know much about him. But I 'm sure the stories my aunt used to tell me of him kept me straight a good many times."

"Peabody 's more interested in cases where tendencies to crime are brought out through a knowledge of the parent's character," Walton objected.

"I don't know so much about that. I never went into the psychology of it," Dexter said carelessly. "What is it?"

Rob was whistling with suppressed excitement behind the last edition of the *Transcript*. Dexter coolly took the paper away from him.

"Any boy who is going to travel with me because his eyes are weak can't read in the dusk," he declared, pocketing the paper.

Rob kicked the fender savagely.

"You ought to be jolly well interested in what I was reading, Grafton," he protested.

"Tell me what it is and I 'll consider it," Dexter assented.

"It 's about the new Associated Press correspondent who sails Saturday, Grafton Dexter. All about his brilliancy. Only two years out of Harvard and already the most reliable reporter on the staff. Are n't we proud of him, Evelyn?"

"Bob!"

Evelyn Griffiths had left the tea table and leaned her head on the

Digitized by Google

back of her brother's chair. Rob reached backward and rumpled her smooth hair affectionately.

"And the press club 's going to give him a jolly farewell dinner to-night, too."

"Rob," interrupted Dexter from the doorway, "come out here. I want to talk with you."

"Every one prophesies a splendid future for Dexter," Walton said, after the door closed. "But to tell the truth I don't envy him. A special correspondent to a place like the Cuba of the present day needs more energy and decision than I care to exercise constantly."

"It 's a little different with him perhaps," Evelyn suggested. "It 's natural for him to use energy and decision."

Walton winced, and she added more generously, "Besides he has a peculiar reason for desiring to go down there."

"You mean he wants to see his birthplace?"

"Yes," she said. "Of course he was n't born in Cuba, but it was just off the coast. St. Benedict's they called the island, after a monastery on it."

"I 've heard something of that," Walton remarked. "Was n't his father a planter, one of Maximilian's Mexican veterans? I thought so."

"It was very sad," the girl went on. "Both his mother and father died of yellow fever when Grafton was a tiny baby. That 's why he was sent north to be brought up. It 's made a great difference to him."

When Dexter returned, Walton had taken his leave. He went over to the window and drew aside the velvet drapery. It was one of those violet tinted windows that are the priceless possession of Beacon Hill. The delicate color tinged the bare historic elms along the aristocratic old street and gave even a quieter tone to that mall of the Common over which more wealth and intellect is said to pass daily than over almost any other road in the world.

Evelyn had gone to the piano and her fingers were touching the keys absently, rapidly.

"That 's a haunting minor thing you 're playing. What is it?" Dexter crossed the room and leaned over the piano. The firelight lit

Digitized by Google

up the fine healthy bronze of his strong features bringing out the golden tints in his thick chestnut hair. The girl looked at him with honest admiration.

"It 's one of Schumann's Nachtstücke," she said.

He listened silently as she interpreted the curious theme that ran through the wonderful harmony, rising and falling in yearning cadences of ever increasing agitation. It triumphed again and again over the calmer mood of the great composer and finally died away in a tantalizing diminuendo like the shadow of an unsatisfied longing.

The fire gave no light but what came from the glow of the embers enveloped in their film of hot wavy blue air and the room was almost dark as the girl touched the last chord caressingly.

"Do you like it?" she asked, breaking the silence.

"It 's tremendously suggestive of human passion," Dexter said. "One could fancy a dozen meanings for a theme like that. It seemed to me almost like the remembrance of a haunting sorrow or the shadow of a fear wrestling with the will of a strong man."

"And finally overcome by it," she added.

"No, overcoming it."

"What a paradox," she said. "Fear and a strong man are incompatible."

"That 's a sweeping statement," Dexter objected. "Some people have peculiar temperaments and temptations."

Evelyn laughed.

"Now you are arguing for the sake of the argument," she said. "You, of all people, who were never afraid of anything in your life. I 'm sure a woman at least can't help despising any man who does a weak thing, you know." Dexter looked at her in surprise as she went on impulsively. "Any more than she can help admiring the kind of man who works and does strong, brave things, no matter what may happen, like——"

"Like what?" Dexter asked, leaning forward.

"Sis, it 's beastly dark in here." It was Rob's bass growl that broke the suspense. "Aunt wants you people to come to tea."

Digitized by Google

"Like what?" Dexter persisted.

"Like you," she finished.

The oil lamp burning on the table made even more unendurable the heat in the quaint old Cuban inn. Rob threw himself upon the low canvas cot in the corner of the room.

"I 'd give a month's existence for a half hour of a fresh Boston sea breeze," he exclaimed, restlessly; "would n't you, Grafton?"

The white clad figure of Dexter writing on the rough pine table made no sign of having heard.

Rob watched him curiously. "I 'm ashamed of you," he said at last. "I 've been waiting for half an hour to take that dispatch to the telegraph office and you have n't spoken a civil word to me once."

"Busy," Dexter said briefly. "I 've wired them to expect this to-night. Can't have it ready for some time, though. Go to bed if you like, and I 'll take it over to the office myself when it is finished. It is n't very far across the plaza."

He began to write again. For an hour nothing was heard but the regular breathing of the boy who had fallen fast asleep on the cot bed. At last Dexter threw down his pen. The work on which he had been engaged both day and night since he came to Baracoa several days before lay complete in the neat pile of manuscript before him. It was the account of the exposure in the city of certain wine merchants who had worked up a regular system for defrauding the government. It was an important matter to the men implicated, and he knew they had succeeded in bribing the local press not to write it up. An influential citizen had come to him during the trial that afternoon and offered him a large inducement to slight the particulars. The man had seemed surprised that he had refused the bribe. Throughout the rest of the trial Dexter, sitting alone at the reporters' table, had felt that menacing glances were directed at him from the back of the court room.

He folded the papers and braced his head against his clasped hands to think. He was trying to solve a problem that had been encroaching more and more upon the foreground of his reason since he first came

Digitized by Google

to Baracoa and heard a story that had tinged the happiest corners of his memory with bitterness. It was his father's history. An old Benedictine monk had told it in slow, monotonous English that branded the few ugly facts mercilessly into his brain. His father was a coward. He had betrayed his friends and fled from Mexico because by so doing he could save his own life and he was afraid to die. Then some one had pursued him and they had fought on the island here. The monk had seen them. That was all.

The facts had been reciting themselves to him every time he had dared to relax his mind since he heard them. They filled him with horror. He must reason the truth out coolly, logically, or he would go mad. Could there be anything to justify a man's transgressing every law of honor like that? The man was his father and he must find some justification. He would put himself in his father's place. He could imagine himself lying there on the little bedroom floor, inanimate like stones and trees, with only the terrible tropical heat and the tick of his watch to guard him. He wished the watch would stop. Evelyn would not know for a while. She would pursue her calm life on Beacon street and perhaps write him a letter or two that would have to be burned because he would no longer exist to open them. Suddenly a flood of light dawned upon his mind. He could understand his father's fear at last. Who would not do anything to escape an experience like that?

Dexter put his hand to his head and found it burning hot. It came to him that he had scarcely slept for four nights.

"Overheated imagination," he said out loud.

At the words Rob awoke. He yawned, walked out to the filter standing on the piazza and poured himself some water.

"Is n't that dispatch ready yet, Grafton?" he asked, coming back.

Grafton started. He had almost forgotten the dispatch.

"Yes," he said, sharply. "If you really want to take it. I will if you don't."

"I 'll be ready in a minute," the boy said, going out again. "By the way, here 's something of yours you must have dropped in the hall." He tossed a sealed note on the table.

Digitized by Google

Dexter broke the seal. The note contained a warning. "You are advised not to send that newspaper account," it read. "The bearer will not reach the telegraph office."

There was no signature. Dexter laughed recklessly. What would they say at Havana if he should withhold an important communication for a threat that bore no signature! The news must go—but Rob should take it.

The boy appeared in the doorway, shading his eyes from the light. Dexter silently held out the envelope containing the dispatch.

"You 'd better go to bed," Rob exclaimed. "You 've been living on sheer nerve for a week."

Dexter did not answer. He was back once more in the drawing room on Beacon street. The firelight flickered low and a cool breeze came in through the window with the violet panes. Evelyn was at the piano and her fingers were touching the keys absently.

"That 's a haunting minor thing you 're playing," he said, bending over the piano.

"It 's a little Nachtstück by Schumann," she answered, looking at him with honest admiration.

"One could almost fancy it some sorrow or a terrible fear overcoming the will of a strong man," he said.

"That 's a paradox," she replied, dreamily. "Fear could n't overcome a strong man—like you, for instance. If I thought it could I would n't trust Rob with you."

"She did n't say it that way before," Dexter said aloud. The sound of his voice suddenly brought him back to the present.

"Rob!" Uttering the hoarse cry he rushed out into the night.

Dexter opened his eyes after the effects of the sleeping potion they had given him had worn off and looked blankly at Rob standing at the foot of the cot bed.

"How did you come here? I supposed you were shot," he said, in bewilderment.

With one stride Rob reached him and shook him by the shoulder.

Digitized by Google

Dexter winced and noticed for the first time that his own left arm was bandaged.

"Wake up, old fellow," Rob cried. "What sort of a nightmare have you been indulging in all night? You did a crazy thing, rushing out of the house shouting in that mad fashion. I don't wonder one of these excitable Cubans shot at you. You had n't given me time to put the dispatch in my pocket."

"What became of the dispatch?" Dexter asked, sitting up in excitement.

Rob looked at him reproachfully.

"When they were ready they sent for it from the telegraph office about three o'clock. Do you think I could take care of dispatches when you were hurt?"

"A steamer has come in this morning," the boy went on, after a pause. "Aunt writes all about the faithful work you 've been doing since you came down here—just as if I did n't know. Walton keeps her posted. Say, Grafton," he went on, abruptly. "Aunt wants to take Evelyn to Europe this autumn and she wishes me to go home and go, too."

"You ought to do it," Dexter said, soberly.

"But that 's not all," the boy continued, awkwardly. "Evelyn and I want you to go."

"What 's that?"

Rob handed him a letter that he had been withholding. It was from Evelyn. Grafton read it eagerly. After the Boston society news came this: "I 've been thinking about that queer interpretation you gave to the little Nachtstück and about the paradox of the brave man and the fear. I still think it a paradox. No girl could care for a man who let a fear overcome him."

Dexter sighed wearily and laid down the letter. Rob looked pleadingly at him.

"You 'd better go home with me, old fellow," he said affectionately.

"I wish you 'd get me pen and paper," Dexter said, suddenly.

Deliberately he wrote to Evelyn, forcing himself to tell the whole

Digitized by Google

of the week's strange events. He allowed himself to omit nothing. Rob watched him seal the letter.

"Won't you go home with me?" he begged earnestly.

"Why, you dear chap," Dexter replied, drawing the boy's black head down to the pillow, "I belong down here. You could n't expect me to go away just yet before my work is done."

Dexter caught his breath in a half sob. Rob peremptorily called over the nurse.

A year had passed. Dexter stood on the Cunard wharf watching the red smokestack come slowly up the harbor. Gradually the vessel swung about. The confused mass of color near the railing divided into separate figures of men and women with every degree of emotion stamped on their glad home-turned faces. Dexter's eye ran over the number eagerly and came to rest on a woman's form in the bow. The wind was blowing her loose coat and veil without her heeding as she looked through a pair of field glasses towards the pier where he stood.

"Evelyn!" he exclaimed joyously. An old lady who was standing beside him smiled.

At last the gangway was lowered. Dexter bounded forward. He had not experienced such a feeling of exhilaration since his undergraduate Harvard days. He collided half way up the gangway with a young giant in glasses who threw his arms about his neck with a half yell of joy. Dexter gave the boy a convulsive hand shake and rushed on towards the figure that still stood in the bow.

"I got your letter and I came," he said. All else that he had intended to say left him.

"Grafton, you might just as well call the carriage and take Evelyn home," Rob said, after a few minutes. "Aunt won't have her traps collected for an hour and I suppose I 've got to wait for her."

"Now tell me about yourself," Dexter demanded, as the coachman shut them in. "You did n't intend to stay so long, did you? You know, your letter yesterday was the first I had had since——"

"Don't begin that way," she said, quickly. "No, we did n't intend

Digitized by Google

to stay so long, but Rob's eyes did n't get much better and Aunt thought we might as well travel. I did n't care what became of me," she added, with a tremulous little laugh.

"Go on, please," Dexter said eagerly.

"Then last winter I was foolish enough to catch cold and have pneumonia. When I was getting better some one showed me some clippings from an American newspaper about the editorship of a magazine being refused by——"

"No matter about that," Dexter interrupted.

"Anyway, Rob was much better and I told Aunt I wanted to go home. The day before we sailed I could n't wait any longer so I wrote to you. Why did you refuse to become editor of that magazine?" she asked.

"Because——"

"Why?" she persisted, mercilessly.

"I was n't quite through with Cuba," Dexter said. "Of course I never dreamed that you could ever have anything more to do with me. So for my own satisfaction I had undertaken to prove that it would n't happen again. It never did. I came back a month ago."

"I 've changed a good many opinions since we talked about the Nachtstück that day," Evelyn said, after a pause. "But part of what I said then I believe still."

"What?" Dexter asked.

"Why, that a woman can't help admiring a man who works and does brave things no matter what happens, like——"

"Like what?" said Dexter.

"Like you," she finished.

—Rachel Florence Riley, 1902.

Digitized by Google

A PLEA FOR SPRING POETRY.

When the poet in the Springtime
  Sings of blossoms and of birds,
Then the worldlings shrug their shoulders
  As they mock his joyous words,
Saying, "Why must poets bore us
  And compel us still to hear
These ecstatic spring effusions
  That they 've sung us every year?"

Oh, you worldlings, surely never
  Would you murmur or complain
That each year the selfsame blossoms
  Come to gladden us again.
Then why blame the gentle poet
  When each year he needs must sing
Still the selfsame song of gladness
  For the beauty of the Spring?

—R. K. K., 1902.

FROM THE OBSERVATION CAR.

Tuesday.

Polly looked very hard at her roses, I stared out of the window at the yachts in the bay; of course we were discreetly unconscious of each other's tears. That was this morning when the train was leaving Seattle, and we had caught the last glimpse of home faces, knowing that we should not see them again until June. However, one can't conveniently cry in a car full of people, and after all it 's not so bad once you are really started. So we settled ourselves for the first part of our journey, which was to be short, as we took the main line of the Canadian

Digitized by Google

Pacific at Mission Junction. Leaving Seattle the road runs for some distance along the shores of beautiful lakes, then on through evergreen forests, with occasional clearings.

We were late in reaching Mission, but consoled ourselves with the thought that once aboard the overland train we should be able to recover from the dust, heat and cramped quarters of the chair car. What was our dismay to find that the overland was already well filled with passengers who had missed the Monday train at Mission. Our sleeper was crowded, and on reaching our own section we found in it a middle-aged individual of grim and forbidding aspect, surrounded by several bags, boxes, and wraps. She glared at us as we meekly tried to bestow ourselves, our bags and umbrellas in the opposite seat. I fear we glared back, for the prospect was not cheerful. We learned that she was one of Monday's belated passengers, and that she evidently regarded us in the light of intruders, since we had the lower berth, which she wanted. I do not know into what depths of woe we should have fallen as we sat wedged in there, if Polly, who takes a cheerful view of life, had not suddenly remembered the observation car. So we retreated or rather advanced to the observation car, to find at least fresh air and room to move about. It is a large open car with benches down the middle, and what Polly calls little shelves along the sides, which you pull out to sit on. If one has a mind above such trifling inconveniences as dust and cinders it is truly a delightful spot.

There were a number of people in the car, and we wondered how many would go on with us all the way. They seemed much like the people one ordinarily meets on the train, with perhaps a predominance of the English type.

We reached Agassiz about half past four, catching here our first glimpse of the mountains. People began to get off the train and walk about the station. Presently a man who evidently stepped out of one of Thackeray's novels stopped and spoke to some ladies in the car. We were surprised to hear him say that we should remain here for dinner, on account of a burning tunnel on the road ahead. We asked our porter

Digitized by Google

and he condescended to assure us that it was true. He is a very lofty and superior porter and we are properly in awe of him.

We walked about near the station and at last through the pretty little park to the hotel, where we joined the rest of the passengers on the long veranda. People seemed to take the delay very cheerfully, and indeed it was a pleasant place to wait. Dinner was a most amusing meal, served with a lightning-like rapidity which took one's breath away. We happened to sit at table with our "grim gray lady" as Polly calls her. She was quite amiable and we got on together very well. After dinner there was nothing to do but walk again in the twilight, until rain drove us into the cars. At nine we started, glad to be again on our way.

Wednesday.

This morning we found ourselves going back. We respectfully asked the porter why, and he remarked in a tone of surprise at our ignorance that we were going back to Agassiz for breakfast. We learned from some of the passengers that the track at the tunnel was not yet safe. So back we went, and may surely be pardoned if we were not altogether glad to see the little place again. After breakfast we found the train scheduled to leave at ten. Needless to say, at ten the notice on the station bulletin was changed to twelve. We learned that the trouble at the tunnel had been very serious. A man had been killed in the attempt to clear it and the workmen refused to go on with the work at once. We could find nothing definite as to our time of starting so dared not go far from the station. At noon we found that there was no notice at all on the bulletin, and began to feel that we were in the clutches of an unkind Fate. We had walked up and down the station, through the little park and down the road by the hotel. We had investigated the two stores which the place boasts, and there really seemed nothing to do but sit on the station platform and watch the clouds which drifted about the snow flecked top of Mount Che-am.

We learned from some people whom we met coming in with fruit and flowers, that there was a large government experimental farm not far from the station. We found it a very beautiful, well-kept place, with lawns, orchards, and gardens. You must imagine a wide, almost

Digitized by Google

perfectly level valley, from which rise abruptly high, rugged mountains. The contrast between the level fields and well-kept lawns of the farm, with the dark wild hills, is as beautiful as it is strange.

At last about half past four we heard the sound of the train whistle, the most welcome sound in the world to the patient and long-suffering people who had spent the day in this lovely spot. In a few minutes we were "all aboard" with the exception of our bride and groom, who had driven over to the Hot Springs, too fondly trusting in the common belief that we should make Agassiz a permanent abiding place. Their belongings were unceremoniously handed out of the state-room window, to the great amusement of the other passengers, as a pair of boots, a delicate pink silk robe, and a large and substantial lunch hamper, with other trifles, made their appearance.

We have learned quite a bit about our fellow passengers through this delay, that is, of course, we have found where they live and where they are going. There is nothing better for establishing a fellow-feeling than being stranded twenty-four hours in the wilds of British Columbia. We have certainly a cosmopolitan carful. There are two people from South Africa, to begin with; there is a man from Canton, China, and one from Dawson City. There are some ladies from Florida, and some people from Oregon, and our grim, gray lady is from Iowa. On one of the other cars is a most delightful party of Austrians. There is the Austrian lady; she is large, magnificently built, with a fresh, rosy, petulant face. She is most picturesque. With her are her husband, brother, and son. We thought at first that her son was her brother, she is so very youthful and he is a tall young man of the Gibson type. The husband is stout, tall, and sandy; the brother looks rather quiet and studious. They talk to each other altogether in German, and we are tempted to wish that we could understand. I should like to know their views on American travel.

Leaving Agassiz, we followed the Fraser river, up a long, wildly beautiful canyon. Looking down from the car, we could see innumerable small red fish in the waters of the river. These, we learned, were salmon, and could hardly believe it at first, so small did they appear at

Digitized by Google

the great distance. At one of the stations funny little Chinese children ran along by the train offering baskets of beautiful fruit for sale. A little farther we passed a group of sullen looking men. One of them raised his hand and the next moment a great iron bolt came crashing into the end of the observation car. Fortunately no one was injured, but we were all thoroughly startled. It seems there has been a strike and we supposed the man must have been one of the dissatisfied workmen.

We stopped at North Bend for dinner, the first of the "chalet hotels." We were taken into a large picturesque room full of flowers and soft lights, where was served a dinner of five courses, all in twenty-five minutes. It is a surprising and novel experience to one accustomed only to the dining cars or bare station dining rooms and quick lunch counters of travel in "the States."

Thursday.

We breakfasted this morning at Revelstoke. From the top of the long flight of stairs by which one reaches the chalet is an outlook wonderful in its breadth and sweep. Beyond a wide deep valley are piled great rugged snow-crowned mountains. It seemed incongruous to go in to porridge and beefsteak from such a sight, but man must eat, and twenty minutes is not long. Most of the people, indeed, toiled up the long stairs with hardly a backward glance. Polly declares that the Austrian lady did n't know there were any mountains there. We passed her as we came out, rosy and energetic, imperiously demanding a lunch to take with her on the train. "Sherry, and bread if bossible, with the meat between, you understand."

This has been a day not to be forgotten, yet not to be described, for all day long we have ridden through a wild and wonderful world of mountains, deep ravines, and rushing streams. Not for an hour were we out of sight of snow-covered peaks, not for an hour were we far from these mad dashing rivers. Leaving Revelstoke we entered the Selkirks, coming almost at once to the famous Albert Canyon, a gorge said to be three hundred feet deep, whose perpendicular walls are only about twenty feet apart at their base, where the Illicilliwaet river hurls itself

Digitized by Google

along. This was followed by more canyons, more forests, with always a flying glimpse of the higher peaks.

Leaving the valleys we came to what is known as the Loop, a winding and sharply curving track which twists and turns up the mountain sides, coming at last to a little group of houses nestled on the slopes of tremendous mountains. Behind them rise the great white peaks; Sir Donald, in shape like a huge spear head piercing the sky, with its shining summit a mile and a half above the track where we stand; about it clustered other peaks, sharp and rugged; and on the right just behind the houses is the broad broken slope of the Great Glacier of the Selkirks.

Here we stayed for perhaps half an hour, our wonder and awe only subdued by the painful necessity of keeping warm. The altitude is about four thousand feet and the air was very keen and bracing but more than cold; we were obliged to walk very briskly to be at all comfortable. We quite envied an English lady whom we saw wearing a fur-lined cloak, though one does not usually associate furs with early September.

The place is one to be imagined, to be seen in dreams perhaps, not to be described. If I say that you find yourself high up on the side of a vast amphitheater, too deep and broken for a valley, too open and broad for a canyon—if I say that at either end of this great depression rise tremendous mountain peaks one beyond another, all rough, huge, and sharply cut, all crowned with snow, what have I given you but words? And what words can tell the glory of mountains white shining in the sun; what well chosen phrases express the power, the majesty, and strength of these eternal hills?

Leaving Glacier we rode for hours among these mountains, unwilling to miss even a glimpse of the wonders about us, yet almost overwhelmed and oppressed by the endless grandeur and vastness of it all. At evening we stopped at Field, where another little cluster of houses with the pretty chalet and station stands near the base of a great mass of rock which is called Mount Stephen. As we stood in the little station the shadows had settled all about us and the base of the mountain was

Digitized by Google

folded in twilight; but high above us its rough head was flaming gold in sunset light, a vision never to be forgotten by those who stood far below in the shadow.

Leaving Field we rode for an hour along the side of a deep gorge or valley, looking down upon the tops of great firs and cedars, and farther still to the rushing mountain stream at their feet. It grew dark and cold, and only a faithful few remained in the observation car. The Austrian lady's husband, cap pulled down, hands in pockets, still lingered; the Thackeray man kept him company, and some six or eight others shivered and enjoyed. For us, our only regret was, as it had been, that we could not be on both sides and at every window at once.

Far behind us stretched this deep winding ravine, between whose dark walls were always new glimpses of snowy peaks, now flushed rosy with some last gleam of sun, now pale and white, changing, varying, more beautiful at every moment, until at last the darkness quite hid all and we must go in again to the lighted car where our more prosaic companions were peacefully occupied with books or cards.

So on through the darkness,—and we know that we shall be going all night through the same wonderful world, passing the "Great Divide," and winding down all the great eastern slope of the Rockies.

Friday.

From dreams of black wooded canyons and snowy mountains we woke to see only a wide unbroken sweep of level prairie, a plain of softest browns and greens stretching away to meet a quiet sky of pastel grays. Slowly along the far circle of the horizon the gray flushed into opal tints, deepening, brightening, fresh, lovely, and radiant, until in a sky of pure gold came the morning.

All day we have been going very slowly, and about four o'clock when we reached a place called Swift Current we discovered the reason. There had been a wreck on the track just beyond that place and it would not be possible to go on until repairs had been made. After Agassiz we were prepared for anything, but the hope of ever reaching St. Paul grew faint in our hearts.

Swift Current apparently consists of a station and a few houses

Digitized by Google

scattered, with no particular attempt at order, over the rolling prairie. There was no lack of interest, however, for the station was crowded with people. The passengers from the wrecked train had been brought in after spending seven hours on the open prairie. Some of them were badly injured, these were taken into the houses, but many of the others were strolling about the platform. At one end of the station sat a group of Chinese laborers with their baggage; they grinned cheerfully at the passers, or regarded us with calm indifference. Not far away, filling a little waiting room to overflowing, were a number of Poles, most of whom seemed to be women and children. The children were very beautiful, and very quaintly clothed, wearing little coarse linen garments under large leather coats. Heavy leather boots and fur caps completed the dress. Each one wore a serviceable looking knife secured by a cord around his neck, rather an amusing accompaniment to such purely angelic faces as they had. They seemed very friendly, but knew no English, so our conversation was limited. To all these people were added the passengers from two east-bound overland trains, for the train behind us had caught up with us at this point.

It was at this place that we heard of the attempted assassination of the President, and the dreadful news seemed in some way to intensify the feeling of isolation. It was as if we were hopelessly astray in a strange country, and in some way subject to an evil Fate. The Austrian lady, who stopped in passing through our car, expressed perhaps a more practical view of the subject, when she dilated at length on the inconveniences of American traveling. "Ah, id is dedious! Bud you are so batient! If some one asks me if he wants to make a bleasure barty to Amerique, I should say, 'O Heaven, *don't* go!'" Then, with an expressive gesture of despair, "I never saw such dizorder." The other passengers accepted the situation with more calm. Indeed I have never seen more philosophical reception of delay and "dizorder." To be sure, impatience would be useless, under the circumstances, but people do not always accept the inevitable with such cheerful good nature.

Digitized by Google

Saturday.

We left Swift Current at nine, passing over the dangerous portion of the track in safety. To-day about noon we reached Portal, which is on the boundary. We have left the main line and are going south to St. Paul, which we hope to reach to-morrow morning. We shall be more than two days late, but after all it is not an experience to regret, for, as Polly says, one does n't go traveling in strange countries every day.

—Ruth Davenport Holmes, 1902.

IN SHORT.

An Evening on the Quay in Smyrna. (After Howells.)

As far as eye could see, up and down, stretched the long stone quay of Smyrna, ship-lined toward the upper end and bending out at each extremity to embrace the broad dark bay. All along it gleamed the bright lights of refreshment gardens and cafés where patrons went in and out. Endless crowds of pedestrians were enjoying the moonless evening—men escorting their wives to some garden on the quay, and children playing about them and receiving an occasional anxious glance and sharp mandate whenever they went too near the water.

Ever on the evening stillness floated along strains of an orchestra from some garden, accompanied by the popping of corks and the voices of waiters calling out their orders. Now and then were intermingled the delighted cries of children, as they saw a toy balloon break loose and go up, up into the air. The Lotto man, in a stentorian voice, called out his numbers to the men who were playing for a big fish or a fowl to take home. And in between these noises far, far in the distance sounded the clear voice of a minstrel singing a *mané*.

Across the bay was silence, save that now and then came a booming, ghostlike and sepulchral, from the distance, as fishermen beat the water to stir up the fish and frighten them into their nets.

—Christine Catrevas, 1903.

Digitized by Google

The Workings of Free Will.

THE child wandered about the room in great restlessness. She had just come back from school and was very anxious to see her mother. Only the day before she had said:—

"I am six years old and I have n't seen half the world yet."

Now there was a part of the half that she must see. There were some trained monkeys down town; beautiful monkeys with long tails, monkeys that could climb poles and take off their hats. Would her mother never come?

She walked over to the window. The sun was just setting and she could look down over the city across the lake to the foothills and mountains beyond. There were even a few peaks of the third range. The sun did not set with brilliant clouds, but gave a beautiful lingering golden light over the lake and mountains.

Child as she was, she forgot a little of her restlessness. But a few moments later she was telling her mother all about the monkeys.

"You must not leave school. The idea! Of course I shall not tell your teacher that you are sick. You have seen monkeys with tails and hats before."

It was useless to persuade any more, but the child could not forget the monkeys. She thought of them steadily until she was left alone in bed. Generally she went to sleep at once, but to-night her restlessness did not leave her, and finally she got up and went to the window. This act in itself was somewhat lawless, and, as she stood there looking down at the carriages passing under the arc light, the thought came into her mind of committing another act decidedly lawless. Why should she not go to see the monkeys anyway?

Mamma had said "No," but had she not heard a discussion the other day in which her father had very firmly said that people possess free will? She had never thought before what free will meant, but now she knew very certainly that it meant that she had a right to do as she wished about going to the monkeys, and she wished to go.

She crept back into bed, her decision made, and lay watching the shadows on the reflection of the arc light. The wind blown branches

Digitized by Google

and twigs made a delicate tracery that generally suggested to her a quaint Japanese tapestry, but to-night she could see nothing in the shadow picture but monkeys,—monkeys climbing ropes and dancing about in rings, and just as she dropped to sleep she had a vague idea that one of them was just in the act of drawing a bow across a violin.

The next morning she had such a gay, happy air that mamma said to her father:—

"The child certainly is improving. She had a hard disappointment last night and to-day she does n't even speak of it. She is much interested in her school, too. She was so eager to go this morning that she started a quarter of an hour early."

Alas! at the very time her mother was making this remark the child was entering the tent where the trained monkeys were. She had prevailed upon one of her schoolmates to accompany her,—a little girl who was not altogether a desirable acquaintance. They saw the monkeys in the trapeze; they heard a monkey band and when they came out they thought and talked of nothing but the wonderful monkeys.

With a face still showing her good time she ran into the house and met her mother.

"Why, child, how is this? Is school out early?"

"I—don't know," the child stammered.

She looked at her mother with a set little face. "I—I had free will, and—yes, I went to the monkeys."

She walked over to the window and pressed her face against the glass. Now, beyond the lake, the mountains rose, grand and distinct, all the third range showing. The child loved the lake and mountains and even now they comforted her somewhat.

Her mother looked at her. "Poor child!" she thought. "How can I make her understand!"

—Marion Ashton Keese, 1904.

Digitized by Google

MY ZOÖLOGICAL FLAME.

Dear girl, I wish I knew her well,
And yet I dare not call,
For spiders' webs and mud wasps' nests,
And ugly things that crawl,
Cocoons and bugs and toads adorn
Her desk and stand and wall.

Sweet girl, I 'd love with her to walk,
If only I could stop her,
When she picks up, upon the spot,
An innocent grasshopper,
And tells his whole anatomy.
I do not think it 's proper!

Bright girl, I 'd like to chat with her,
But she speaks of Hymenoptera,
Of the stages of the Blastula,
And the various Orthoptera,
Of segments, somites, symmetry,
And of the Coleoptera.

Fair girl, I 'd like to be her friend,
But may the gods protect me!
Perhaps she 'd give me some such name,
Or else perchance dissect me,
Examine, analyze, and draw,
And ne'er again collect me.

—Edna E. Linsley, 1904.

Digitized by Google

A Bunco Game.

We had always known that grandfather had a vein of humor beneath his gruff manner of expression and that he was shrewd in matters which he thoroughly understood. But another thing of which we were equally certain was that he knew as little of New York as we knew of his loved Greenville. Yes, and even less, for, city bred children that we were, Christmas would not have been Christmas to us anywhere but in the rough-raftered homestead among the Ulster county hills, and there we had spent the holidays of many years. On the other hand, grandfather could easily count his trips to the great metropolis on the fingers of one hand.

For some time past we had been greatly worried by his growing determination not to be watched over and cared for as, to use his own words, Deacon Brown's hundred-dollar-prize bulldog. In pursuance of this determination he had forsaken his old habit of writing to ascertain the most convenient time for a prospective visit, but had twice taken matters into his own hands, and the thump, thump of his great knotted cane end against the front door—for grandfather never *could* learn that pressing a little black button meant anything—was the first intimation of his presence.

It was some hours after he had arrived on his third unannounced visit that by dint of deep questioning and some guessing we secured facts which to some extent put an end to our worrying.

As grandfather made his way up the long pier from the Albany day boat, proverbial grip in hand, it was high noon of a busy New York Saturday. Once outside, he paused for a moment to look up and down the street which ran along the river front, teeming with life and noise. West street is ever a wonder to the unaccustomed, and grandfather often says it is worth coming a thousand miles to see the way men cross that street when there is n't room for a fly to rest between the back of one truck and the horses of the next.

Just then an interruption came in the form of a tall, gaunt man of middle age who crossed in front of grandfather, then suddenly stopped upon looking into his face, and exclaimed:—

"Why, Mr. White, how *do* you do? I had no idea you intended

Digitized by Google

paying New York a visit. And how are all the folks up in Plattville? Cyrus well, is he? I 'm so glad to——"

"Guess you 've made a mistake," interrupted grandfather. "My name ain't White. I 'm Benjamin Hotchkiss of Greenville, Ulster county. I know Mr. White, but he ain't from Plattville."

"Well, you don't mean it! I never saw two men more alike in my life than you two. Come to think of it, I spent four months in Greenville myself one summer. Guess it was your nephew I got so well acquainted with. Fine chap!"

"Wal, wal, did you? Yes, Hal's a fine lad. Always likes to spend summers on the old farm. Come see us if you ever get that way again. Good day."

Meanwhile, the driver of the West street car, which had been standing just ahead, had taken the reins, loosened the brake and the car had gone bobbing down the track. Grandfather, therefore, interviewed a policeman and learned that by going through two blocks he would reach the "L," which would carry him to the Bridge in much quicker time.

Having gotten safely over the dreaded crossing with his possessions, he proceeded down the side street with his usual slow, heavy tread. Just as he was rounding the corner at Ninth avenue, close to the brick factory wall, a great broad-shouldered fellow strode full into him.

Each staggered back, grandfather with a gruff, "Look out, young fellow," he with a muttered exclamation of, "What on earth 's the mat—, why, by all that 's powerful, if this is n't Ben Hotchkiss! You remember me surely—Hal's old friend, Dick Baird? He must have spoken of me many times, and then I 've seen his Uncle Ben myself more than once in the old homestead at Greenville. On your way over there now, are n't you? But say, you must be hungry. Come have some dinner with me first. Fine hotel just around——"

"Hold on a minute," interrupted grandfather, "but I guess you 've made some mistake here, young fellow. My name ain't Hotchkiss and never will be. I 'm James White of Plattville. Good day."

—Marion Heaton Taber, 1904.

Digitized by Google

Aphorism. THE woman who has no cobweb in her house may have one in her brain.

—E. S. P., 1904.

THE LITERARY DIGEST.

THE CAVALIER.

IN compounding this dish great care must be taken in choosing the ingredients. In the first place, the heroine must be of a rare variety, dark on one side, but of a pure whiteness on the other. Place her in an 1863 mould with the dark side uppermost, and beside her put the very nicest hero to be found in the market. Then choose a villain, especially villainous and well-nigh unquenchable, who will impart a fine bitter flavor to the entire composition, and opposite him a ubiquitous confidant, messenger, and general errand boy. Surround these with a handful of beautiful girls, another of jealous rivals, another of friendly enemies, always beaten and yet always victorious, and still another of minor villains. Mix all these well together, and heat to the boiling point, allowing them to stay there for some thirty days. Then cool very gradually, and serve with a sauce of clever wit.

YOUNG BARBARIANS.

THIS may seem at first sight a mock "Stalky & Co.," but the literary epicure will soon see the differences between it and that noted concoction. It is made in much the same way, by mixing together several preternaturally ingenious schoolboys with a few schoolmasters of varying degrees of inefficiency, and forming a thick batter, which is kneaded well and then cut out into pranks of different sizes. These pranks are baked until a rich brown on all sides, and are to be eaten while still hot. This variety does not, however, possess the genuine Kipling flavor, but has a peculiar taste, owing to the infusion of a little general morality

Digitized by Google

which is added just before the pranks are removed from the oven. Although they are not as injurious to the growing child as the Stalky variety, they are not to be recommended as highly nutritious.

—J. B., 1902.

A DISCUSSION OF TERMS.*

PURPOSE AND MOTIVE.

SUCCESSFUL argument, as we all know, is impossible without a clear and accurate definition of the terms used in the question to be argued. But should that question be concerned with literary criticism, the task of finding such a definition is by no means easy. Different critics are prone to employ technical terms with a lack of discrimination most confusing to the reader; and this is especially true in the case of the terms purpose and motive.

In her article on "The Purpose of the Novel," Miss Willcox defines purpose as the reason for a novel's existence; motive, as the immediate cause of its appearance in the world of letters. Purpose, therefore, is necessary to any literary effort, but conscious motive is not. These definitions, it is evident, are clearly distinguished in their author's mind, but to another they are confusing, partly because of their indiscriminate use in critical literature, and partly because they are not strictly correct.

Motive, from its derivation, signifies the moving force, the power within anything which impels it toward a certain end, rather than the immediate cause, which falls more naturally under the head of occasion. In connection with the fine arts, motive is termed by the Century Dictionary, "The prevailing idea in the mind of an artist, to which he endeavors to give expression in his work." The motive of the novel, then, is the prevailing idea in the author's mind to which he has endeavored to give expression by means of the story form; and this includes all which Miss Willcox gives in her definition of purpose.

* See in the February MOUNT HOLYOKE an article entitled "The Purpose of the Novel."

Digitized by Google

But, on the other hand, purpose includes more than is given in Miss Willcox's definition of motive; it is defined in a general way as "an object to be kept in view or subserved in any operation or course of action," and so it may apply to the aim of a novel as well as to its immediate cause. In the former sense it is used in the expression, "novels of purpose," or "novels of moral purpose," which is frequently applied to those works of fiction which aim to bring about some reform; Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby," or "Bleak House," for instance. Yet these two books, as F. H. Stoddard has pointed out, are novels of purpose only in part, since the interest of the reader lies not so much in the exposure of abuses as in the fortunes of the characters. True novels of purpose are rare; but we find instances in Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend," in Kingsley's "Alton Locke," and preëminently in Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In this book the author never loses sight of her purpose, to make slavery hateful in the eyes of the American people, and so to bring about its abolition. This does not differ essentially from the motive, or prevailing idea, which the book expresses; but surely it is much more than the immediate cause.

As the term purpose seems too general for use in this connection, let us turn from it to consider a suggestion made by a member of the English department. This suggestion distinguishes between the motive of the novel, or its prevailing idea, as already stated, and the motive of the author, which leads him to put his expression of that prevailing idea into the form of the novel. This, then, explains a statement made by Miss Willcox which her own definitions rendered hard to understand, namely, that novels of worthy purpose have been successfully written, although the motive in the author's mind was far from noble; for the purpose or motive of the novel might be a desire to make the world better, and the motive of the author merely a desire to win reputation. Such a distinction also brings out clearly the nature of and difference between the ideas for which purpose and motive were inadequate terms, and in every way seems the true solution of the problem.

—J. B., 1902.

Digitized by Google

THERE was published in the last issue of THE MOUNT HOLYOKE an essay entitled "The Purpose of the Novel." Some discussion has been aroused by the writer's use of the terms purpose and motive. Since the audacious young contributor confesses herself unable to furnish any more satisfactory explanation of her meaning than is contained in the essay itself, it may be not out of place to offer, not a vindication, but a simple statement of her point of view, if indeed said point of view is not too intangible to be expressed in words.

Purpose, so the dictionary assures us, is "The idea or ideal kept before the mind as an end of effort or action." The same authority declares that motive is "That which incites to motion or action." Now, to take an instance near at hand, whatever it was that incited the student to write her essay on "The Purpose of the Novel"—possibly a conjunction of the force of circumstances and a half-conscious desire to excuse her own youthful tendencies to the novel habit—the idea which she evidently tried to keep in mind as an "end of effort" was to prove that the novel, at its best, is worthy of the attention of writer and reader. It seems evident that purpose and motive are not identical. Although "that which incites us to motion or action" may be our wish to accomplish our purpose, it cannot be the purpose itself. Purpose exists in the reason, motive, in the will. It was stated in the essay under discussion that purpose may exist independent of conscious motive. The writer probably had in mind those cases where the only motive which incites the author is the soul's eternal impulse to express itself, an impulse which is sometimes not formulated as a thought in the mind of one who is not habitually self-analytical.

The writer's use of reason and cause, as explanatory respectively of purpose and motive, has also been questioned, and on this point the dictionary must again be consulted. "While the cause of any event, act, or fact, as commonly understood, is the power that makes it to be [that is, in this case, the motive], the reason of or for it is the explanation given by the human mind; but reason is, in popular language, often used as equivalent to cause, especially in the sense of final cause."

Now the explanation given by the human mind of any action is

Digitized by Google

the end which that action is intended to accomplish, its purpose. After reading the morning paper, you may ask, "Why did Mr. B—— commit suicide?" The answer is, "His reason for committing suicide, his purpose in doing it, was to be relieved from the cares and disappointments of this world, but the cause of his act, its motive, was his recent failure and the consequent loss of his immense property." Reason has reference to the future, cause, to the past.

Perhaps our confusion of these terms is explained by the fact that, in very many of the actions of life, the cause is so closely allied to the reason, the motive so nearly related to the purpose, that we forget that there is any distinction.

—H. L. W., 1905.

EDITORIAL.

As truly may it be said of a woman that she is known by the words she uses as by the friends she makes. Individuality, whether it be expressed in the character of one's acquaintances or in the personality of one's room, in the books that one reads or in the English that one speaks, is after all the refreshing quality which imparts all its charm of variety to that little part of the big world which we call the college world. There are two classes of college women as there are two races of men—the girls who stamp their individuality upon others in varying degrees and the girls who are stamped, the girls who set the fashions and the girls who follow them. By far the greater proportion fall under the latter head,—perhaps because it requires less energy,—and it is a serious question whether the modern system of education is not tending to eliminate lines of difference and reduce all college women to a more or less fixed type. Fashions and fads hold as prominent a place in college as in the outside world, and perhaps one of the most demoralizing is the tendency—not confined to college women by any means—to play fast and loose with the English language in ordinary conversation.

Digitized by Google

Precision in the choice of phrases, a sense of the eternal fitness of words, is as truly an expression of the cultured woman's taste as is her sense of harmony of color. She chooses her adjectives as she buys her gloves—always with a clear idea of their suitability. It is somewhat remarkable that the college woman, while claiming for herself a high degree of general culture, yet allows herself such laxity in her employment of words. The continual and indiscriminate use of slang is one of the particularly noticeable fads of the age. Slang has its place, and an occasional and judicious use of it may tend to heighten the effect as it undoubtedly adds to the picturesqueness of expression, but its indiscriminate employment certainly defeats this end. The same attempt to secure force or at least startlingness lies at the root of the tendency to use exaggerated terms and phrases, high sounding adjectives for the description of a very ordinary occurrence. "Perfectly lovely," "fine," "simply magnificent," "elegant," in themselves are of good and regular standing to be sure, but there is such a thing as getting used even to having a cannon ball shot off every moment in one's direction and therefore ceasing to jump.

The ordinary college girl's vocabulary is strictly limited. She hardly realizes herself how restricted she is in this way; she exhausts her superlatives on very ordinary occurrences and but for the adverbs of the English language would find herself sadly at a loss for adequate expression when the more unusual occurs. Blessed be adverbs—and slang, she breathes inwardly. It is something of a commentary on a girl's culture for her to be limited to five or six hundred words in setting forth her ideas. There are so many respectable words, waiting patiently after their long rest, quite willing, even glad to lend themselves to the college woman's needs, that it seems a pity she does not gratify them. The great democracy of honest English words they are—only asking to be put to regular employment at her hands. There is an aristocracy of words, too, but few attain to a mastery of its system. It is an aristocracy built on long usage by the masters of language, of delicate perceptions of eye and ear and mental processes,—for words individually as well as collectively have "atmosphere." The use of language in conversa-

Digitized by Google

tion is a fine art—a sadly neglected and almost bygone art in these modern days, governed by rules as delicate but as arbitrary as those of counterpoint, an art that in its mastery must always belong to the few, but that in its inherent principles and wide application is a heritage of the many, of the college woman in particular, since to her are given broad culture and trained scholarship. Let her not belie her college breeding by the words she uses.

It is easier to profess loyalty to one's college than to serve her institutions; yet in service as in nothing else lies opportunity not only for the expression of loyalty but for its deepening. Faithful work in behalf of the League, the Christian Association, or the musical clubs benefits the college and endears it to the student as can no mere sentimental profession of affection. But another institution, which receives less general support than any of these, is The Mount Holyoke.

That the student publication is of value to the college scarcely requires proof. Its circulation among undergraduates and alumnæ testifies to its value in their eyes, while its extensive exchange system makes it an important representative of Mount Holyoke among other colleges. Energy expended in producing a really creditable magazine is therefore well spent. But the urgency of its demand upon the student body should be measured also by its needs. A good magazine cannot be produced without abundance of contributions. The necessity of publishing second-rate material to "fill up" is ruinous to any paper; there must be plenty of good contributions, from which to select the best. To secure breadth and variety of interest, moreover, there must be many different contributors. The magazine can represent the mind of the college only as many students of various temperaments and tendencies speak through it. The objection will be raised, that few students can produce work that is worth publishing. But consider the pains taken to secure places on the musical clubs. Not a few students learn to play

Digitized by Google

the mandolin or banjo with this one end in view, while nearly all who already play or sing try to fit themselves for club or choir. That a like interest in perfecting their work in English would lead to the same degree of success is surely to be expected in a college where English is a fundamental study and music is not.

As has been suggested, this service is not wholly a sacrifice. It brings abundant return of profit and pleasure. Seeing one's productions in print is the surest way to discover their faults as well as their merits, and improvement in style is an inevitable result of the experience. Lively interest in the magazine and stronger attachment to the college are a part of the pleasure received.

But these reasons for contributing to THE MOUNT HOLYOKE may prove less potent, after all, than the statement of a few facts. The class of 1902 has for two years loyally supported the magazine, and, since the departure of 1901, it has supplied nearly its entire contents. A few stories by juniors and sophomores have been selected from the work of the English department, but with few exceptions there have been no direct contributions from these classes. Within a few months the members of 1902 must withdraw their support, and their successors must assume full responsibility. Had they grown gradually into the work they would find this no hardship; but as matters stand they may, not without reason, question their ability to secure for THE MOUNT HOLYOKE the improvement that every year should bring.

The few months remaining offer opportunity for vigorous endeavor and valuable experience. We hope that so many will enter into this field of service that the senior class may feel no uncertainty as to the future of THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Digitized by Google

DEPARTMENT NOTES.

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

DURING the past month, with the completion of the Dwight Memorial Art Building, the work has been carried forward of removing the casts and pictures, the cases of coins and bronzes, from the third floor of Williston Hall. The further task of arranging the small collections to best advantage in the fine new galleries is only in part accomplished.

The following casts were received in January from Germany. The numbers correspond to those given in the "Purchase List of Important Casts in Sculpture," published last June, the prices on the average being the same as quoted in the printed List. A further statement with regard to these casts will be found on p. 337 of this number of THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Part I: No. 2. Primitive head of Hera, Olympia.
No. 6. Relief, Spartan tombstone.
No. 7. Bronze relief, with winged Artemis, Olympia.
No. 10. Head of Apollo, west pediment, Olympia.
No. 11. Head of Lapith, west pediment, Olympia.
No. 12. Metope, Heracles and Atlas, Olympia.
No. 17. The Lemnian Athena.
No. 20. Wounded Amazon of the Berlin gallery.
No. 26. Child figure Ploutos (fragment from group of Eirene and Ploutos), Athens.
No. 32. Two heads of warriors, Tegea, style of Scopas.

Part II: No. 9. Head of Egyptian Queen, Taia.
No. 10. Portrait head, Saite dynasty, Egypt.
No. 24. Model, west pediment, Olympia; restoration by G. Treu.
No. 61. Copy of head of Aphrodite Cnidus (the Kaufmann Aphrodite).
No. 63. Niobid Chiaramonti, Vatican, Rome.
No. 68. Statue of Sophocles, Lateran, Rome.
No. 88. Relief, portrait of Antinous, Albani Villa, Rome.
No. 90. Relief, Nike, Apollo and Artemis.

Added to these are some casts, not named in the Purchase List, which it seemed desirable to include in the order from Berlin.

Two Assyrian reliefs—King's head, and King in chariot.

Two Egyptian reliefs—Heads of prisoners, and grave stele, Amenophis I.

Digitized by Google

Fragment of ceiling decoration, Orchomenos, Mycenean period.
Grave stele of Alxenor, Orchomenos, Greek, sixth century.
Grave stele of Mynno, Greek, fifth century.
Grave stele of maiden with basket, Greek, fifth century.
Zeus, bronze head, Olympia.
Athena Parthenos, the Lenormant statuette.
Bronze statuette of a charioteer.
Bronze statuette, Hermes with ram.
Bronze statuette, Warrior from Dodona.
Head of the Diadumenos, Dresden.

A few casts much needed were recently forwarded to Dwight Hall from Caproni Bros., Boston, through an order from the trustees. These are quoted in the Purchase List as follows: Part I, no. 21, The Idolino; Part II, no. 80, The Narcissus, and no. 118, David, by Verrocchio.

In a letter written during her recent delightful stay of several weeks in Athens, Mrs. Mead speaks of going one morning to the Greek National Museum to see the casts which were being made for Mount Holyoke College. The casts, ordered from Athens, will probably not arrive here for several months.

LATIN.

On the evening of February 5, Professor Clifford Moore of Harvard University lectured on "Books and Book-making." He gave the history in brief of this art as practiced in ancient and mediæval times, with especial reference to Roman customs. The descriptions of the wax tablets in wooden frames which accompanied travelers on their journeys and the writers of verse—for all "society men" in Rome were poets,—when invited out to dine, and of the preparation from the papyrus plant of the sheet, which, by gluing the sections, permitted the making of a book or roll several hundred feet long, were so clear as scarcely to require the stereopticon illustrations which followed. These showed the manner of closing the tablets with a string passed through holes in the middle or grooves in the edges; the scrinia, or "cheese-boxes," in which the rolls were kept; pictures of the charred tablets and rolls from Pompeii, whose contents are deciphered with difficulty; and groups from ancient paintings illustrating the manner of reading the roll and the custom of having several scribes for the taking of notes and copying of manuscripts.

Especially interesting were the allusions to the relations between the writer and the bookseller, in which the rights of the former were as likely to be disregarded then as now, the reference to certain booksellers made famous

Digitized by Google

by Martial and Horace, and the size of an edition, which sometimes reached a thousand copies, a creditable, not to say a surprising number, when one has noted the conditions of book-making in ancient Rome.

ASTRONOMY.

THERE are no courses in astronomy offered this semester, due to the fact that Miss Young is spending the time studying at the University of Chicago.

PSYCHOLOGY.

A COURSE in experimental psychology is being given this semester by Miss Thompson. It covers work on all the senses except hearing, on motor ability and the higher mental processes, including memory, association, and attention. The third floor of Williston Hall has been devoted to the laboratories, five in number. The apparatus has not all arrived, but there are, at present, accommodations for a class of sixteen students.

ZOOLOGY.

THE Association for Promotion of Scientific Research by Women has issued its annual circular. During the past three years five women have enjoyed the privileges of the American Women's Table at the Zoölogical Station at Naples, two of whom, Miss Clapp and Miss Wallace, were received at the same time through the kindness of Dr. Dohrn. For the summer of 1902 the association offers the free use of an investigator's table at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Holl, Massachusetts, to any applicant who is eligible for the Naples Table, and who may desire the benefit of preliminary work at Wood's Holl.

Application blanks for the use of candidates and items relating to the expense of living at Naples or at Wood's Holl may be obtained from the secretary, Miss Cornelia M. Clapp, Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass.

The zoölogical classes are using twelve new Zeiss microscopes which Dr. Clapp ordered during her trip abroad last year. The reputation of the Zeiss instruments is too well known to need comment, and the department considers itself especially fortunate in being able to make this addition to its equipment.

Miss Kate E. Paterson (Mount Holyoke, 1900) is substituting for Miss Louise B. Wallace, who returns to her work in April.

Digitized by Google

LIBRARY NOTES.

One hundred and fifty-five volumes were added to the library between January 20 and February 20. A few of these are selected for mention.

Abbott, C. C. Bird-land echoes. 1896.
Birds about us. 1900.
Recent rambles. 1899.

Appleton's cyclopædia of American biography. v. 7. 1901.
A supplement brought down to date.

Baker, J. H. Education and life. 1900.

Bolton, F. E. Secondary school system of Germany. 1900.

Briggs, L. R. School, college, and character. 1902.

Brooks, Noah. First across the continent. 1901.
The story of the Lewis and Clark expedition in 1803-5.

Bücher, Carl. Industrial evolution. 1901.

Burgess, J. W. The civil war and the constitution. 2v. 1901.

Collins, J. C. Ephemera critica; or, Plain truths about current literature. 1902.

Friedlaender, Ludwig. Sittengeschichte Roms. 2v. 1901.

Gummere, F. B. Beginnings of poetry. 1901.

Hart, A. B. Foundations of American foreign policy. 1901.

Kyle, A. M., *ed.* In memory of Mary S. Morrill and Annie Allender Gould, martyrs of Paoting-fu, North China, July 1, 1900.

McCarthy, C. H. Lincoln's plan of reconstruction. 1901.

Mackinder, H. J. Britain and the British seas. 1902.

Marquardt, Joachim. Das Privatleben der Römer. 1886.

Message of the college to the church. 1901.
Lenten addresses at the Old South Church in Boston.

Muir, John. Our national parks. 1902.

Münsterberg, Hugo. American traits. 1902.

Onderdonk, J. L. History of American verse, 1610-1897. 1901.

Ramsay, William. Manual of Roman antiquities. 1901.

Sheldon, H. D. Student life and customs. 1901.

Swift, Jonathan. Prose works, *ed.* by Temple Scott. 1898-1901.
Only six of the eleven volumes are out of the press.

Taylor, H. O. Classical heritage of the middle ages. 1901.

Texte, Joseph. Jean Jacques Rousseau and the cosmopolitan spirit in literature. 1899.
A study of the literary relations between France and England during the eighteenth century.

Digitized by Google

The following are gifts:—

Bolton, C. E. A model village of homes, and other papers. 1901.
From Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, widow of the author.

Blackmar, F. W. Life of Charles Robinson. 1902.
From Mrs. S. T. D. Robinson.

Mason, Amelia Gere. Woman in the golden ages. 1901.
From the author, a graduate of Mount Holyoke in 1851.

Terry, Benjamin. History of England. 1901.

Davies, N. de G. The mastaba of Ptahhetep and Akhethetep at Saqqareh. pt. 2. 1901.
A memoir of the archæological survey of Egypt.
From Mary A. Dickinson, of the class of 1850.

The books on fine arts have been recatalogued and classified by C. A. Cutter's expansive classification. The library in Dwight Hall has ample room for the growth of our collection of books. Miss Boalt will have charge of the library for the remainder of the year.

The library club enjoyed a talk on librarianship, given on January 31 by Mr. W. I. Fletcher, librarian of Amherst College, and editor of Poole's Index. On February 7, Miss Soule of the department of constitutional history talked of sources and secondary authorities in historical study. An informal reception was given on February 20 for Miss Anna Rodgers, Mount Holyoke, 1900, New York State Library School, 1902.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE season of Washington's Birthday has been especially gay this year, various interesting college functions being crowded into the space of a few days. The midwinter concert given by the Glee, Banjo and Mandolin clubs on the evening of February 21 proved exceptionally good. The house was crowded and every number thoroughly appreciated by the audience. The medley sung by the Glee Club was particularly effective and secured rounds of applause. The playing of the instrumental clubs showed artistic interpretation as well as brilliancy in execution, and won for them many recalls. The programme of the concert follows:—

Digitized by Google

PART I.

1. (*a*) Genevieve, ... *Geddes, '93*
   (*b*) Peggy, ... *Neidlunger*

GLEE CLUB.

2. The Bostonians, ... *W. D. Kenneth*

BANJO CLUB.

3. On the Heath, ... *W. Berger*

GLEE CLUB.

4. "Story Teller" Waltzes, ... *Van L. Farrand*

MANDOLIN CLUB.

5. The Spider and the Fly, ... *Caldicott*

GLEE CLUB.

PART II.

1. Black Reuben, ... *Arthur L. Brown*

BANJO AND MANDOLIN CLUBS.

2. Song of the Seasons, ... *Hawley*

GLEE CLUB.

3. Selections from "King Dodo," ..... *Gustav Suders*

MANDOLIN CLUB.

4. Medley (Arr. for Club),

GLEE CLUB.

5. Speedway, ... *A. J. Weidt*

BANJO CLUB.

6. (*a*) The Bloom is on the Rye, ... *Sir H. R. Bishop*
   (*b*) Holyoke, ... *Averill, '93*

GLEE CLUB.

Immediately after the concert came the reception given to the clubs by the Students' League. Assembly Hall and the post office hall were beautifully decorated for the occasion with oriental hangings. The leaders of the three clubs, Helen Hopkins (1902), May Fiske (1903), and Annie Miller (1903), were assisted in receiving by Ethel Heywood, president of the League. During the evening light refreshments were served by Frissell of Holyoke. The

Digitized by Google

whole affair was thoroughly delightful, and great credit is due the executive committee of the League for planning and carrying it out.

A patriotic service was held in the chapel at half after nine on Saturday morning, the seniors and the faculty appearing in their caps and gowns on that occasion. Reverend Joseph J. Woolley, D.D., of Pawtucket, R. I., gave a short address on Washington as an all-round man.

On Saturday afternoon, Professor Hammond gave one of his delightful organ recitals to a crowded house. The request programme, which follows, was especially pleasing, comprising, as it did, all the favorite selections of a critical college audience:—

Variations on the National Air, ... *Hesse*
Marche Heroique de Jeanne d'Arc,..... *Dubois*
Fugue in C major,..... *Buxtehude*
Melodie in G,..... *Grieg*
Serenade, ... *Volkmann*
Fantasie in E minor, The Storm,..... *Lemmens*
Morning—Calm. Noon—Storm. Evening—Thanksgiving Hymn.
March of the Magi Kings, ... *Dubois*
Gavotte, The Golden Wedding,..... *Gabriel-Marie*
Andantino in D flat,..... *Lemare*
Ivy Song (1901).
Overture to Tannhauser,..... *Wagner*

On the evening of the twenty-second, the nineteen-three Junior Promenade was given, and, in spite of the fact that dancing was prohibited, proved a grand success. To the executive committee of the junior class must all the credit be given, and especially to its indefatigable chairman, Alice Cook, vice-president of the class. The gymnasium was hung from top to bottom with the class color, yellow, Murray of Springfield being the decorator. From the running track hung long, graceful festoons of smilax, reaching to the electric chandelier in the center; across the entire stage front stretched a screen of smilax, behind which was concealed the Philharmonic Orchestra of Springfield, which furnished the following music for the promenades:—

1. A Frangesa, ... *Costa*
2. The Strollers, ... *Englander*
3. The Burgomaster, ... *Suders*
4. Calanthe, ... *Holzmann*
5. "Chaperons," ..... *Witmark*
6. Wedding of the Winds,..... *Hall*

Digitized by Google

7. Yale Boola, ...*Hearst*
8. San Toy, ...*Jones*
9. The Liberty Bells,.....*Accore*
10. Floradora, ...*Stuart*

Under the chandelier hung a hoop of red carnations, which was lowered during the evening when the flowers were distributed broadcast to the guests. At the head of the gymnasium was a large booth, hung with blue, the college color, and in this booth stood the patronesses, President Woolley, Dr. Searles, Miss Spore, and Miss Wardwell, the honorary members of the junior class. On the right and left of this were the 1902 and 1903 booths, and down the sides of the gymnasium booths representing the other colleges, Harvard, Princeton, Yale, and others. College banners, pillows and pennants were there in abundance, and the whole made a picture never before seen in the gymasium. Colored waiters served the dainty collation, furnished by Frissell of Holyoke.

A special vesper service was held on Sunday evening, and the chapel was crowded to its limit. Special music was rendered by the choir, and a short address given by President Woolley.

Processional, "Onward, Christian Soldiers."
Plain song, "Rejoice, ye pure in heart."
Te Deum in D,.....*Oliver King*

SOLO, MISS HEALD.

Duet and chorus, "I waited for the Lord,".....*Schubert*

MISS RUSSELL AND MISS CLARK.

Choir Hymn, "He shall come down like rain,".....*Allen*
Recessional, "The Son of God goes forth to war."

Rockefeller Hall gave a very pretty reception to invited guests, on the evening of the twenty-fifth. The parlors were artistically decorated with palms and ferns, and refreshments were served by Frissell of Holyoke. The committee in charge of the affair comprised: Ann Davies (1902), chairman, Elizabeth Brigham (1902), and Mildred Kelley (1903).

On the evening of March 11 the faculty of the German department entertained the students of that department. The evening passed very pleasantly and a delightful time was reported by all.

Eduard Zeldenrust, the famous Dutch pianist, who is causing such a furore in the musical world just at present, gave a recital in Mary Lyon chapel on the evening of February 4. The audience was large and appreciative, but, in spite of Zeldenrust's wonderful reputation, he failed to arouse the wild enthusiasm which greeted Gabrilowitch last year. The Bach Prelude and

Digitized by Google

Fugue was superb, but the Chopin numbers were very disappointing, the Valse especially, which was played with startling rapidity and the expression of a five-finger exercise. The programme follows:—

Sonata, Op. 53 (Waldstein), ... *Beethoven*
Theme and Variations, Op. 142, No. 3, ... *Schubert*
Prelude and Fugue, A minor, ... *Bach*
Prelude, C minor, ... *Chopin*
Nocturne, Op. 32, No. 1, ... *Chopin*
Etude, Op. 25, No. 1, ... *Chopin*
Valse, D flat, ... *Chopin*
The Erlking, ... *Schubert–Liszt*
Old French Gavotte, ... *Composer Unknown*
Humoresque, ... *Zeldenrust*
Isolde's Liebestod, ... *Wagner—Liszt*
Hungarian Rhapsodie, No. 14, ... *Liszt*

On March 5 we were given an unexpected treat in the form of a song and organ recital by Miss Metcalfe of New York, and Prof. Hammond. The recital was much enjoyed.

The few lectures this month have been given chiefly under the auspices of the different departments. The French lecture, given in the chapel, on the evening of the eighteenth, by Monsieur Hugues le Roux, was a great success. Monsieur le Roux, who is a distinguished man of letters and an explorer, spoke briefly on the question, "Does the contemporary novel faithfully depict French society?" and he answered in a decided negative. Many of the audience came from Holyoke, Springfield, and Northampton, and several stayed to attend the reception given Monsieur le Roux by the Cercle Français of the college, in Mead Hall. The second French lecture was given on the eighth of March, by Monsieur Mabilleau, the distinguished sociologist and writer, on "Paris Intellectuel." Monsieur Mabilleau has been professor of philosophy at the Universities of Toulouse and Caen, and also at the College de France. He is now the corresponding member of the French Academy, and a regular contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes, La Gazette des Beaux Arts,* and the *Temps,* so it is needless to state that his lecture was brilliant, learned and interesting. On the twelfth of March Mr. Harbour of the staff of the *Youth's Companion* gave an entertaining talk on the subject, "Blessed be Humor," the lecture being under the auspices of Psi Omega. On the afternoon of February 20, Mrs. Kelley of the Consumers' League gave a talk on the work of the League, which was much enjoyed by all those who heard it.

Miss Randolph gave a lecture in Westfield, Mass., Monday evening,

Digitized by Google

February 24, the subject being, "The Acropolis of Athens; Greek Art in the Age of Phidias." This lecture, illustrated by lantern slides, was one of a series in the Westfield High School Extension Course for the year. Among other lectures of the course still to be given is one upon English cathedrals, by Mr. Henry Turner Bailey, state superintendent of drawing in the public schools.

At a meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association, held on Monday evening, February 17, the report of the nominating committee was read as follows: For president, Frances Leavitt, Cora Dyer, Elizabeth Colby; for vice-president, Bessie Brooks, Gertrude Palmer, Helen Wood; for secretary, Mary Swan, Alice Tappan, Belle Morrill; for treasurer, Alice Eaton, Sue MacWilliams, Marion Lansing.

The Debating Society still lives, moves, and has its being. An open debate was held on the evening of the fifteenth, the question being, "*Resolved*, That Chinese laborers should be excluded from this country." Maude Aldrich (1902) and Cora Dyer (1903) debated for *Το μὲν* on the affirmative, and Beth Gilchrist (1902) and Marion Barry (1903) for *Το δὲ* on the negative. The judges decided in favor of the negative, and the house voted for the negative, on the merits of the question.

Wilder Hall has been the fortunate recipient of thirty-six new books, the gift of the Mount Holyoke Club of Boston. In variety of selection the books show an appreciation of the needs of the house, and form a valuable addition to the library. Miss Hannah Noble has presented Mead Hall with a painting in water colors of Squirrel Island, while Miss Mary Townsend (class of '62) and Mrs. Margaret Ely Morse (non-graduate, '74) have given the hall books from their own libraries. Porter Hall has received a new picture, a Rembrandt, presented by Dr. Mary P. Dole.

Miss Gertrude Caroline Garland (1902), having successfully passed through the three degrees for membership in the Sophocles Authors' Club, has now the proud distinction of being the sixth member of that important body, thus filling the last vacancy in 1902. This much-sought-for honor has been worthily bestowed on one who, without doubt, will do credit to S. A. C. Miss Judd ('01) of Holyoke represented the alumnæ at the initiatory banquet.

Digitized by Google

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

THE Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association of New York was "at home" at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on the afternoon of Saturday, January 18. Ninety-eight members and guests were present. The subject for thought was Sociology. Interesting addresses were given by Miss Lillian D. Wald of the Nurses' Settlement, and Dr. John Bancroft Devins, acting pastor of the Broome Street Tabernacle, and one well acquainted with East Side problems. Very delightful music was furnished by the Association Glee Club. This music has been a pleasant feature of the meetings this year. The birth of a mandolin club has been recorded and it is hoped it will be strong enough to appear in public before long. Those who come from the college musical clubs will be gladly welcomed by the Association Glee and Mandolin clubs.

The members of the Glee Club are as follows: First soprano, Mrs. Farrington, Mrs. Magee, Miss Boynton, Miss Merriam; second soprano, Miss Walker, Miss Wilder, Miss Stowe, Miss Pomeroy; first alto, Mrs. Scudder, Miss Merriam, Miss Muzzy, Miss Van Nostrand; second alto, Mrs. Bellows, Miss Paine, Miss Smith, Miss Abbott. Musical director, Mrs. F. E. Farrington. Business manager, Miss Emily Paine. Accompanist, Mrs. Bruce S. Keator.

The association also gave a gentlemen's night and reception to President Woolley on February 14, at the Aldine Association, 111 Fifth avenue, New York. There were several interesting speakers present and music was furnished by the Association Glee Club.

The quarterly meeting of the Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association of Hampshire County was held at the home of the Misses Parsons, Northampton, January 18. After an hour spent in social greetings, refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Bridgman and several members of the Mount Holyoke College faculty were guests of the association.

A very pleasing feature of the occasion was the reading of a letter written in 1841 by a young lady at Mount Holyoke to her brother and mother. She had nearly finished her entrance examinations, and gave a vivid picture of the seminary life of those days.

The meeting of the Boston Alumnæ, January 18, at the Vendome, was one of unusual interest.

The entertainment, in charge of Mrs. H. H. Leavitt ('75) of Somerville,

Digitized by Google

consisted of a talk on "Our Microscopic Friends and Foes," by Miss Mary P. Anderson, B.S. ('90), singing by Mrs. Thornton of Somerville, and a very interesting talk by Mr. George Perry Morris, one of the editors of the *Congregationalist*. Mr. Morris spoke of several recent events of importance in the educational world, emphasizing the position the educator holds in the modern community as well as America's place as leader in the movement for industrial education.

During the business meeting action was taken on the death of Mrs. Mary A. Baldwin French of Woburn.

Resolutions on the death of Miss Mary E. Patten ('85), prepared by the president, Mrs. J. Frederick Hill, were read and accepted. Selections from the memorial address by Miss Patten's pastor were read by Mrs. Annie Atwood Henderson ('88). We who knew Miss Patten but little always found her a bright and cheerful companion but we could not know much of the beautiful, faithful life she lived every day. Her pastor said, "Surely we who saw our sister's beautiful life are well aware that the contest of which she spoke (almost her last words were, 'I have fought a good fight') was not a common battle but the true struggle of a heroic soul wending its way to the gates of day. All of us may not have been aware that it cost her much to be good and true, but we knew that in some way she had attained unto righteousness."

A letter from Miss Mary G. Williams of the Greek department was read, telling of the success, from the standpoint of the faculty, of the system of self-government at the college. Miss Ethel Heywood, the president of the Students' League, also sent a letter, in which she told of the benefits of the system, and the high favor in which it is held by the girls.

The meeting closed with the usual social hour and tea.

'55. Helen E. Carpenter, for many years a teacher in Hawaii, spent a week in South Hadley recently.

'59. Anna C. Edwards sailed on the "Celtic," February 8, on the Students' Bible Trip to Egypt, Palestine, and other countries.

'86. Anna Fisherdick is teaching in Memphis, Tenn.

'88. Harriet Chapell, who has been for nearly seven years assistant book-editor of the American Baptist Publication Society, left the society's employment in January. She will spend some time about New York and New England resting and attending to business connected with the publishing of her father's works. Her permanent address will be Flemington, New Jersey.

Digitized by Google

Sadie B. Pritchett is acting as librarian in the Congressional library at Washington.

'89. Clara L. Brown, after eleven years in Niigata, sailed, October 30, on her first furlough. Her address is care of Dr. John Brown, Hospital, Taunton, Mass.

Ida G. Galloway is teaching in the Girls' High School, New York city.

Jennie E. Griggs is teaching in a primary school in New York city. Her present address is 115 West 84th street.

'94. Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Hessin (Bertha R. Houghton) with their daughter Margaret, born December 22, 1899, have changed their residence to Berlin, Germany, where Mr. Hessin is to be in business for a number of years. Their address is 4 Friedrich Wilhelm str., Berlin W., Germany.

'95. Evelyn H. Davis is to spend the rest of the year with Dr. Hooker at the college.

According to a cablegram, E. Pauline Swartz left Niigata for the United States January last. She hopes to return finally to Niigata. Her address is 17 Park Avenue, Chicago.

'96. Minnie C. Sutphen is teaching in Miss Craven's school in Newark, New Jersey.

'98. Florence J. Grady has been teaching in a grammar school in Newark, N. J., since her graduation from the New Jersey State Normal School in February, 1901.

'99. Clara Mallory is teaching in Straight University, New Orleans, La.

Ethel Williams visited college during the last month.

1900. Helen I. Kendall has returned from the West and is visiting her uncle in New York city.

Kate E. Paterson is assisting in the zoölogical department at the college during the temporary absence of Miss Louise Wallace.

Estelle Potter has a position as mother's assistant in Montclair, N. J.

Among the numerous visitors of the last week of February were Mabel Canada, Ida Dougherty, Anna Rodgers, Harriet McPherson, Helen Newton, and Alice Davenport.

1901. Clara Hirst is teaching in Straight University, New Orleans, La.

Mary Hoffmeyer is teaching in the high school at Riverhead, N. Y.

Edith Reed is teaching science in Foxcroft Academy, Foxcroft, Me.

Among those visiting the college during February were Charlotte Hunt, Anna Moore, and Ruth L. Thomas.

'02. Ida Madison spent several days at college recently.

'03. Several members of nineteen-three have visited college during the

Digitized by Google

last few weeks; Margaret Hubbard, Helen Mower, Kitty Howard, and Beatrice Fiske were among the number.

MARRIAGES.

'91. (Non-graduate) Lindsley—Benedict. May, 1899, Mr. Edward Lindsley and Susan Benedict. At home at 371 Clinton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'94. (Non-graduate) Wilcox—Johnson. At Verona, N. J., June 20, 1901, Mr. Horace Gulick Wilcox and Maude A. Johnson.

'98. (Non-graduate) Bardwell—Allen. At Hartford, Conn., December 4, 1901, Mr. George Edwin Bardwell and Mary Williams Allen. At home at Buffalo, N. Y.

1900. Williams—Lane. December 17, 1902, Mr. Horace Elbert Williams and Suzie Davis Lane. At home Wednesdays after January 15, 99 Rua General, Jardim, Sâo Paulo, Brazil.

BIRTHS.

'91. Nellie Barton Burnham, January, 1902, a daughter.

'92. (Non-graduate) Sara French Lee, December, 1902, a son, Richard. Clara Bidwell Warren, January 23, 1902, a daughter, Frances Allen.

DEATHS.

'44. Mrs. Nancy Allen (Foote) Webb, widow of the late Rev. Edward Webb, January 20, 1902, at Oxford, Pa.

Mrs. Elizabeth Knowlton Starr, January 12, 1902, at Dehesa, Cal.

'85. (Non-graduate) Mary E. Patten, at Watertown, Mass.

Digitized by Google

OTHER COLLEGES.

THE president of Carnegie Institute is to be Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, lately president of Johns Hopkins University. Mr. Carnegie has given the following emphatic denial of any wish to have this institute take the place of the proposed Washington Institute. "This gift, or the donor, has no pretensions to such honor, and in no wise interferes with the proposed university or with any memorial. It has its own more modest field, and is intrusted to co-operate with all kindred institutions, including the Washington University, if ever built, and it may be built if we continue to increase in population as heretofore for a generation. In this hope, I think, the name should be sacredly held in reserve. It is not a matter of one million, or ten millions, or even twenty millions, but of more, to fulfill worthily the wish of Washington, and I think no one would presume to use this almost sacred name except for a university of the very first rank, established by national authority, as he desired. Be our part in our day and generation to do what we can to extend the boundaries of human knowledge by utilizing existing institutions."

Steps have been taken towards establishing a department of Chinese at Columbia University upon the Dean Lung foundation. In connection with the new department Herbert Allen Giles, LL.D., professor of Chinese at the University of Cambridge, England, has been giving a series of lectures on the Chinese language and the various phases of social life in China.

EXCHANGES.

ONE of the merits hardest to secure for a college magazine is good proportion. The editor has been interested in comparing some of this month's exchanges on this score alone. *The Williams Literary Monthly* for February is noticeably well divided between prose and verse, but though in the latter department there is variety, the prose is exclusively of the light order. *The Morningside,* whose form justifies its rather frivolous character, is this month, as always, artistic in proportion and execution. *The Georgetown College Journal* is satisfactory in the variety of its subject matter and the form in which it is presented. It is a pleasure to turn its large, clearly-printed pages. *The Wellesley Magazine* for January succeeds where *The Williams Monthly* failed, and fails where that succeeded, for its well-balanced prose is relieved

Digitized by Google

by not a single original poem. We sympathize, however, with its editors. Good verse is not always easily found, and poor verse is far worse than none. *The Kalends* is so small a magazine for the college it represents, that it is hard to compare its proportion with that of others. We may remark, however, that the sketch "Just before Christmas" is realistic and well written. *The Wesleyan Literary Monthly* in point of proportion is exceptionally good, essays, stories, and poems appearing in good variety.

We find several interesting stories. "Rome, and a Woman," from Wellesley, is strong in technique, and "The Speech of a Modest Congressman," in *The Georgetown Journal,* is very good in a different way. "Between Stations" in the same number seems all the weaker by contrast. "The Ghost that had no Savoir-Faire," in *The Morningside,* caused the editor a hearty laugh, and will well repay the reader.

EVENING.

Life 's glad, long day now blends with tranquil night;
With tender touch, the sun from out the deep
Is gently kissing tired eyes to sleep,
And strangely solemn is the evening light.

A path, all gold, gleams o'er the shadowed sea,
As tremblingly a bark slips off the shore;
Some unseen hand doth guide—we know no more;
The slender prow points toward eternity.

Loved forms are mourning at the flood's dark side;
Their straining eyes no more descry the bark
Now swallowed in the deepening night and foam.

But swiftly on the bosom of the tide
The skiff is borne, till, beckoning thro' the dark,
There beams a star to guide the pilgrim home.

—Harold E. Wilson.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

Digitized by Google

WHEN I WENT HOME.

When I went home I felt the deepest joy,
That pain from absence long in distant lands
Did but increase—I hold her slender hands
In mine and hazy tears my eyesight cloy.
And, then I see again, as when a boy
I left her, that clear snowy brow, those strands
Of rich brown hair. How modest now she stands
Suffused with blushes, sweet, demure and coy—
"Alice," my lips breathe tenderly her name,
Deep, soft brown eyes look into mine and I,
Distressed for a brief space with shame
At my unworthiness, repress a sigh—
And then receive the burden sweet—aflame
My heart, and wet my eyes, and hers the same.

Georgetown College Journal. —C., '02.

A SATISFACTORY SOLUTION.

'T was just last month in Hadley town
A Freshman rhymed, and wrote it down.
The thought was good, the meter fine,
It was, in fact, a Valentine.

She sent it to her love that night;
He read next morn in great delight.
Quoth he, "I 'll reply to this, I think,"
And drew toward him his bottle of ink.

But oh! alas! what must he do!
He could not rhyme his will to woo.
He scratched his head, he tore his hair,
But without success, no rhyme was there.

At last in utter desperation
There came to him an inspiration;
"A book! why not? 'T is just the thing;
'T will surely e'er my feelings sing."

The tale was tender, it touched the spot,
It availed e'en more than rhyme, I wot.
His brow is clear, he frowns no more
But thanks his stars for *Johnson's* store.

BOOK

SPRINGFIEL

Digitized by Google

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Vol. XI. APRIL, 1902. No. 8.

BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST, 1902, *Editor-in-Chief.*

Editors.

RACHEL FLORENCE RILEY, 1902. ROWENA KEITH KEYES, 1902.

ETHEL COLLINGWOOD HALL, 1903. ANNA GRACE MCGOVERN, 1903.

MAY FISKE, 1903.

HARRIET CROSS VAN WAGNER, 1903, *Business Manager.*

HELENE MAUD POPE, 1904, *Assistant Business Manager.*

THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR GIRLS IN SPAIN.

AT the age of fourteen or fifteen, when our American girls are entering the high school, the average Spanish girl has completed her education as far as school and books go. That education is meager,—reading, writing, a little arithmetic and geography, the catechism, and needlework. The daughters of more prosperous families study, in addition, French and music with a governess or with convent teachers. An American girl whose school days end when she is fifteen has a broader education than this of the Spanish girl. She has had at least a glimpse into history, literature, and science, and may, if she will, find in good reading relief from a life of routine and stimulus to ambition. The reading of the Spanish girl is "The Book of the Enamored and the Secretary of Lovers," or cheap newspaper stories, or, if she can read French, French novels, never of the best. With this apology for an education, the

Digitized by Google

next thing for the Spanish girl is marriage or the convent. Many go into convents, but many do not, and for these, as for their mothers, the all-absorbing thought is marriage. "With this end in view," says one who knows them, "the girl arrays herself in her best every afternoon and with her mother as her companion promenades up and down some one of the principal avenues that she may be seen and admired." The rest of her time is spent "in doing light housework, especially cooking, in sewing and embroidery, which she does exquisitely, and in attending mass. The Spanish girl usually marries between the ages of sixteen and twenty, eighteen perhaps being the average age. She is in no sense of the word her husband's companion; she is his plaything and housekeeper." Those condemned to these narrow, superficial lives, shut out from national interests, shut out from the refuge of great literature, are handsome, fascinating, quick-witted, sensitive, passionate, often religious, girls. It is their misfortune and not their fault that they are also undeveloped and incapable, with few resources in themselves. The helplessness of the girl who does not marry or enter a convent and who is left to support herself it is hard for an American girl to comprehend. Katharine Lee Bates writes of three sisters working at their embroidery from morning to night and of the pathetic words of the youngest, "We shall rest when we are dead."

Not all the women in Spain have even the meager education described. A report of 1897 says that only one woman in five can read and write, and another large percentage knows little more. On the other hand, a few young women receive what may justly be called the higher education. No novel has more interesting characters or significant events, no drama presents more clearly antagonistic forces, than the history in which some of these girls and their teachers are prominent figures.

*In 1890 it was resolved to bring the International Institute, established by Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, into the state system of education, as there is no law against admitting girls into the provincial institute,

*The material used in this paragraph was gathered from two reports of the International Institute.

Digitized by Google

or the national and state universities, and as certificates from state schools secure for the students much better places as teachers. About twenty of the graduates of Mrs. Gulick's school have received the degree of B.A. from the State Institute, two have received the degree of M.A. from the University of Madrid, and two have completed the course in the School of Pharmacy connected with the University. It was in 1895 that the two candidates for the degree of M.A. matriculated at the University. All their work was done at the International Institute. That of the first year included metaphysics, philosophy, general literature, Greek language and literature, Oriental, Greek, and Roman history. The examinations at the end of the year were conducted at the University by the professors. The result was the highest possible grade for the students and unstinted praise for them and their teachers. That these teachers were women the learned and conservative professors could scarcely believe. The same grade was secured in the examinations of the second year in Spanish literature and philosophy, Greek language and literature, Latin language and literature, and history of the Middle Ages. The subjects for the third year were Hebrew and critical history of Spain. In the history *Sobresaliente* was once more gained, the professor who conducted the examination saying to one who, he supposed, did not know either the girls or their teachers, "In all the years I have taught in Madrid University I never heard before such brilliant examinations as those of these young ladies." Had not the secretary of the University arranged a transfer, this history examination would have been taken with a professor who would have refused to pass the students because they were Protestants. The Hebrew professor was only a shade less fanatical than this history professor and gave as good and sufficient reasons why the girls could not pass his examinations that they had not been in his class all the year and that they were heretics. Anticipating the first objection, one of the Institute teachers had taken the girls to Madrid six weeks before the examinations that they might go into the classes. They were called upon to recite every day and were always given the most difficult parts while the young men in the class rarely recited oftener than once a week. One day the professor said, as if in

Digitized by Google

spite of himself, "Very good, very good; I am entirely satisfied." The final examination, like all the other finals, was oral and public and conducted before a tribunal of three professors. This tribunal was the most formidable before which the students had yet appeared, the Hebrew professor being reinforced by the Arabic professor, a kindred spirit, and the dreaded professor of history from whose examination the candidates had escaped. The grades were *Aprobado* and *Notable;* for the first time in three years not *Sobresaliente;*—the reason was obvious. But the end was not yet. There was to come a re-examination of the studies of the three years consisting of three parts: first, a discourse prepared in three hours and delivered before a tribunal; second, a defense of this discourse against objections brought by the tribunal; and, third, an oral examination on any or all of the subjects studied during the course. The final result was the grade *Sobresaliente* and the degree corresponding to our M.A. The success of these graduates of the International Institute proves the ability of Spanish girls and indicates that a new era in their education has begun.

A new era in education as in politics and religion has back of it the firm conviction and perfect devotion of a strong personality, that personality expressing itself in constructive work. Sometimes, as in this case, the constructive work takes the form of an institution.

A part of the history of the International Institute for Girls in Spain, the only institution in the country for the higher education of girls, can be briefly told; all of that history can never be told. The real beginning of the Institute may be placed in 1880 in Santander when Mrs. Gulick found a young girl so eager to learn that she took her into the family and gave her lessons, allowing her to pay for these lessons by sewing. In 1881 Mrs. Gulick sent home an appeal for a Mount Holyoke in Spain, and the following year established the Institute at San Sebastian. The Institute has a preparatory course of two years and a college course of five years, the latter corresponding to the courses of government institutions throughout Spain. From 1882 until the spring of 1898 the school was in a rented house in San Sebastian, which offered every possible inconvenience for the work. Only rare ingenuity and

Digitized by Google

executive ability and marvelous patience could have overcome the obstacles which in this country would be considered insurmountable. But they were overcome, and the splendid teaching and earnest living of those who directed the work have made themselves felt in the social, intellectual, and religious life of Spain.

The International Institute girls have gone all over Spain,—many of them teachers; many, wives of pastors; others, Bible readers, Y. W. C. A. and Christian Endeavor workers. Some are looking forward to the time when they may serve their countrywomen as nurses and physicians. One of Mrs. Gulick's last letters states that three thousand children are taught by women trained in the Institute, and the demand for teachers cannot be supplied. The earnestness of these teachers is illustrated by the blind girl who, in spite of her blindness, had most of her classes herself; by the kindergartner who, in addition to the almost impossible work of the day with a host of children in one tiny room, wanted to teach in the evening school; and by another teacher who added to her day school a night class of twelve young women, weekly gatherings for the older women, and Sabbath work.

When war was declared between the United States and Spain the Institute moved over the border to Biarritz, France, and the Spanish students to a girl went with their American teachers. The Spanish teachers and servants accompanied them, and the following October eleven new students entered. Ever since this step was taken the thought has been that when the Institute returned to Spain it should be to Madrid rather than to San Sebastian, for there are advantages in being in the heart of Spain and near the University. Land has now been purchased in Madrid after consultation with "men of high authority and good judgment, well versed in educational and business matters in Spain." The building bought with the land must be used for residence, class rooms, and laboratories until a new building is erected.

It is the work of securing money for this new building, College Hall, to which the college women of this country may put their hands and hearts. The Corporation, which since 1892 has coöperated with the Woman's Board of Missions in advancing the work of the Institute,

Digitized by Google

has been active in devising ways and means, and Mrs. Gulick has spent much of her time the last two years traveling in this country and presenting the cause East and West, yet the money imperatively needed is not ready. It seems an unwarranted waste of energy to allow Mrs. Gulick to carry longer so large a part of the burden of raising money. The multitude of college women who cannot do the work in Spain can take Mrs. Gulick's place in this country and leave her free to carry out her far-reaching plans for the Institute.

This is a large opportunity and responsibility for college women. That the time is ripe in Spain is the conviction of those who have traveled there and studied the intellectual and political life of the country. One says, "Spain has been startled into self-knowledge." As long ago as 1893 Mrs. Gulick wrote, "We have conquered the situation and unlimited possibilities are ours"; and in a letter read at the last annual meeting of the Corporation, she said, "There has been a great awakening to their need of a better education and they want our American education." The International Institute has proved its power and has the confidence of educational leaders and other thoughtful people not only in this country and England, but in Spain as well. The college women of the United States can measure the value of the education the Spanish girls are eager for, and can bring no more acceptable thank offering for their own rich lives than to forward the movement for the emancipation and enlargement of the girls and women of Spain.

To Mount Holyoke girls even more than to other college girls this appeal must come with force, because Mount Holyoke has given to the Institute its ideal, its founder, three other permanent teachers, and a voluntary helper. Like Mary Lyon, Mrs. Gulick is not simply the founder but the creator of a pioneer institution to which she has given herself. She has drawn to the school other gifted and devoted women. One of them, Catharine Barbour, after thirteen years of work through which she has left her impress on the Institute, entered into rest last September.

Mount Holyoke has been working for the building fund since the spring of 1898. Every class, beginning with that of 1898, which relinquished the class sleigh ride in order to make the first gift,

Digitized by Google

has contributed to this fund, and the members of the faculty have contributed at several different times. In this way $419.25 has been raised to which has been added from another source but in the name of the college $350, thus making the present investment $769.25.

In order to accomplish more and to establish an abiding interest in the International Institute, a faculty-student-alumnæ organization has been formed. The central committee of the organization consists of President Woolley, three members of the faculty, four students, one from each class, and eight alumnæ representing as many different states. The alumnæ members will be increased each year as the classes go out from college. It is hoped that the alumnæ, through their churches, Sunday schools, and Christian Endeavor societies, and through individuals who would not perhaps be interested in the Elisabeth Bardwell Fellowship or other objects championed by the associations, will be able to raise money and arouse enthusiasm for the school in Madrid. One of the first aims of the organization is to secure money enough to make theirs the chapel in the new College Hall in Madrid. Then more money than is promised may be needed for the biological laboratory in memory of Miss Barbour, and there will always be endowment and scholarships to work for, or even more specific objects.

We hear from those who have been in Spain and seen with their own eyes that there is almost no limit to what Mrs. Gulick can do there, so perfect is her understanding of the Spanish nature, so strong her sympathy with the Spanish people; we are told that Mr. Gulick, more than any other foreigner, knows Spain through his close relation with churches and schools and his constant study of the political situation. We realize that Mr. and Mrs. Gulick have already given to Spain more than twenty years of life and work; we acknowledge the truth of the statement made at the last annual meeting, that the richest endowment the International Institute will ever have or can ever have is the endowment of such personalities as those of Mr. and Mrs. Gulick. College women are quick to recognize true greatness and to estimate work at its true value, and they know that such recognition and valuation must be followed by more earnest endeavor on their own part to give the worker

Digitized by Google

and the work the largest possible opportunity. The students and alumnæ of Wellesley, Smith, and Mount Holyoke, and the girls of seminaries and schools in New England and the Middle states who have responded to Mrs. Gulick's appeal, begin to see against the fascinating background of old Spain, in the confused foreground of Spanish life to-day, the rising walls of a college building in Madrid. As yet the building is only a "Castle in Spain." But true to themselves and their opportunities, the college women and school girls in every section of the United States will surely bend their energies to transforming this castle into a substantial structure and to making it possible for more of their Spanish sisters to find themselves and use themselves for their country and for the world.

—Clara F. Stevens, '81.

THE POET.

Blithe hearted built he
Dirge wail and dagger cry;
Eager and earnestly
Mused he the master words
Finding but failure.

Deep in drear blackness,
Darkness of heart despair,
Cried he to Odin;
Wrought woe the words for him,
Death sealed the song's end.
Passed he a poet.

—E. C., 1901.

Digitized by Google

TRUE TALES WITH FABULOUS MORALS.

WITH APOLOGIES TO GEORGE ADE AND ALL MY GENTLE READERS.

A YOUNG man with a scheme for an article came, full of enthusiasm, to submit the outline of his idea to an editor.

The editor was courteous; listened to his glowing description of the article he meant to write; admitted that it would make a good story if rightly worked up; advised the young man to write it and submit it for his consideration.

"I 'm sure you 'll want it," said the young man, with a confident and beaming smile. "I can write, you know. I 'm a graduate of the university."

"Yes, yes," said the editor mildly; "but all the education in the world does n't teach you to write; it 's a kind of knack. You must have the trick of writing, and that is born in you."

And to this tale there are at least two morals. The first is that it is useless to tell an editor when you hand him a manuscript that you are a college graduate. Before he has read your manuscript he does n't care whether you ever went to school or not. The manuscript will be judged solely on its own merits. Nor will it avail anything to write B.A. after your signature. The editor would be more interested if you wrote F. I., provided it stood in your case for Fiji Islander.

And the second moral is that to have the trick of writing born in you means something more than "loving to write," for many who love to write, write voluminous and meaningless trash, and the knack of writing means more than education in ways of right thinking and right living, though both are, to my mind, essential to good writing. Therefore, don't write unless you have the knack, but, if you have the knack, educate it.

The son and the daughter of a rich manufacturer went to college. When they were graduated the father wanted the son to enter his business and the mother wanted her daughter to enter society, but the son

Digitized by Google

and daughter wished to "go into literary work." Persisting in their desires they were disowned by their parents and came to New York to earn their bread by the workings of their brains. They found that the profession of "Living by one's Wits" was overcrowded, and no one wished their wares. Therefore they were reduced to such straits that one night the young man slept on a bench in the park, and the young woman slept on a loan from "The Young Women's Christian Association." Both slept very uncomfortably, and the next morning telegraphed to the rich manufacturer for a pass. The rich manufacturer paid the collect damages on the telegram, and sent them what they wanted. When they arrived at home, they fell on the necks of their parents and said in concert:—

"The World won't starve without our verses,
But we will starve with empty purses."

And the morals to this tale are too numerous to mention.

A young college graduate looking for employment was finally allotted five minutes in which to talk to a busy publisher.

"Well, my dear young lady," said the publisher, "just what would you like to do?"

"Oh," exclaimed the young woman, modestly, "I am a college graduate, but I am willing to do *anything,*"—which implied that she thought she was capable of editing the magazine, but she was willing to address envelopes.

"Ahem!" replied the publisher, politely showing her to the door, "I 'm sorry we have n't *anything* for you to do."

When she had disappeared the publisher said to his stenographer: "I have fifty applications a day from young people who 'are willing to do anything,' and I have found that they are willing to do anything because they know how to do nothing."

And the moral to this is, find out what you can do best, and make your application definite.

Another young college graduate went to apply for a position to another publishing house and was also granted an interview.

Digitized by Google

"What are you fitted to do?" asked the publisher.

"Oh, I want to begin at the bottom round of the ladder and work up. Why, in order to get a position where I could be in a literary atmosphere, I would be willing to dust."

"We have a little boy to dust," said the publisher, musingly. "Perhaps we could vary our programme and give the work to you. He begins on three dollars a week and works from the bottom round of the ladder up to be boss of the book packing room. Would that prospect please you?"

But the young woman thought she would rather read manuscripts.

And the moral of this is that the business management and the editorial management run in parallel lines which never coincide and it is difficult to work from one line into the other.

Still another young woman applied for a position in a publishing house.

"What salary do you expect?" she was asked.

"Oh," she said, "to start with I would be willing to work for nothing."

And the young girl working at a near-by table, who was addressing envelopes at six dollars a week, and was contributing her whole salary to family expenses, held her breath. For if this young woman's offer was accepted, she would give up her place to the college girl.

But the publisher replied, "We do not employ people for nothing. We do not think such cheap help pays."

And the moral of this is, put a fair valuation on the education you have received. You owe it to those who have educated you.

And yet one other young woman applied for a vacancy in a publishing house for which she was well fitted.

"And in addition to being qualified for the place," she said, "I am a typewriter and a proof reader, so that if either of those officials should be taken ill I could do their work in addition to my own, and so save the expense of employing substitutes."

But the publisher to whom she applied shook his head.

"You know too much. You are too ambitious. Pretty soon you

Digitized by Google

would be thinking you could take the place of the editor-in-chief if he should be taken ill. We cannot have such an ambitious clerk in our employ."

And the moral to this is, make no mention of any knowledge you have except that which pertains directly to the matter in hand.

Another college graduate applied for work on an encyclopedia.

"In ten minutes," she said, "I can write an interesting and comprehensive article on any subject. I work under pressure."

"My dear young lady," said the editor of the encyclopedia, "you would be invaluable on a syndicate. But as for our work, we never accept any article which it has not taken the author at least fifty years to prepare and write."

The young woman soon became the successful editor of a newspaper syndicate.

And the moral to this is, that what will sufficiently stuff the goose may not fill the bill for the gander.

A young woman wept because she received her manuscript back. It was one of nine thousand voluntary contributions to the same magazine during the year. Hers was one of the eight thousand nine hundred sent back, but still she wept.

Which shows that it is hard to look with equanimity on any failures except those of others.

A young woman who was a typewriter by trade had her desk near the entrance to the editorial sanctum of a monthly magazine.

Each day there passed before her authors bearing manuscripts in their hands, and on the faces of many there was printed, as it were, the expression as of a returned manuscript, and the expression was painful to behold.

Which proves that writers should learn to hide their feelings or else wear masks.

A genial and kind hearted editor was trying to advise a young college woman who was just beginning to write for publication.

"Widen your range of subjects," he said, "write all sorts of things."

Digitized by Google

"But I can't write anything compromising," said the girl stubbornly.

"Compromising, my dear child!" exclaimed the editor. "You don't need to. Why this old world is crying out for *goodness!*"

And so it is.

A college woman had been out of college several years. She had helped her brothers and sisters as well as she could, and they had all gone their ways. She had worked hard, and with a mediocre amount of success. She was nevertheless happy. One night she had a dream, and in her dream she said to a friend:—

"My family is poor. It was not expected that I should go to college, but I was determined to go and I went."

"Yes," replied the friend, "and it has done you no good. You would have had far more money to-day if you had spent the four years of your college life in learning and working at a trade. It has done you no good!"

And in her dream the woman raised her hands to heaven and said solemnly: "You are mistaken. It has done me good. Before God, it has done me good!"

And it had.

Life is a glad and glorious thing to the young woman just leaving college, but she will find many baffling things to meet and conquer when she becomes her own financier, and she will also find that one must needs "be baffled to fight better."

—Mabel L. Eaton, '98.

Digitized by Google

FROM A NEAPOLITAN BALCONY.

Naples, February twenty-sixth, Nineteen hundred and one.

FROM our balcony at the pension we can see the Bay finely and just across the street, a little down the hill, is a picturesque monastery surrounded by a high stone wall. Behind the monastery and toward us is a garden and also a beautiful orange orchard full of ripe fruit. Our German neighbor stepped out on *her* balcony this morning and said to us, "I love these golden trees." Every room on every floor on the south side of our pension has a balcony and people let down baskets to buy oranges and lemons from passing carts. The street scenes are oriental and remind me of pictures of Palestine scenes. Fruit venders, donkeys, people carrying burdens on their heads, carts, goats, carriages, and the general crowd are all higgledy-piggledy in the middle of the paved and filthy streets. We never tire of these street scenes, for Italians are lively, noisy, and energetic, gay, dirty, and amusing.

Wherever we go beggars follow us, but we do not see them. We are blind and deaf, so to speak. A ten minutes' walk brings us to the Aquarium and Zoölogical Station, a handsome building very near to the water. We climb the marble stairway—a privilege denied to all but workers—and a gateman comes out of his tiny room to enjoy our exclamations over the glory of smoking Vesuvius as seen from the upper open corridor. He says, *"Buon giorno, Signorine,"* with a profound bow and opens two doors to allow us entrance into the sacred precincts of students. As we pass through the long corridor to the opposite end of the building we meet Italian servants who bow and greet us so deferentially that we jokingly consider ourselves royalty. The few professors whom we see, too, are so tremendously polite that we feel crudity itself and hope to mend our manners!

They have given us a beautiful room, a corner one, southern exposure, with three large casement windows and a balcony. The room is of very good size and we have a table provided with quantities of

Digitized by Google

chemicals, glassware, and so forth. I sit at my table now with the south window open. Boatmen enliven the Bay, the popular shore-driveway is full of handsome turnouts and strolling pleasure seekers; palms and other green trees are all around. In the afternoon we have such delicious band music in the pavilion that I can scarcely work. Often there are military parades on the driveway,—some, foot-soldiers with knapsacks, marching to martial music, some mounted on fine horses and gayly attired. The standing army is in evidence all the time and I never saw such variety of costume nor such pleasure and vanity in men in regard to such matters, as here. They look like peacocks with spread tail, and are comical as well as picturesque.

We are the only Americans and the only women at the Station here and have not met any of the other workers with the exception of the staff. Only one of them do we see much, Professor Eisig, a genial German, who is courtesy itself and who comes in every day or two to see what he can do for us. Another man gives us our chemical supplies on demand; the German librarian speaks not one word of English, but talks rapidly to us and we gather what we can. Sociability is not possible here, for many are tongue-tied so far as each other's languages are concerned, and gestures have to do much.

Daily, when the collectors come in, they send for us and we go down to the basement to see animals of rarest delicacy and beauty, animals we have read of but not seen. Dr. Lo Bianco, a big Italian who looks like pictures of Alexander Dumas, tries to explain things to us in stuttering mixtures of Italian, German, French, and English. The servants stand around with little baskets and if we wish any of the specimens they are carried to our room like lightning.

The Aquarium is a treat, and while visitors pay two francs to enter, we go in any time freely and see strange creatures. One feels as though walking at the bottom of the sea, as there is very little light in the large room full of squirming life and tropical colors. We think we have reached the biologists' heaven!

We are getting used to the profound bows from students and servants, but it still seems funny to see Italian men meeting on

Digitized by Google

the street, shaking hands and *kissing*. We shall probably get used to that, too. One thing surprises me and that is to find that Italians in general are no darker in complexion than the average American, and the women of the better class are very stylish, talk French a great deal and dress in the latest fashion. They can be seen in carriages or in parks, like the Villa Nazionale, around the laboratory. Only the poorer class deign to walk in this filthy town, but there are plenty of foreign women—especially Englishwomen—tramping through the streets with the goats and donkeys, as we do.

At the shops we find we can do much with gestures; the Italians talk largely that way, anyhow. It is funny to see them chuck each other's chins and kiss cheeks. Shop-keepers often throw kisses trying to get you to enter to buy, and the very beggars often have a grace of manner which would charm in a drawing room. We are studying Italian every night and hope to talk a little soon, but are babes as yet. We are getting tired of being dumb—poor women!—and would like to make ourselves understood with less body-contortion! Italian is by no means easy, for it abounds in idioms and is an inconsistent kind of language. It is not very musical either as one hears it on the street, but our teacher's Italian sounds very well. We are going to the opera some night, but most of the singing we have heard is harsh and unmusical. The life and motion and rollicking tone make it popular and there is much charm in that way. We are reading an opera in the Italian now —one which we mean to see.

March third.

There is a big concert this Sunday afternoon in our Villa Nazionale. The pavilion was enlarged for the band, which is playing gloriously behind the green-branch decorations; the almond trees are in bloom all along the heights; the villa is swarming with gayly dressed people and the little booths with their surroundings are patronized, for we see people at small tables enjoying wine and cake or ices, which are said to be delicious in Naples. A curious yellow light is over everything—unusual we are told. Perhaps Vesuvius is responsible. We

Digitized by Google

cannot see the sun. The crowd in the villa is clapping vociferously and screaming, *"Bis, bis, bis,"* meaning "Again! again!" The band played *America* beautifully awhile ago, but the Neapolitans did not know enough to applaud *it* vociferously. Our long windows are open to our balconies and we can see and hear everything. People here go to church in the morning and have a jollification in the afternoon.

March tenth.

This is a mild Sunday morning. We are sitting on our bedroom balcony overlooking the Bay and the sky is all clouded with a curious yellow smoke which probably Vesuvius is puffing out. We are without wraps and bareheaded and are often interrupted by street scenes below —fruit venders, strolling musicians with street pianos or glass bottles, trained dogs dancing on hind legs, and so on—for in this dirty place there is some constant entertainment. There is another kind of entertainment which drives me wild; I refer to the fleas which torment but cannot be caught or poisoned. People assure me, too, that they will increase as the warm weather comes, but I suppose there must always be some "fly in the ointment" and I try to be philosophical about these agile insects. I often have to light my candle at night and search diligently until I—don't find them, but last night I did catch a whopper, and was happy.

A short time ago we had seen hardly any fellow workers, though we knew that there were thirty here. One afternoon Dr. Lo Bianco came to our room and jabbered in his comical mixture of languages, puffing and blowing like a porpoise, pacing the floor and getting positively into a perspiration in his frantic efforts until we were almost convulsed with laughter, but before he left we understood that we were invited to be at the dock next morning at eight-thirty, to have warm wraps and to bring a luncheon. I tried to respond in Italian that we would accept with pleasure and said "if you please." We were full of curiosity next morning when our cabbie landed us at the Bay shore and were pleased to see the laboratory steam launch—the *Johannes Müller*—all taut and flying the German flag. About sixteen men were boarding

Digitized by Google

the boat. After we were on, Dr. Lo Bianco, head collector of animals, lined the men up and in his rapid, breathy way fired at us their sixteen outlandish names. He then repeated the names of Signorina Clapp and Signorina Wallace. Sixteen hats were solemnly lifted, there were sixteen bows to the two "Signorinas from Wood's Holl" and we listened eagerly for English. We found two Cambridge University men who are now students at a German university, and while they were something of the Algernon and "aw-there" and Chawley type, still they did entertain us nicely until one o'clock while we steamed about, skimming and dredging. We landed on a volcanic island near the Island of Ischia and climbed over the rocks to a deserted paved road which once led to the only house on the island, now in ruins. It was a long climb to the top on this balmy twenty-eighth of February, and the air was fragrant with narcissus, which grew wild in profusion. On the top we found olive orchards, and Italians were pruning the trees and singing in loud tones. The men were extremely courteous to us, carrying our bags, gathering flowers for us and gesticulating over the scenery, saying, "*Wunder schön, wunder schön!*" and one man broke off a huge leaf from a rubber plant and presented it to me showing by his motions that he meant it for a fan. I have that leaf now, drying it on my balcony. We all gathered in the ruins of an ancient pagoda on a bluff overlooking Naples and the islands, and the view was so magnificent that we could scarcely eat our lunch. Dr. Lo Bianco gave me some of his excellent Italian wine and we ate and drank and looked at scenery or watched the spotted lizards frisking about on ruined walls, while the Englishmen talked to us and the others paid various silent tributes which amused us constantly because it was a dumb-show. About three-thirty we took a coast homeward along shore, passing many beautiful villas, some almost or entirely in ruins, but giving an idea of the life of the old Romans who came here to enjoy their seaside resorts. The buildings were delicately tinted and the trees and statuary make a picture. There are many ivy-covered stone walls and turrets, and it is easy to imagine Romeo and Juliet or many other Shakespearean plays when passing this historic ground where Virgil is *said* to be buried. At five

Digitized by Google

o'clock our Captain Antonio landed us after our glorious day of scenery and interesting companionship, and again the sixteen hats were lifted and sixteen solemn bows made in unison to the two American women.

—Louise Baird Wallace, '98.

HOLYOKE—AS IT IS TO-DAY.

[Read before the New York Alumnæ Association as an answer to a paper by Miss Morrill, "Holyoke—The Days of Auld Lang Syne," Gentlemen's Night, February 14, 1902.]

We 're all of us sure that you *had* a good time,
Forerunners at Holyoke, in days of lang syne!
We 're willing to take it for granted—to quarrel
With what has been said would be really im-Morrill!
Yours *was* a good day, and we 're vastly your debtor
For being born first—so 's to give us a better!
We revere the old building and all the good folk
Who mourned for its loss when it vanished in smoke,
But we 're glad that the "Fire Laws" were n't more up-to-date,
For if they had been *our* loss had been great!
Like the Phœnix we 've risen, new-fledged, in a word,
From the ashes of—no disrespect!—the old bird.
We 're seeing and having and doing the things
That you, perhaps, dreamed about, under her Wings.

The good old Main Building and Williston Hall
Had nothing against them—save that they were all.
Where for you they were big enough, see the array
Of buildings it takes to contain us to-day!
Did you conjure them up in your slumbers at night?—

Digitized by Google

Brigham, Porter and Safford and Shattuck and Dwight,
Rockefeller and Wilder and Pearsons and Mead,
And all of the rest? Could you ever, indeed,
When under the influence of—apple-pie,
In your dreams most prophetic, all *this* prophesy?
And greatest and strangest and fairest of all,
On the spot where you slept, Mary Lyon's new hall?
Safe tucked, our dear mothers and aunts, in your beds,
Did visions of caps and gowns dance in your heads?
Of recitals and teas, of athletics and sports,
Of carnivals, field-days, and clubs of all sorts?
Of class banquets and proms? Could you see in the air
A Debating Society, Editor's Chair?
Were you haunted, along with the echoes of bells,
With house-songs and step-songs, and startled with yells?—
All the manifold things that we have and we do
At the Holyoke of Now, Nineteen Hundred and Two?

Come, dear predecessors, ere once more you say
You like better the things that you did in your day,
Come give ours a trial, and see what you think!
Come *golf* on our links and come *skate* in our rink,
Come *bowl* in our alleys and swing on the bars
Of the "fine new gymnasium" that is now ours!
Come pull back the curtain and see what no sage
Could have ever predicted, look well at the *stage,*
Where we may at last all our genius assert,
And where young Orlando need *not* wear—a skirt!
Have a game with us, once, and then say if you 'd all
The fun there was going—before basket ball!
And, when you are weary, we beg you repair
To our porch and sit down—we can give you a chair.
Reflecting, therein, on these pleasures alone
Compare this time present once more with your own,

Digitized by Google

And admit that you feel like beginning again—
Or wish Rockefellers and Pearsons grew *then!*

When you 're rested, come in, if you 've still any doubt.
We 're equally wonderful, inside and out.
Try the scorned "sofa pillows," and look for yourselves
At the vine-covered dishes that stand on our shelves.
(Especially Brigham's, with green vines around,
Which came from New York, worth five cents more a pound!)
Sit down and take tea in the snug dining-hall!
The tables are few and the family small,
And you see how much better it is than it was,
Being ridded at last from the terrible buzz—
The clash of the tongues and the forks and the knives
That struck fear to the souls that had come to seek wives!
The hundreds of eyes and the hundreds of chairs,
Which made, when they suddenly turned round for prayers,
The most bold missionary to wish that once more
He saw himself safe on a cannibal shore!
You will surely agree that this present-day plan
Is vastly less hard on the visiting man.

Come up to our rooms, see the fine hard-wood floor,
The bookcase and chif that were not there before,
And try our new Welsbachs—the best that are found!
(The teachers are n't now quite so prone to "go round,"
So we are n't so put to it eluding them, nights,
Our deeds, being righteous, can stand brighter lights.)

Take up the new catalogue, if you would gaze
On the wonderful lot that we *learn,* nowadays!
We 've as much time for playing—don't let it mislead!
We don't study harder, we 've merely gained speed.
As to rules,—you will find there are left scarcely any.

Digitized by Google

We make our own, now, and we don't *need* so many.
When you hear our new organ, in chapel, you 'll know
Why we go of ourselves, and so joyfully go.
"We must listen," you say, "to so many reports?"
They 're reports of our progress!—that surely contorts
The vertebræ less than the needles and pins
You sat on, dear friends, when reporting your sins!

And if progress be shown by the good we promote
In what is around us, we pray you take note
That the town of South Hadley has gas and car-lines,
And, ahead of some places we hear of, *street-signs!*
There are some things, of course, and good things, that must go,
When in progress's way! To endeavor to show
That Romance did *not* leave with the stages, were folly,
(Or went, at the least, on the very first trolley).
But while, in the springtime, Romance is all right,
We cannot regret him as much as we might
In journeying up through that four miles of snow,
When, as sometimes occurs, the thermometer 's low.

It 's hard to remember how poor we have been
When we look at the money that 's now rolling in.
We 've enough and a little bit more than to make
The ends meet—we 've some *icing,* at times, on our cake!

For our future, the things we 're aspiring to do
Are so weighty,—'t is wise but to name one or two.
Since knowledge is boundless, nor is there an end
To waxing more learned, we 'll need to extend
Our boundaries, soon, to keep pace with our powers,
And, when Massachusetts is all of it ours,
We hope, like the banyan, for growing renowned,
To start up new branches in all the states round!

Digitized by Google

And to give, as you see this expansiveness will,
Every daughter of Holyoke a Chair she may fill!—
Each one of *us* Doctor of some big degree
And each one of *you* an Alumnæ Trustee!
All of which, and much more, if we forecast aright
Our new day of promise, now dawning so bright,
We expect in the time near at hand to see fully
Fulfilled and accomplished for us by—Miss Woolley!

—Catharine Young Glen, '94.

THE CONNOTATION OF PEPPERMINT.

There was a soft rustle of skirts as the reader finished the story of the evening and took up the familiar volume of Browning. Two or three girls slipped down from the wide stairway with a half guilty glance at the big Morris chair, from which Miss Appleton, book in hand, viewed them serenely. Dorothy, to-night for the first time, wanted to join these lesser spirits who found no delectation in the realm of poetry. But in some vague way she felt that she had a reputation to sustain. For two years, since the time when as a sophomore she had first found the courage to brave the scrutiny of some forty girls in the big hall, and had slipped into a corner to listen to "Christmas Eve," she had seldom missed the hour, which every Sunday evening Miss Appleton gave to the girls of Forsythe Hall. The tick of the big clock on the stairs, the snap and glow of the open fire, the quiet presence of Miss Appleton, no less than the story or poem, wove a charm that held her from week to week with a recurrent delight.

But to-night she was restless. The reading had chimed too well with certain currents of thought that were working, unexpressed but potent, beneath the surface of her everyday college work. She met Miss Appleton's smile rather absently, though she was used to watch

Digitized by Google

for it. Then, as the first lines of the "Reverie" blent softly with the singing of the flame, and the rush of wind without, she closed her eyes and leaned back against her roommate's knees. The familiar lines slipped from her, and her thought, unwontedly vagrant, turned back to the story.

It was an improbable story, saved from the absurd only by a delicately artistic handling. But to-night there was nothing of the improbable in it for Dorothy. The little incidents stood out before her quite clearly and convincingly. She mused with an almost painful sympathy over the eager, empty life of the old lady, with its unanswered outreach of prayer; mused, too, over the sudden answer of that prayer, that passion for helpfulness. For one day, as the lonely woman had prayed and pondered, so the story ran, there had come to her a street boy, freckled faced, and bearing about him the peculiar odor of peppermint. She had thought him a neighbor's child, and only after the third repetition of his visit, always at the same time and under the same circumstances, did she realize the nature of her speechless visitant. This was no human boy but a spirit sent to her, to be helped. She knew of but one possible need, instruction in things pertaining to the life beyond, into which doubtless the boy had been sent unprepared. Dorothy's thought lingered over this instruction, given with reverent joyousness by the dear old saint. It seemed to her more than a fancy.

It was not her custom to reason at this hour. In the library, at her desk, on the campus, her own awakening skepticism, the more harsh and intolerant for its very newness, would have turned aside the story with a jest, or exposed its incongruities with an over-adept sarcasm. A freckled faced spirit, with a fragrance of peppermint! And so peppermint is the spirit-confection? But here in this room questions died. All the confidence of a girl's heart in things invisible was strengthened by the very associations of time and place. She felt it to be all true,—the world beyond, its vital connection with her own world. For the moment she could not question the sweet and simple narrative, not even the incongruous peppermint.

For some time her reading had turned upon the unanswered ques-

Digitized by Google

tion of the spirit world. Scrappy and unsystematized the reading had been, but pursued with eager thought and an intense interest. Her rummagings in the library had made the guardian of that classic place grow larger-eyed and her whisper more excited. The question had long been with her. Now the touch of an artist had seemed to transform curiosity to assurance, intellectual hesitance to emotional certainty.

Miss Appleton closed the book and looked up. The little silence, emphasized by the fire song that always held the group just at that moment, roused Dorothy from her abstraction. Then bits of conversation, with broken ripples of laughter, touched lightly on subjects literary and collegiate while the girls' eyes turned from the fading embers to the responsive sympathy in Miss Appleton's face. Dorothy made the first start, though usually she lingered latest. Her words of thanks were more stumbling than usual, but unaccompanied by the usual keen distress at her own awkwardness.

"'Renewal born out of scathe,'" quoted her roommate softly, as they came out upon the walk. "I never noticed that before; did you, Dor?"

"I did n't to-night, to tell the truth, Fliss. I could n't keep my mind off that story."

"I did n't care for that much. It was well written but improbable. That peppermint was so crazy!"

"I don't know. You make me cross, Fliss, putting down things that you don't know about at all."

"But, really, you don't think——"

But Dorothy put down her roommate's remonstrance without argument. The two girls, warmly sympathetic on many points, were at variance in this. Florence Maynard's cool common sense was rarely overpowered by emotion; her high fine belief, mystical in its root, was simply practical in its application. Dorothy's impulsive beliefs and doubts were often rasped by the unanswerable logic of her roommate's more mature thought. She evaded it now.

"Oh, don't, dôn't," she cried; "I don't know what I *do* think. Come on, let 's run."

Digitized by Google

They raced against the wind up the slope of the concrete and around to the veranda of their own dormitory. When they had regained breath from the scurry there was no further talk about the reading. Dorothy was thinking, and Florence recognizing danger signals fell back on writing letters. For Dorothy guarded her infant ideas as a lioness her cubs; sometimes more vigorously than necessary.

As the days went by, with all the rush of a nearing holiday upon them, the incident quite passed from Florence Maynard's mind. Dorothy regained the evenness of her temper, but she still invaded the less frequented shelves of the library and worked at Shakespeare and zoölogy half abstractedly. She told the story of the old lady and the "peppermint boy" at table, unconsciously giving to it such a tone of veracity that she raised a laugh in which she herself joined only half-heartedly. The fascination of the thought was strong upon her. Only the fullness of her life, which claimed her ready interest in a hundred ways, and her own healthy, resolute mind drew her at last away from its absorbing influence.

Christmas came and went. The hurry of college life became intensified. Semesters were in view, and the tenseness of tragedy rested on every one. Lights burned late and early; every corner of the library was full, even during recreation periods. Fliss, who worked conscientiously at all times, slaved the more fiercely at her model notebooks; while Dorothy, in reckless desperation, collected scattered sheets from bookcase and desk, put a semester's note taking into a night and alternately despaired and hoped. It was the day before History of Art notebooks were due that she spent the evening alone, inwardly groaning that she had not done more work by the way. Her back ached and her fingers trembled with the diagraming of temples. At the stroke of nine she dropped pencil and ruler for the habit of relaxation at that hour was strong upon her. After a mental struggle she picked them up again, only to hold them suspended in air, while a new train of thought carried her far from Karnak and its ruined pylons. She smelled peppermint. There flashed through her mind the story—the stress of feeling connected with it. Her glance traversed the quiet and empty room.

Digitized by Google

Now and then as the odor became more penetrating she moved uneasily, but none the less kept on resolutely with the temple. By the time the last angle had received its appropriate label, the odor was gone; but not the thought aroused by it.

At the first stroke of nine on the following evening, Dorothy started slightly and turned to her roommate's desk. In a moment Florence's eyes met hers, a dawning wonder in their depths.

"The boy," Florence said, smiling.

"It came last night," Dorothy answered lightly, but with a certain meaning in her offhand words.

"Nonsense," was the only reply vouchsafed.

But a thorough investigation followed. Though their household stores did not include peppermint they looked through the "pantry." They peered out of the closed window, high above the veranda roof. Then, arm in arm, went out into the hall. On their right an Engaged sign and a subdued murmur betokened a chemistry quiz. Across the hall Ruth Perkins had succumbed to a nervous headache. They sniffed at her keyhole suspiciously but without result. With a dawning sense of the absurdity of the situation, they knocked at the door at the left.

"Are you girls making peppermint candy?" Dorothy inquired, casually.

"Why, no," the girl on the couch answered with some surprise, for it had seemed that her absorption in Aristotle's Ethics must have been obvious. But a ripple of laughter from her roommate brought home to her the significance of the question.

"Girls!" she exclaimed, "has he come? And what *shall* you do with him?"

"May James! is this your trick?"

"What do you mean?"

"Are you joking us? We do smell peppermint and we can't imagine——"

"Let 's see."

They went back to the room from which the odor of peppermint

Digitized by Google

was slowly fading. Their questions satisfied Dorothy that here at least were no practical jokers.

"Don't tell, girls," she begged. "I 'll just be guyed. But is n't it queer?"

"Why, yes!" was the answer. "If he materializes, make him play caddy and black your boots, Dor, or even write our Bible essays. But, in the meantime, I must back to my Divided Kingdom." Even mysteries took no precedence over the solid realities of semesters. The girls drifted out. Ten o'clock found Dorothy and Fliss still deep in fruitless conjecture.

"It 's beyond explanation to-night, anyway," Fliss said finally, tossing her couch cushions in a pile against the radiator.

Dorothy went to her own room, but not to sleep. She lay curled up on the couch, thinking, half wistfully, of the story. The old compelling curiosity was back again. Suppose—she half laughed at herself—but still, suppose it were true that some one needed her, as the little boy had needed the old lady. She lay half breathless. Less tangible than thought, more positive than feeling, there overcame her the wish that it might be true. Half graspingly, half fearfully, she willed some message from the world beyond.

Sunday morning dawned crisp and clear. Dorothy laughed before she was out of bed, a sure sign of one of her rose days, as she called them, days full of little happinesses all strung on the thread of a great content. They came unbidden now and again and their every incident held a certain significant sweetness. Breakfast, the domestic work that gave her the feeling of a daughter in a great household, the greetings of the girls; she met each in a new spirit. She suddenly found a friend in an old acquaintance, new beauty in a well known walk, the breath of inspiration in the minister's sermon. On these days she asked no questions; she only lived. The shining hours slipped on to night. When Miss Appleton opened her Browning to "Abt Vogler" and then to the "Epilogue," Dorothy gave a great sigh of content. The seal had been set upon the day's perfection. Yet she looked forward to nine o'clock with an unowned hope.

Digitized by Google

They were together in the room, Fliss and Dorothy. In the silence that followed the fading of the peculiar scent, Fliss spoke impulsively:—

"I 'll not stay here another night."

"I shall," Dorothy answered, and shut her lips.

"I 'll not. I 'll speak to Mrs. Mason to-morrow. I hate to sleep here to-night. I 'm not superstitious or silly, but uncertain things make me crawl."

"I 'll stay in this room to-night, honey. I don't mind. You take my couch." There was almost a desire in Dorothy's words. Fliss looked at her curiously, but assented, and they slept undisturbed.

Only that Dorothy looked long into the quiet darkness after the lights had been turned out. She heard the watchman's step as he passed beneath the window, the click of his pole as he turned out the light at the corner, the dying pulse of his retreating footsteps. She heard the stroke of eleven. Then with half disappointment at heart she drifted to sleep. The hope of the rose day had been unfulfilled.

The two girls went out to chapel the next morning arm in arm. The grim purple of the mountains was softened by snow, on which lay changing cloud-shadows. The girls drew long satisfied breaths. Their emotion had quite vanished in the clear sanity of the morning.

"I don't like to approach Mrs. Mason, exactly," laughed Fliss. "Since we objected to seven kinds of lemon puddings in one week, she 's sensitive on the subject of essences."

"She 'd very likely tell us that peppermint is a good clean smell."

"And it is."

"So it is," and they both laughed in sheer excess of good spirits.

But as the hours wore on through recitation and lab and choir rehearsal and the inevitable meals to nine o'clock, the old feeling of fearful expectancy returned. Fliss, looking up from a book in the library, saw Dorothy pass her, with a nervous purpose in step and face. She hesitated, glanced at the clock, which said eight-fifty, fluttered the remaining pages of her chapter and kept on in the scribbling of her notes. But her conscience smote her. Dorothy was alone. She

Digitized by Google

jumped up, shoved the book into place on the shelf behind her, seized her golf cape and started out. But at the door she was stopped. The head of the English Literature department had a note to send to Olmstead, and would Miss Maynard on her way—it would be a great favor—and, by the way, the Shakespeare readings— The clock struck nine some minutes before Fliss, half glad and half vexed at the delay, entered her own room. Dorothy looked up from the book she was not reading and nodded yes to the question in her roommate's eyes. Fliss sat down limply in the nearest chair.

"Is n't it awful?" she said, miserably.

"I 'd not mind," Dorothy said, "if I could *see* something. It 's the strain of not knowing."

"See something! Dorothy Miner West!"

But Dorothy walked into the inner room and shut the door.

"Yes, it was just the same last night," Dorothy said lightly at breakfast. She possessed the questionably desirable faculty of assuming an impersonal, coolly critical attitude toward her own moods. A withdrawal, a reservation of herself, made all her enthusiasms and interests not quite sincere. She was repudiating, this morning, her feeling of the night before. "We are going to give it a fudge party this evening," she went on.

"It?"

"Yes, the smell or the spirit. Perhaps fudge may drown the one or lure the other."

"Don't joke, Miss West, please," said a subdued little sophomore at the other end of the table. "My father believes in such things."

"Good! Will you come to my party?" Dorothy asked. "We 're such inexperienced chumps that even if we—oh, excuse me, Miss Wendon. Will you have potato, too?"

Kitty Morris seized the opportunity to turn the tide of conversation. She was a decisive girl, with certain ideas on breakfast as the keynote of the day. But in the hall later Dorothy gave her invitations freely.

"After nine," one girl called.

Digitized by Google

"After nine," Dorothy sang back over the stair rail, "I 'll not be at home to anyone."

The girls who took Tuesday night conscientiously as recreation night dropped in early, gave gratuitous advice as to the fudge making, teased Florence, who was poring over a Furness in the inner room, and speculated freely about the mysterious phenomena which they were assembled to investigate. Friends came in later, with worried looks and inky fingers, as the fudge smell became most potent. One even brought a book and gabbled German verbs in a corner, between bites. Toward nine the crowd became hilarious. If one or two would have liked to leave they said nothing, fear of ridicule proving stronger than fear of the intangible. Dorothy was in the midst of her favorite exhibition, "Our Faculty as They Have Squelched Me," when the first stroke of nine cut across the girls' laughter. Dorothy bit her lip and kept on.

"Indeed, my dear, I think we may say with a certain degree of accuracy,"—but it was as if the heavy sound of the bell beat down and overpowered her voice. She stood silent in their midst, imparting something of her own tension of mind to them. The bell ceased and then the girls nearest the radiator gave a little startled cry. Half a second later every girl in the room was standing, while the pungent odor of peppermint grew more and more strong.

"Did you ever hear of anything like that before, Miss Seward?" Dorothy asked sharply, but her question met no reply. A moment passed. Some one giggled hysterically and was rebuked by a warning *Sh!* Every one was looking toward that corner of the room from which the odor seemed to come. But fear like other emotions wears itself out. Some one made a nervous movement, and the spell was snapped.

"I really must go," the sophomore said finally, and others echoed the formal phrase more weakly. One by one, with half-acknowledgments, they left, all but Percival Bates, the house chairman.

"Girls," she said, as the door shut upon the last guest and the girls sat down wearily among the half-emptied fudge pans, "it must be a practical joke."

Digitized by Google

"It 's been five nights now," said Florence slowly.

"And it 's a busy time and how *could* it be done?"

"It shall be stopped," was all the house chairman replied. She said it in her "high tragedy" voice with the upward fling of her head which betokened an immovable purpose. Dorothy shrugged her shoulders and said nothing.

There was a house meeting at Saunders Hall the next morning. Girls who usually shirked their duty as house members were there in full force. The glasses were left untouched; the kitchen maids scowled because the dishes were not brought out; the girl who swept the halls paused, dustpan in hand, to lean over some one's shoulder and listen. The strain which had been growing worse day by day seemed near the breaking point.

"You know what we 're here for, girls," Percival began, for there was no need of preliminaries. "Some one has been up to a foolish practical joke. Some of the girls are very nervous about it and we all think it has gone far enough. We can't afford to lose time and sleep these days. So if any of you know anything about it, tell us or have it stopped. That 's all."

The meeting broke up. "Thank you, Percival," Dorothy said as she went out, book in hand.

It was a gray damp day with a rising wind. The mist froze to sleet as night drew in and the wind flung it persistently against the windows. The sound of its beating was broken by the howl of the wind. The girls shivered over their books and were silent and moody at table. Dorothy spent the evening in her own room working savagely over a Shakespeare paper. Florence came in at eight, hoping that, as usually was the case, Dorothy would insist on talking. But Dorothy was silent. Only the sound of her pen drawn across an unsatisfactory word or line, and the rustle of the leaves of her Shakespeare, broke in on the storm without. But as the bell began the watched-for stroke they both rose and stood together in the middle of the room. Then almost imperceptibly at first, but rapidly growing stronger, the familiar odor penetrated to them. Dorothy's hand closed until Florence winced

Digitized by Google

under the pressure. Then both exclaimed sharply, for the banjo which had leaned against the wall near the window fell forward to the radiator with a crash, and the cushions on the couch settled slowly in the same direction. Fliss spoke first.

"The storm jars the house," she said. Her lips were set, her face white. She crossed the room toward the dreaded corner, picked up the pillows, shook them out and piled them one upon another.

"Sit on them," ventured Dorothy with a smile almost ghastly in its effort. Fliss looked at her unsmilingly. The odor grew, diminished, as usual. Then with unsteady fingers and restless thoughts the girls went back to work. The proctor knocked after the retiring bell.

"We 're going to take a night up, Bess," Fliss explained.

"All right," the figure in dressing gown and slippers answered. Then a serious face peered round the door.

"Did it——?"

"Yes, yes," said Dorothy. "It did."

Eleven struck; twelve; one; two; Dorothy went over and filled the alcohol lamp and opened the cracker can. The girls talked bravely in low tones over their coffee and crackers, but neither spoke of bed. Fliss dozed on the couch. Dorothy worked doggedly on with a towel tied around her forehead. Daylight found them gray-faced and hollow-eyed. Recitations dragged heavily. At their close the two girls went to the matron. She listened with the half smile of one who is informed of that which she already knows, but promised to come to the room that night herself.

She came; she saw; presumably she conquered. For though they all sniffed inquiringly and investigated the radiator corner there was no trace of peppermint. The matron laughed. The girls, too dragged out for fear, smiled wearily and went to bed.

Night after night at nine the old feeling returned; they waited in suspense. But night after night it grew less intense until all remembrance of it had seemingly died away. Only Dorothy, lying awake after the last light had been extinguished, pondered and questioned, feared, hoped, and half believed.

Digitized by Google

Some three weeks after that the girls were waiting for their mail in the post office lobby. Dorothy was swinging her feet carelessly from the umbrella rack, when she nearly grazed the honorable shins of an elderly professor who was passing with the trained nurse. Looking up to present her apologies she met the nurse's eyes.

"What is there funny about me?" she thought absently. For the pretty nurse in her crisp uniform was undoubtedly laughing, and at her. She crossed to Dorothy in a moment.

"I 've just heard of your peppermint experience, Miss West," she said, in a peculiar voice. "And—I can explain it."

"Why? Are you a Spiritu—" Dorothy shrank back, for she dreaded to speak her inmost thought.

"No, no, but I am a trained nurse. Far more sensible. Who rooms over you, Miss West?"

"No one. It 's just a storeroom."

"Where does your steam pipe go to?"

"I 've never thought."

"Well, it makes a little turn and enters the corner of a room that projects over yours a very little. This room belongs to——"

"Kitty."

"The maid, yes. Did you know she sprained her wrist four weeks ago, was ill with it and a bad cold for a week and went home just three weeks ago to-day?"

"No—but what?"

"I took care of her, and being a very methodical person as is required by my profession it happened that every night at nine o'clock during the week—" The nurse's eyes danced.

"You used peppermint!"

"Yes."

"And it came through the little radiator opening. Oh, chumps!" Dorothy banged her head against the wall behind her.

Then she laughed. It was the thing to do. She called her roommate and they laughed together. She told her friends and they laughed with and at her. In the general relief accentuated by the

Digitized by Google

recalling of the general scare, was there an undertone of regret? It was not discernible, yet it lingered with Dorothy, who voiced it only to Miss Appleton. Miss Appleton had laughed at her gently, with the rest, but finally caught some hidden feeling in the girl's sobered face, from which the merriment died more quickly than was usual. She detained her with some question at the close of the class hour and they walked homeward together slowly. As Dorothy relinquished a pile of notebooks at Miss Appleton's door she caught a half questioning glance in her companion's face. She laughed to check the sob rising in her throat.

"I was a big silly, Miss Appleton," she said, impulsively. "But I 'd give the world to *know* one single thing."

"I understand," said Miss Appleton, simply.

—Emily L. Covell, 1901.

A TREE SONG.

Sing hey! at dawn for the apple-tree
When the sky is a budding rose,
When the robins are bubbling over with glee
And the tree sings what nobody knows.
We curl up and snuggle away in its arms
And there 's no one but us and the brèeze
And the sleepy red poppies are just half awake
As they lazily flirt with the bees.

Sing hey! at noon for our apple-tree,
When the fragrant air is aglow,
And we feast on apples and dream our dreams
Of the shadows that come and go.

Digitized by Google

The sun peers through our curtain of leaves
And laughs at our airy nest;
But we read and chatter till swift—he 's gone!
And there 's nothing but gray in the west.

Hush! you must whisper the song of our tree
When the sun has put out his light,
For it 's out all alone in the shadows and mists
And around it creeps the night.
The little leaves shiver and cuddle to sleep
And there 's one lonely star in the sky,
Then we turn and call back as we scurry off home,
"Dear tree! till to-morrow—good-bye!"

—M. S. S., 1901.

SUBCONSCIOUSNESS.

Free and fair
Are the realms of air,
Their sapphire reach is a voiceless cry;
And the rising croon
Of the wind's wild rune
Is calling me under the shining sky.

To toil and fret
My day is set,
Body and mind are chained to-day;
Only the soul of me
Is free
For the sunny depths of the wind-swept day.

Digitized by Google

Yet sweet and strong
The drear day long
Shall loss and lonely labor be,
Made fair and high
As the sweep of sky
By the message my soul brings back to me.

—E. C., 1901.

RAIN SONG.

I.

Dawns again Sabbath,
Stillest of days;
Deftly the cloud world
Veils the sun's gaze;
Softly the steeples
Chime out, "Come, praise!"
Then the clouds drop to me
Dreams from their haze.

II.

Hush with your falling,
Raindrops so light,
All the world's clatter,
Urgency, might.
Hum to me steadily
Lullabies bright
Such as your cloud-mother
Sings you at night.

—Rose Alden, 1900.

Digitized by Google

EDITORIAL.

If one may trust the letters of the enthusiastic and normal freshman, studying is not the noteworthy business of the college girl. It is to be taken for granted, but not, commonly, to be mentioned in polite society—as one of the vulgar duties of existence that must be kept in proper subordination and not allowed to distort a genial young person's point of view. An attitude the extreme opposite of this sometimes appears, to be sure, marked by tearful groanings over the life of unrelieved groaning ordained by the authorities, a misery mitigated only by the imposing expression given it in home letters and in table talk. There is also a third student type, and the contrasts among the three move one to discuss the real meaning of the studying which arouses emotions so various. The college girl is to serve as she has often done before, as the subject of remark,—the long-suffering college girl, who can neither eat fudge nor utter an exclamation unobserved. In spite of her conspicuous state she manages to represent human nature in a fairly untrammeled fashion, and I believe in this matter of studying she is still uncritical of her own habits.

These habits are various. One would not expect uniformity and one does not find it. Diversity of taste is shown both in the variety of studies chosen and in the manner of studying. If the person with scientific inclinations were obliged to make literature her major, how unhappy her neighbors would be! Hours in the library or hours in the laboratory—one chooses according to one's bent, rightly preferring the method that gives the best results. We would not and we should not all study in the same way; yet if the student who is constantly worried and driven by her work could learn the secret of the one who is mistress both of herself and of her business, a much finer success might rejoice her heart and bring content to the parents who are trying to give their daughter the most efficient training possible. The worried student knows there is a mistake somewhere, but instead of looking for it in a reasonable way, she simply finds it additional cause for worry.

Digitized by Google

It is not fair to assume, as is commonly done, that the college student is mature. In some cases she is: more often she is not. Usually she has not yet learned to study, and evidently this lesson should be her first concern. The juvenile attitude betrays itself in several ways, but in none more often and more plainly than in fright over particular recitations and in the complete satisfaction of one who has recited well.

A fictitious aim becomes almost inevitably a substitute for the real one in conditions such as the class room fixes. The student gets to care more for the success of the recitation than for the more remote success of mental assimilation. She devotes many a half hour to work that is an aside and comparatively useless so far as the course as a whole is concerned. For the sake of showing familiarity with presentable details she neglects to cultivate intimacy with important principles obscured by their very comprehensiveness. Superficial work; halting work that does not keep its end clearly in view and so does not proceed steadily towards it; disconnected work that makes much of detached facts and disregards relations: all this the student forms the habit of doing simply from a failure to keep the true aim of her work definitely in mind. The attempt to do well in the daily recitation and the desire to get the best results from the course do not indeed invariably conflict. In some departments the two may almost exactly coincide. There is moreover a utility in the more immediate motive that should be lost sight of neither by teacher nor by pupil. The lower aim makes the stronger appeal because it is more easily grasped and because its rewards are more specific. The ambition to get good marks and to make acceptable recitations ought to be discouraged only where it seriously conflicts with the higher ambition to make the best of the training afforded by the course as a whole. When the teacher and the pupil recognize both the utility and the danger of the desire to make the best possible appearance each day, the absurd anxiety that thickens the air about class room doors at the last moment of preparation will be largely reduced.

Given a "lesson to learn," the average conscientious girl begins with the first word and works straight forward to the end. She does this with her freshman Latin; she does it with her junior history and per-

Digitized by Google

haps with her senior philosophy. She is amiably illustrating the familiar generalization about the feminine mind: where the man grasps the general outline, we are told, the woman embraces the details. Possibly some connection can be found here with the superior masculine ability in the matter of "bluffing." The man, in the course of long practice in getting the most conspicuous results from the least effort, has hit upon the method of selecting the important point. The feminine attention to details is not to be underestimated, but the ability to seize upon the central idea is to precede in point of time. The woman that has this ability surpasses the man who goes no farther, for she elaborates the outline of thought until it becomes an effective possession. Surely the true way to study the lesson is to fix the framework of the thought first, and then to cover it with successive layers of less and less essential material; so that relations between parts are realized and the lesson is a structure in the mind instead of a heap of unassorted material. Psychologists say that retentiveness of memory cannot to any considerable extent be acquired, but that the strengthening of one's grasp of relations gives opportunity for an increase of knowledge. We remember that fact for which we find a place in the network of perceived relations. The immature student fails to see that this breadth of perception is the all-important approach to culture. She supposes that facts are to be learned by the book-full, and on the night before examination is grieved to find that they must be relearned.

Not only must the student discover the connections and the proportions of the ideas comprehended in each particular subject. As her horizon broadens she finds that all the subjects of study are bound together in such a way as to fall into more or less intimately related groups, and her appreciation of this fact prevents a dissipation of effort as common as it is unfortunate. Her attitude toward subjects she does not enjoy is largely determined in this way. When she sees the threads inevitably binding the disagreeable to the agreeable, she is prepared to get the best the uncongenial subject has for her. A young woman once compared her college course to the climbing of a tower stairway, every landing of which gives a view from its window. The increasing beauty

Digitized by Google

of the outlook consists not so much in the increasing number of objects to be seen as one ascends, as in the more evident unity of the scene revealed by every step of progress.

A student may complete a dozen courses without getting at the meaning of any one. She can find several ways of defeating the real aim of the work. One of the surest, perhaps, is the habit of studying in company with others. Intellectual dependence is certain to appear on the surface sooner or later, and underground it bores dangerous tunnels that will make the college training seem shockingly inadequate when the heavy weight of life's requirements rests upon it. In another aspect the same thing appears in the student's dependence on the instructor. Dozens of girls are accustomed in the class room to give to statements the rising inflection of questions. Occasionally they conclude with the frank inquiry, "Is that what you want?" The teacher cannot help noticing these and other indications of dependence—indications, many of them, that to the student herself would be evidence of nothing.

Irritation of the faculties too often takes the place of mental exercise. The former results sometimes in a semblance of alertness while it consumes force; the latter steadily increases capacity. Concentration of mind is the primary obligation of the student who would be a scholar. To attain this one must eliminate from consciousness all thought of time. If the student assumes that a fixed number of hours is to be occupied by a particular piece of work—though the instructor in assigning the work is bound to keep in mind a time-standard approximately determined by the ability of the greater number—her attention wanders and she gradually loses the power to get at the heart of the matter briskly. This power is a thousand times more to be sought than is a knowledge of any subject taught in college. When studying is attended to with complete devotion in the time for study, recreation need not be disturbed by obscuring mists of preoccupation and worry. Health, then, mental and physical, will vitalize the work undertaken; and the student may look for that best result of school training—intellectual poise.

—Margaret Ball, 1900.

Digitized by Google

DEPARTMENT NOTES.

THE LIBRARY.

AMONG the new books received in March are the following:—

Coit, Stanton, *ed.* Ethical Democracy. 1900.
Connor, Ralph, *pseud.* Man from Glengarry. 1901.
Courthope, W. J. Life in poetry: law in taste. 1901.
Dante, Alighieri. Divina commedia; *tr.* by Haselfoot. 1899.
Groos, Karl. Play of man. 1901.
Hauptmann, Gerhart. Coming of peace; *tr.* by J. Achurch. 1900.
Ibsen, Henrik. Love's Comedy; *tr.* by Herford. 1900.
Lawson, Elsworth. Euphrosyne and her "Golden Book." 1901.
Long, W. J. Beasts of the Field. 1901.
Fowls of the Air. 1901.
Moulton, C. W., *ed.* Library of literary criticism. v. 1-3. 1901-2.
Oliphant, M. O. W. Autobiography and letters. 1899.
Ostrovsky, Alexander. The storm; *tr.* by C. Garnett. 1899.
Roberts, R. D., *ed.* Education in the nineteenth century. 1901.
Stephen, L., *and* Lee, S., *eds.* Dictionary of national biography. 63 v. and sup. 3 v. 1885-1901.
Verhaeren, Emile. The Dawn; *tr.* by A. Symons. 1898.
Wolfram von Eschenbach. Parzival. 2 v. 1894.
(Wordsworth and Coleridge.) Lyrical ballads, 1798. 1898.
A reprint of the original edition.

The art library is open to readers every afternoon, Monday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and Wednesday morning.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE chief event of the month was the concert given on the eighteenth of March by the combined musical clubs of New York University. Taken as a whole, the performance was very much enjoyed, although the first half of the programme was rather light. The predominance of solos was an unusual feature, but not unpleasant as a novelty. After the concert, a reception was

Digitized by Google

given to the clubs in Assembly Hall, at which President Woolley and Betsey Mann and Alice Ryder, president and vice-president of the sophomore class, received. The concert programme follows:—

1. (*a*) Song of the Symbol,.....*Mr. Earl B. Barnes, '99*
   (*b*) The Longshoreman, ...*Chesham*
   MR. WERRENRATH, '05.
2. Hunky Dory, ...*Holzmann*
   MANDOLIN CLUB.
3. Tenor Solo (selected),
   MR. YOUNG.
4. Mandolin Solo (selected),
   MR. PFEIFFER.
5. When Mr. Shakspere Comes to Town,.....*Sobeski*
   MR. HADLEY, '02.
6. Normandie March, ...*Armstrong*
   BANJO CLUB.
7. Continuous Performance, ...*Ameer*

INTERMISSION.

8. N. Y. U. Evening Song,.....*Mr. D. M. Genns, '00*
9. Bass Solo (selected),
   MR. SMITH, '02.
10. Invincible Eagle, ...*Sousa*
    MANDOLIN CLUB.
11. Mandolin Solo (selected),
    MR. PFEIFFER.
12. My Heart's in Connemara,.....*Sobeski*
    MR. STRECKLETT, '02.
13. Love and Beauty Waltzes,.....*Armstrong*
    BANJO CLUB.
14. The Man Behind the Gun,.....*Morse*
    GLEE AND MANDOLIN CLUBS.

Digitized by Google

On the afternoon of the twenty-second, Dr. Dike of Auburndale lectured to the class in industrial history on "The Historical Aspects of the Problem of the Family." At 4.30, Dr. Dike gave a talk to the History Club on "The Present Aspect of the Family," which was very much enjoyed.

The regular midweek prayer service, on the twentieth of March, took the form of a debate on the question, "*Resolved*, that the operations of commerce are a greater factor in the progress of non-Christian lands than those of missionary forces." Edith Peck (1902) and Gail Smith (1903) debated for the affirmative, and Josephine Belding (1902) and Laura Clark (1903) for the negative. There was no vote taken as to the merits of the debate, but the house voted in favor of the negative, on the merits of the question.

Promptly at 12.40 on the afternoon of the twenty-fifth, college work stopped and the regulation scramble for lunch and the car ensued. Two long weeks were ours for rest and fun, and then back we came, any time before 8.30 on the morning of April 10, when every one must have registered or accounted for her failure to do so.

On the evening of the tenth, the regular midweek prayer service was conducted by Rev. Raymond Calkins of Pittsfield, Mass.

On the afternoon of the tenth of March, those interested in College Settlement work met and founded the Mount Holyoke chapter of the College Settlement Association. The following officers were elected: President, Dagny Grevstad (1903); senior vice-president, Alice Little; junior vice-president, Helen Edson; sophomore vice-president, Edith Shepard; freshman vice-president, Ethel Phipps; faculty vice-president, Miss Jeannette Marks; secretary and treasurer, Annie Simpson (1904); librarian, Marion Barry (1903). The object of the association is to help support the settlement houses in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and the chapter hopes to do active work in the surrounding towns and cities. Through the association reading club, social conditions and problems of the day will be studied.

Those of the students and faculty who have been interested in the work done by the National Consumers' League met February 4 to organize a local club. The officers elected were Esther Roesch, president; Anna Chamberlain, secretary and treasurer. The club has at present one hundred and twenty-nine members. The purpose of the club is to coöperate with the National Consumers' League in the abolition of the sweating system, and the extension of the commendable conditions now existing in the best mercantile establishments. Each member strives to purchase only those goods which bear the label of the Consumers' League.

Digitized by Google

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

THE Alumnæ Association of Philadelphia and the vicinity held a delightful reunion on February 13. The affair was a reception to President Woolley, and she was greeted, on her first visit to that state since her appointment, by an enthusiastic company of graduates. Mrs. H. O. Wilbur, president of the Alumnæ Association, introduced the graduates and guests to Miss Woolley, and college days, past and present, formed the burden of conversation during a pleasant hour. Miss Woolley then made an address, in which she emphasized the broad spirit of Mount Holyoke College.

John C. Converse in his address paid a high tribute to the work of Mary Lyon. He declared his belief that the future would see the establishment of universities for women, where they might acquire higher education on the same terms with men. Dr. Edward Brooks, superintendent of public schools, spoke earnestly for the higher education of women, and declared that the most profound scholar he knew was a woman. Dr. Henry Houck, deputy state superintendent of public instruction, and Professor Brumbaugh of the University of Pennsylvania, also made addresses.

The Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association of New York celebrated St. Valentine's Day by a reception to President Woolley and a Gentlemen's Night. The reception was held in the rooms of the Aldine Association, Fifth avenue and Eighteenth street. Mrs. Barry, president of the New York Association, and Miss Woolley received the alumnæ and guests from six-thirty to seven-thirty, when dinner was served in the banquet hall of the Aldine Association. Several of the younger alumnæ acted as ushers, and led the assembly to the flower-decked tables, where the place of each was designated by a dainty blue heart-shaped card. After the dinner Mrs. Barry greeted Miss Woolley in behalf of the Alumnæ Association and their friends and presented her as the first speaker of the evening. Miss Woolley spoke on "The Outlook and Inlook of the Mount Holyoke of To-day." She was followed by Dean Laura D. Gill, who greeted the association in behalf of Barnard College, and Miss Kate Upson Clark, president of the Wheaton Seminary Alumnæ Association. Addresses by Chancellor Henry McCracken of New York University, and James H. Canfield, LL.D., librarian of Columbia University, closed the first half of the literary program. The Association Glee Club of sixteen members revived old memories by several college songs: "By the Sea," "The Linden Tree," "Doan Ye Cry, Ma Honey," and "Peggy." Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart

Digitized by Google

was then introduced by Mrs. Barry and delighted the company by several readings from her own poems. A paper was read by Miss Charlotte Morrill on "Holyoke—the days of Auld Lang Syne," to which Miss Catharine Young Glen responded by the poem, "Holyoke—as it is To-day."

There was a large gathering of Mount Holyoke alumnæ and their friends at the Hotel Vendome, Tuesday, February 18, when the Boston Association observed "Gentlemen's Night." The reception was held from five-thirty to six-thirty. Those who received were Mrs. J. Frederick Hill, president of the Boston Association, Mrs. D. B. O. Bourdon, president of the General Association, Dean Annie C. Emery of the Women's College of Brown University, Dean Sarah L. Arnold of Simmons College, Boston, Prof. Edwin A. Grosvenor of Amherst College, Hon. Frank A. Hill, secretary of the Board of Education of Massachusetts, John Winthrop Platner, D.D., of Andover Theological Seminary, Rev. Judson Smith, D.D., and Mrs. Smith, and Prof. Bliss Perry, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The banquet was served in the red room, and the tables were most effectively arranged and prettily decorated with flowers and candelabra. At the after-dinner exercises, Mrs. Hill presided with much grace and dignity.

The toasts of the evening were "The Gentlemen," "The College," "The Alumnæ." Hon. Frank A. Hill responded very wittily to the first. Dr. Judson Smith, president of the Board of Trustees, in speaking for "The College," told of present prosperity and presented the pressing need of a new Library building, and larger equipment in other departments.

Miss Ella Gilbert Ives ('67), responding for "The Alumnæ," told of the formation of the older alumnæ associations, and gave an amusing account of her first after-dinner speech at a meeting of the Chicago Association. In her innocence she supposed that all after-dinner speeches were extemporaneous, that she had but to open her lips and flashes of wit would pour forth, but when she rose to speak, awed by the reporters, her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, and there were only flashes of silence. But it was reported that she adjured them to put their hands in their pockets, which, later, they did so effectually that a large sum of money was raised for a bust of Mary Lyon. The project was given up, however, and the money used for the Art department, the alumnæ thinking Mary Lyon would have wished it so. She expressed the hope of every alumna that this noble name may soon be enrolled in the Hall of Fame.

Mention was made of pleasant letters of regret which had been received from President Woolley, His Excellency Governor W. Murray Crane, an honored trustee, and Miss Sarah Orne Jewett.

Digitized by Google

Professor Grosvenor of Amherst was the first speaker of the evening; his subject, "The American Conscience." He maintained that the public conscience in America is too self-depreciatory and tends to charge corruption or incompetence to those in public office. He claimed that in America public opinion is more uncompromising toward malfeasance in office than in any foreign country. Citing alleged cases of favoritism in England, he dwelt upon the submissive spirit shown by the British public under exposure of such conditions, and declared that such things would not be tolerated in this country, but that men with such records would be driven out of office. In closing he made a plea for a manifestation of greater respect for our public officials, and their political measures, lest grave harm be done by teaching the rising generation of Americans that they must look to foreign countries for civic virtue and a wholesome public conscience. An entire evening would have been enjoyable in following out this line of thought.

Dean Emery received a cordial welcome as a guest from President Woolley's Alma Mater. Her remarks were sparkling with wit. She illustrated by many telling anecdotes the thought that the colleges in their teaching of the young are in danger of losing sight of the "living thing." She questioned whether in their busy lives the girls are not losing a certain fine sense of leisure. The college girl of to-day needs to take time to serenade herself.

Dr. Platner was very happy in the choice of his remarks. He said that as a child he was something of a pagan, worshiping among other things the name of Mount Holyoke. He had always had a high idea of the integrity of the Mount Holyoke girl and he thought that a happy commingling of sound knowledge, Christian character and self-discipline were the elements that make up the spirit of the Holyoke student.

The President referred to the fact that with the many colleges for women which have been established in recent years, Mount Holyoke has held her own and steadily increased in numbers, and her waiting list, and those of other colleges, make it easy to predict for New England's latest college (Simmons) that young women are ready to enter these new doors of opportunity.

Dean Arnold, from large experience in educational work, suggested that not all graduates of colleges can be teachers, and made an earnest appeal to educated women to give themselves to work among the poor, in homes of poverty, thus freely giving the light and joy of which they have so freely received.

Professor Bliss Perry paid a graceful tribute to the college graduate. He emphasized the thought that she is "noiseless"—she works with the least possible friction. She has poise. She has gained in simplicity and lost her self-consciousness, and has a hatred of vulgarity and display.

Mrs. Adeline Birdsall Strong of Boston was the soloist and added much

Digitized by Google

to the pleasure of the evening. The occasion is spoken of as a brilliant and very successful affair. Mrs. George T. Buffum ('72) of Newton was chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

A most delightful occasion for the Mount Holyoke Alumnæ of the Northwest was an informal reception on Saturday, March 1, given by Mesdames R. B. Arnold and P. S. Peterson at the home of the former for Professor Sarah E. Smith and Professor Annie S. Young of the college, who are studying at the University of Chicago. After a dainty luncheon came most interesting reports of alma mater in the personally conducted tours of Professor Smith, who took the company through the latest catalogue, introducing the faculty and showing the present scope of the curriculum; and of Professor Young, who piloted the alumnæ over the campus to points of special interest, such as Dwight Hall, Mead Hall and the historic spot which West Hall ornamented. Letters, college songs, pictures, a photograph of President Woolley, the exhibition of a picture given Pearsons Hall by Seymour J. Thurber of the city in memory of his mother's and grandmother's days at the seminary, the display of other gifts and much pleasant social intercourse were other features of the afternoon thoroughly enjoyed by all present from sub-freshman to the one favored with personal acquaintance with the founder of it all.

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION INCOME FUND.

In September, 1901, circulars were sent out to the 6,100 alumnæ of Mount Holyoke College. These circulars presented a plan which was proposed in June, at the annual meeting, by the Executive Board, for an Alumnæ Association Income Fund.

From many members of the local associations and from non-members word has come back that no such appeal has been received, or, if received, was not understood. Of course the Executive Board is not responsible for postal service, but it cannot understand how one carefully reading this circular can fail to comprehend its full import and purpose. Any alumnæ desiring another circular can secure it by writing to the chairman of the committee.

The Alumnæ Association has for several years been responsible for sending out annually reports and ballots, and for meeting the pledge of $250 toward the support of the American Classical School at Athens. Failure on the part of some local associations to contribute ten per cent of membership fees and send contribution for support of the Athens School has greatly embarrassed the work of the association.

Digitized by Google

A liberal and more general response to this appeal for pledges to the Income Fund will:—

Relieve the treasurer of the anxiety with which she has been harassed.

Provide for the regular expense of administration, including that of sending ballots to *all* graduates, which expense is largely increasing with each graduating class.

Relieve the local associations of the ten per cent tax which they are now assessed.

Provide for the maintenance of our pledge in support of the Classical School at Athens.

Provide means for securing alumnæ headquarters at the college.

Provide a fund from which large or small gifts may be made directly to the college.

Secure for all alumnæ a closer bond of union with the Alumnæ Association and the college in furnishing the means to distribute freely letters, reports, notices, and any printed matter.

Provide funds for enlarging and extending in many ways the work of the Alumnæ Association.

Mrs. Bourdon, chairman of the committee on the Income Fund, has received responses from about three hundred of the 6,100 circulars. The Executive Board desires the prompt, generous coöperation of *every* graduate and non-graduate.

The pledges are suited to all purses, ranging as they do from fifty cents to twenty-five dollars, the latter constituting a life-pledge to the Fund. Two of these have already been sent, and several others are promised, but the alumnæ of later years prefer the smaller annual pledge. If each alumna will at once pledge the sum she feels able to, the report of the committee in June will be a most gratifying and encouraging one.

It is very certain that unless the association is placed on some sure and sound financial basis it cannot efficiently serve the interests of the alumnæ.

ELISABETH MILLER BARDWELL MEMORIAL FELLOWSHIP FUND.

Since June, 1898, the Mount Holyoke alumnæ have been endeavoring to raise ten thousand dollars as a fellowship fund, the income each year to be awarded to a graduate of not more than five years' standing who wishes to continue her studies either in the universities of this country or in Europe. One-half of the proposed amount having been raised, it was thought possible, owing to the generosity of a few of the alumnæ, to offer the fellowship this year, and Miss Abbie H. Turner ('96) has the honor of being the first to

Digitized by Google

receive an appointment. She is now studying in the Zoölogical department of the University of Chicago and is there recognized as holding the Mount Holyoke alumnæ fellowship. As the great object in establishing this fellowship is the encouragement of graduate work among the Mount Holyoke alumnæ, is there any more imperative need at this time than the completion of this sum for which five thousand dollars more is required?

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS.

THE American School of Classical Studies at Athens has had a direct and increasing influence on education in America in aiming to afford supplementary training and culture to teachers of Greek and Latin in our colleges and secondary schools rather than to produce specialists in archæology. In this respect it differs from the schools of other nations in Greece; but while the other schools—the German, Austrian, French, British,—receive government aid, ours must depend, aside from a meager endowment fund, on the contributions of individuals and colleges. In the October MOUNT HOLYOKE, Miss Watson has given an excellent picture of the life and work of the School. The contributing colleges are entitled to a large share of pride in what the American School has accomplished in excavations and other archæological investigation. They should also be most grateful for invaluable opportunities of study in Greece, since all contributing colleges receive for their graduates scholarship privileges in the School, with no restriction as to the number who may attend at any given time. Last year eighteen colleges and universities made contributions including the prominent colleges for women. Of the latter, Vassar and Barnard were represented by alumnæ in the School last year; the year before, Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Radcliffe, Smith, and Mount Holyoke, and different colleges in other years. The continued coöperation of Mount Holyoke in this cause seems especially appropriate now, since the equipment of the department of archæology has been so greatly improved by the opening of Dwight Hall and the establishment of a more adequate collections of casts. Important archæological books and periodicals have been added to the library and an archæological club has been formed. Thus the college can now offer greater incentives to continuation of classical study abroad as well as better preparation. The importance of residence and travel in Greece, if one is to appreciate her history and literature and her influence on all art and civilization, cannot be overestimated. If Mount Holyoke graduates going out as teachers of the classics are to have the fuller preparation now demanded, and are so to meet the present-day standards of classical knowledge as to reflect credit on the college, this door of opportunity should be kept open before them.

Digitized by Google

Miss Worden, formerly a teacher in the Art department of the college, is studying in Columbia University, New York city.

'56. Miss Harriet E. Sessions, formerly a teacher at Mount Holyoke, visited the college last month.

'68. Dr. Adaline D. H. Kelsey is obliged, for the sake of her health, to leave her work in Japan and return to this country. Her address is West Camden, Oneida Co., N. Y.

'95. Martha Snell Hall has gone to Bermuda with her sister for a short stay. At the Hotel Brunswick, in Hamilton, Bermuda, she met, a short time ago, Dorothy (Barron) Leonard ('93, non-graduate).

E. Pauline Swartz, who came to America on account of the death of her father, returns immediately to Japan.

'96. Gertrude H. Ellison is engaged in work in the Young Women's Christian Association in Springfield.

'98. Mary I. Blackstock has a position in the high school at Onondaga Valley, N. Y.

Elizabeth Mitchell is registered for a Doctor's degree in the department of mathematics in Cornell University. Her address is 115 Stewart avenue, Ithaca, N. Y.

1900. Minnie A. Graham substituted for Miss Hoyt in the chemistry department during the latter's absence as a delegate to the Toronto convention.

1901. Among the alumnæ who visited college this last month were Susie Watson and Grace Swenarton.

Ethel Osgood has a position with *The Chautauqua Magazine* in Cleveland, Ohio.

'02. Helen Lyman, Bertha Lyman, Mary Osgood and Eva Gay were among the recent visitors at college.

'03. The engagement of Beatrice Fiske to Mr. Edward Currier is announced.

'04. Marguerite Newhall visited college for several days during the last month.

MARRIAGES.

'71. (Non-graduate) Freeman—Wilkins. Dr. Charles M. Freeman of Metuchen, N. J., and Mary E. Wilkins.

'92. (Non-graduate) Rioch—Pierson. At the home of the bride's sister, Washington, D. C., Mr. John MacKenzie Rioch of Hamilton, Canada, and Frances Lapton Pierson.

'98. Dukes—Campbell. In the First Reform Church, Bellevue, N. Y.,

Digitized by Google

June 22, 1901, Mr. Richard G. Dukes and Harriet Campbell. At home at 115 Stewart avenue, Ithaca, New York.

Arnold—Sherman. At the Central Church, Jamaica Plain, Mass., Saturday, April 5, 1902, Mr. Henry W. B. Arnold and Anna Prescott Sherman. At home after June 1, Hopedale, Mass.

BIRTHS.

'90. Mrs. Burton J. Hendrick (Bertha J. Ives), February 27, 1902, a son.

'96. Bessie (McKissick) Williamson, February 10, 1902, a daughter, Elizabeth Adell.

DEATHS.

'43. Harriet L. (Hayes) Strong, February 4, 1902, at Auburndale.

'53. (Non-graduate) Mary A. (Baldwin) French, October 12, 1901, at Troburn.

EXCHANGES.

It is interesting not only to compare the literary productions of the different colleges, but to compare comparisons; that is, to read the exchange departments and observe the different opinions as to relative merits of magazines. Though she finds a few stories or verses admired on all sides, the exchange editor often sees her favorite magazine harshly criticised and the story she has scarcely noticed declared the best of the month. Not long ago she was surprised to find in a monthly of considerable importance lengthy praises of a magazine which she particularly disliked. To correct her impression she began at once to read the latest number of the despised periodical. But alas! a poor love tale and several verses without even the merit of correct rhymes, were scarcely atoned for by one moderately good story.

The Georgetown College Journal has been receiving compliments from nearly all its exchanges of late, in which The Mount Holyoke has had a share. We regret that the March number is not at hand. Our old favorite, *The Inlander,* brings us several interesting articles and a good college story, "An Inspired Plagiarism." "How Hiram Collins Put Up the Stove" is one of the amusing stories often found in *The Minnesota Magazine.* "Dreamland Way" reminds one of "The Brushwood Boy." Unusual features in *The Nassau Literary Monthly* are "Out of Door January" and "'Cross Country," both open air sketches, the latter charming in its local color.

Digitized by Google

The Vassar Miscellany is at its best in February. Especially enjoyable are "Created" and "The Cuban Relief Society," different as they are. *The College Folio* contains a story illustrative of the fact that students write best on simple themes within their own experience. "An Awakening," though not remarkable in plot or very skillful in structure, is well-written and realistic, and for this reason it is above the average of college fiction.

A VALENTINE.

Just for one day, my heart, of all the year,
One day, let 's put aside our pride and fear;
Forget the common words, so cold and loud,—
The "liking," "fondness," "friendship" of the crowd,—
And with frank eyes, and voices low and clear,
O, heart, just this once, say, "I love you, dear."

Vassar Miscellany. —S. J. McM., 1903.

ALONE.

What heavy stillness through the darkened hall,
No sound of footsteps on the oaken stair,
No girlish laughter in the garden, where
Among her blushing roses, she of all
Was fairest rose. No soft, half-whispered call
Across the summer twilight, laying bare
My heartstrings to her melody. How fair,
How sadly sweet grew Eden by the Fall.
Step softly, for her chamber empty stands;
And if thy tears come rising fast to see
Some little token of her busy hands,
Thank God that he is generous to thee.
My eyes are dry as burning summer sands.
I cannot—God send tears—send tears to me.

The Morningside. —C. W. K.

Digitized by Google

ON READING THE ŒDIPUS OF SOPHOCLES.

We read the tale of Œdipus, the king,
That lofty, frenzied soul, who shuddering fled
From crime to crime till all the sky flamed red,
And glorious earth became a loathsome thing;
Then plucked he tortured eyeballs from his head,
And staggered on through doom and gods' deep hate,
'Mid whirling darkness of the winds of fate,
Led by his daughters' love to join the dead.

The tale was done, and homeward trod we late
The village street, antithesis of strife,
But low the eyeless clouds with ambush rife
Their silence dumb and dread maintained,
And in our hushed and sobered spirits reigned
The old night-shrouded mysteries of life.

Williams Literary Monthly. —STUART PRATT SHERMAN.

Art
Books
Stationery

SPRINGFIELD

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

Now approaches the Summer sun,
His long, triumphant course to run;
Dame Nature hastes with smiles to greet;
The Earth is stirred by his mighty feet.
I 'm dreaming of these coming days
When everything is a hymn of praise,
Beauties new shall each day add,
And every morn is e'en more glad.

I 'll roam the meadows, climb the hills,
And trace the course of the rippling rills.
I 'll sound the depths of Nature's heart,
And gather joy from every part.
With brush and pen I 'll seek to trace
The beauteous lines of Nature's face.
None can her loveliness express,
Yet would I thus my love confess.

Though thus afar from trade and town
I 'll still keep touch with trade renown,
For when I read my *book* at night,
The *Johnson ship* will greet my sight.

Digitized by Google

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Vol. XI. MAY, 1902. No. 9.

Beth Bradford Gilchrist, 1902, *Editor-in-Chief.*

Editors.

Rachel Florence Riley, 1902. Rowena Keith Keyes, 1902.

Ethel Collingwood Hall, 1903. Anna Grace McGovern, 1903.

May Fiske, 1903.

Harriet Cross Van Wagner, 1903, *Business Manager.*

Helene Maud Pope, 1904, *Assistant Business Manager.*

GRADUATE STUDY FOR WOMEN IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES.

In 1880, Cornell University gave its Ph.D. to a woman for the first time; Michigan, six years later. It is true that graduate study had been carried on by women in a desultory sort of way for a few years before this time, yet even for men the recognition of the need for graduate study thoroughly organized and on true university basis is scarcely older than the Johns Hopkins, which has just celebrated the completion of its first quarter of a century. I remember an address by President Gilman to the graduate school of Chicago in which, looking us over rather mournfully, he expressed his wonder how we were all to obtain positions in the scholastic world. The surmise would come that he would have liked to lessen our number by removing the women. However, the number seems to increase rather than decrease, and, according to the latest government report, the women registered as graduate students in institutions which have well-equipped and well-organized

Digitized by Google

graduate schools number over twelve hundred. Johns Hopkins, Princeton, and Clark University are the only notable graduate schools which still entirely exclude women from the use of their facilities for advanced work.

In the early days of graduate work many colleges attempted it without special equipment. In one of the earliest reports (1872) six of the twenty-nine doctorates recorded as given in course were granted by such colleges. That evil is lessening, though there is still something to be reformed in that line. Very wisely the colleges for women have, as a rule, confined themselves to undergraduate work. The arguments which can be fairly brought against coeducation for undergraduates are utterly without weight when applied to graduate students, and further, what is a still more cogent reason, the expense of a high grade of graduate study forbids its being undertaken by many colleges. The student entering college for the first time looks for high intellectual opportunities plus many other things, all of which have due weight in determining the choice of a college. The graduate student, if she is fortunate enough not to be limited financially, considers only where she may find the best opportunity for the special line of work she wishes to pursue, hence her indispensable requirement is the scholar and investigator under whom she is to work. There must also be no hindrances in the way of equipment. All available books and material must be at the command of the university. Such graduate work is exceedingly costly for both instruction and equipment. Often a large part of the time of the highest professor in a certain line is given to a very few students. Of course in a certain sense all education costs more than any given student pays for it. Leaving wholly out of consideration the scholarships and fellowships which may be granted to individual students by college or university, this is even more true of the college than of the free public school, but the cost increases at a much greater ratio for the graduate student.

The university which can offer two or three men in either the same department or departments closely allied, whose work is thoroughly worth taking has naturally a great advantage over the smaller schools.

Digitized by Google

So one university may be decidedly the best for a student in one line of work, but quite otherwise for a student of another department. Moreover, the same institution varies from year to year as certain professors are or are not in residence. There is quite a movement towards migration from one school to another as one's work may demand. This is certainly good and tends towards broader work. It also, however, almost without fail lengthens the period of study as more or less time is inevitably lost in the change.

As far as personal experience is concerned, I can speak of the life at only two of the several American universities which offer graduate work under favorable circumstances to women. At Cornell the question of deficiency in undergraduate work is generally raised upon entrance, always so if the candidate looks towards a higher degree. This is not the custom at the University of Chicago. There any student who can show a bachelor's degree from any college may be registered as a graduate student. The application for candidacy for a higher degree cannot be made until after a quarter of resident work. It involves, if the candidate has taken the bachelor's degree elsewhere than at Chicago, the filling out of a long and complicated blank which aims to find out all the details of not only the college work but also of the work done for entrance to college. In addition to this before coming up for examination for the doctorate the candidate must pass an examination in reading German and French at sight. Of course no student need fill out this blank and make up the deficiencies, if any are found, if he does not wish, but it is the only road to either the master's or the doctor's degree. The question is sometimes raised whether it is not best, especially if the student's time at the university is limited, to study what seems most necessary and helpful to the work one has immediately in view rather than to be bound by the requirements for a given degree. That may sometimes be the case, but my experience and observation have led me to the opinion that the restrictions placed on the candidate for a degree are useful ones and that even a period of study which falls short of the full time required for a degree is spent to better purpose, if governed by the usual regulations. The earnest student would not deviate very

Digitized by Google

widely in any case, and a definite plan of study aiming at a definite result is on the whole better for the ordinary mind.

The ordeal of the examination is much dreaded at both Cornell and Chicago, where a long oral test is required which may be further supplemented by written work. It is a great nervous strain, which, on the whole, the women bear better than the men, at least fewer fail under the test from mere nervousness. At both universities the time of the examination is posted and the failure or success promptly known. Comment, however, is extremely sympathetic, and at Chicago certainly the custom is more and more observed of warning the candidate beforehand, if, in the opinion of the department, there is danger of failure. It is a rash student who ventures after such warning.

President Gilman and also President Eliot deplore the fact that the majority of American students come to graduate work, if at all, after a longer or shorter period out of college. This is even more true of women than of men. It does not seem to me wholly a drawback. Such a student has generally reached a maturity which is a great advantage to his work. Moreover, when the work is completed and a position is sought, if successful experience can be cited, the outlook is much more hopeful. Further, experience in active work ought to convince the incapable student that he had better let graduate study alone. Strangely enough it does not always have that effect, and a few come up for graduate study as a sort of nostrum which is warranted to make good all deficiencies. Some of these students are both amusing and deeply pathetic. They are amusing because so absolutely and hopelessly incongruous with their surroundings. Graduate study is not indispensable to life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness, and should be sought only when one has a genuine adaptability to it and really desires it. The pathos comes in when one realizes the sacrifices that some of these very incompetent people are making to accomplish what is practically impossible, either from lack of natural ability or of good preparation. I have in mind two students, one a woman, exceedingly poor financially, who entered graduate work in mathematics to fall lower and lower in class until she finally, at the end of the year, failed utterly on the freshman work;

Digitized by Google

the other a man, father of three children, not having the additional burden of poverty, a fellow-student of my own, who never had a clear idea on any subject. He held a bachelor's degree from so reputable a college that he could not be demoted to undergraduate work. He persisted against repeated warnings, and even came up for his doctorate examination, which was, of course, a flat failure.

The opportunities for social life are about what the student wishes or may deem advisable to make them. If one responds cordially to the advances made by other students or members of the faculty, there will be social life, as much as, indeed more than, there is time for. On the other hand, it is a great mistake to think that the social life is of no importance during the three or four years of graduate work. It is not so even for one's chosen investigation. The hardest and most intense thinking cannot be sustained for too long at a time. There must be relaxation, and just as in college the best student is not the one who studies in season and out of season, so the graduate student who has no time for social obligations or outdoor exercise grows dull and misses the finest point of what he is observing, while some one who studies less hard as far as extensive work is concerned but more intensively makes the discovery.

The necessity of graduate study for all who undertake professional educational work is increasingly felt. It seems to be soon coming to be the case that heads of departments in our high schools even will be selected from the graduate workers, and this is sound. There is some danger, I think, that we exalt the sign rather than the thing signified, look for Ph.D.s, for example, when we should look rather for high scholarly attainments whether marked or not by the doctor's degree. The external mark is, of course, simpler, nevertheless it is often misleading, since it varies greatly in value in different institutions or even in different departments of the same. But as to the value of high scholarship and a view of one's subject both broad and in some part deep, there can be no question. At the beginning of the movement towards graduate study many good people were greatly exercised for fear it would make its votaries indifferent to the needs of younger students and eager

Digitized by Google

only to work at some special line of investigation. There will always be a few who will enjoy better the search after truth than the use of it when found, but these, too, may fill a useful place in the academic world. In any case the broader view of a subject leads to a broader view of all knowledge and of all life. It leads the true teacher also with increasing interest to the study from a truly scientific standpoint of the principles which underlie all education and which are perhaps nowhere to be studied to so good advantage as with the younger students. All success, then, to the movement towards graduate work. For those who feel a vocation that way I can conceive of nothing more enjoyable than the time thus spent. It is to be hoped that as the time is gradually disappearing when a woman who looked to self-support, if capable of more than merely manual labor, had teaching as the only practical possibility, so the time will come when only those will teach who choose that form of self-support in preference to other work, and who will consequently feel that the best preparation is not any too much, even though the anticipated work is in the secondary or elementary schools.

—Helen M. Searles.

A hill slope green, a brook with gurgling flow,
A little lake where mirrored branches show,
A grove where buttercups all golden glow,
And violets dwell,

A lawn where hurrying feet have worn a way,
Red walls, relieved by sun and shade at play,
And yet,—a sadness that this brilliant day
Cannot dispel.

For sad it is to own dear pleasures past,
Though long the happy memories may last,
And ah, 't is hard, when hearts still hold me fast,
To say farewell.

—R. K. K., 1902.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

A QUESTION OF JOURNALISM.

Dramatis Personae.

Dorothy Stanley, . . *A Junior, member of the Journalism Class*
Frances Pollard, ... *Her roommate, a Sophomore*
Mary Atherton, } . . . . . *Appreciative Junior friends*
Lucy Thornton, }
Miss Benedict, ... *A Freshman*
Mr. Benedict, ... *A Hero*

Scene I.

A typical college room. Usual accompaniment of books, pictures, and sofa cushions. Mary Atherton *sits at one desk,* Lucy Thornton *at the other. Both appear to be absorbed in studying. A rap is heard at the door.*

Mary (*without looking up*). Come! (*Enter* Frances Pollard.) Oh, hello, Fran. *Setzen Sie,* we 'll be through in just two minutes.

Fran (*dropping with an air of exaggerated weariness on the couch*). Stan 's doing her story, she will be here directly. Don't mind if I seem to go to sleep in the meantime. I 've been in that Chemistry Lab all the afternoon trying to make oxygen. "Sloppy!" (*Tragically.*) I tipped over two of my bottles and lost the oxygen and then got squelched for——

Mary (*rises*). Oh, don't, Fran! We 've been through all that; you want to be thankful you have n't been doing Carlyle for two hours. (*She shuts the book with a groan and tosses the small red volume over* Fran's *head to the farthest corner of the couch. Rises and walks to the window.*)

Fran (*cheerfully*). Nice day, is n't it? (*The rain beats against the window, the shutters rattle dismally.*) Lovely day!

Mary. It *is* bad. I 'm afraid this rain will spoil the autumn colors and it 's horrid to be shut in. But since we must be I thought

Digitized by Google

it would be jolly to have a cup of chocolate together. Don't you want to get the water now, Lucy? (*Exit* LUCY *with pitcher.*) I think I'll go and drag Stan away from her story, she has worked on it long enough for one day. Oh, here she is! Come in, Stan.

[*Enter* DOROTHY STANLEY. *She removes a golf cape and several notebooks from the steamer chair by the window and sits down.*]

Stan. I hope I did n't keep you waiting. I could n't come to a good stopping place any sooner.

Mary. How is the story?

Stan. It is coming on; I have the plot at last, and I've done the first rough sketch of it. You see I had loads of local coloring I got down at the shore last summer, but I could n't think of a plot.

Fran. So after lying awake three nights and tormenting me with suggestions for three days, she found a plot.

Stan (*ignoring the interruption*). You see, what I want now is a hero.

Mary (*with mock sympathy*). They *are* rather scarce around here.

Stan (*earnestly*). You need n't laugh; that 's just the trouble. Of course I have a general idea of what he 's like and how he will behave, but I want to have him real. People are always telling you to draw on life and "keep your eye on the object" and all that. And how can I?

Fran (*saucily*). Was n't there anything besides local coloring down at the shore last summer? Why would n't that——

Stan (*with dignity*). You ought to know by this time, Frances, that there is a difference between studying real life and using one's friends as material. (FRAN *subsides, takes up the red volume and pretends to be absorbed.*)

Lucy (*enters with water*). Why, Stan, you seem excited.

Stan (*laughs and sinks back in chair*). I am; I always am when I try to write. I get so much interested they seem like real people to me. You can't think how exciting it *is*, Lucy, if you never tried.

Lucy (*beginning to make chocolate*). Well, I can't understand it at all. I simply can't picture myself getting excited over——

Digitized by Google

Fran. Anything at all, dear, short of a chemistry quiz.

Stan. You see I have my girl. She 's a dear "if I do say it as ought n't." It was n't so hard to get her. And now all I need is the man. (*She leans forward in her chair, her cheeks are flushed, her eyes shining.*)

Fran (*reads impressively*). "Worship of a Hero is transcendent admiration of a Great Man. I say great men are still admirable; I say there is, at bottom, nothing else admirable!" (*She dodges a skillfully thrown pillow and continues with enthusiasm.*) "That man in some sense or other worships Heroes——"

Stan (*rising and catching away the book*). Fran, you have positively no sense of reverence!

Lucy (*from the tea table*). Fran, dear, if you 'll get me the sugar and the crackers, everything will be ready.

Fran (*standing in front of the bookcase*). Where do you keep them?

Lucy. Sugar on the second shelf behind the Ruskin, and crackers on the bottom shelf. Now, children, come and have your chocolate and don't talk shop any more. (*They gather about the table and* Lucy *pours the chocolate.*)

Fran (*rising and lifting her cup high in the air*). Young ladies, The Hero!

Scene II.

Time: A week later.

College post office; the five o'clock mail is being distributed; the hall is crowded with girls sitting on the stairs or moving about before the boxes. Dorothy Stanley *is seen sitting on the umbrella rack under the Musical Bulletin Board.*

Fran (*returning from a useless survey of her mail box*). Nothing, of course.

Stan. Never is; it 's enough to make you wish you were a Senior, you might at least get Teachers' Agencies.

Digitized by Google

Fran. How funny the girls look—some in light gowns and some in walking suits. What lovely goldenrod!

Stan (*gazing intently at a tall youth who has just come in with several girls*). Yes, I think so, too.

Fran. Really, Stan, you ought not to stare so at that man.

Stan (*excitedly*). Hush! I 'm trying to keep my eye on the object. I really think he 'll do.

Fran. You crazy child! For what?

Stan (*with dignity*). You sometimes forget, Miss Pollard, the respect due a Junior. I mean he 'll do for my story. He 's just the type I wanted only I could n't get a definite idea. Tall, broad-shouldered, athletic, you know, but intellectual looking.

Fran (*doubtfully*). Well—I don't know—I don't like his hair, it 's too light, and I think he 's rather young looking.

Stan (*with withering scorn*). I can make it darker, can't I? and he could be older. I mean the general effect. Lend me your pen a minute. (*She hastily sketches his profile as he stands reading the notices on the Junior Bulletin; murmurs:*)' Gray eyes, brown hair—I like the way he laughs.

Fran (*after a second fruitless trip to her box*). I 'll get you an introduction if you like; I know that Freshman.

Stan (*hastily*). No, of course not. I 'm not quite so hopeless as that, if I have got Journalism on the brain. (*She looks at the clock.*) Why, it 's after five and I promised to leave this book at the Lib for Lucy. I 'll run over with it now. Wait for me here, won't you?

[*Exit* STAN.

SCENE III.

Time: A few minutes later—Post Office.

Fran (*turns from empty mail box and runs into the Freshman*). Oh! I beg your pardon, Miss Benedict, I did n't see you.

Miss B. (*nervously*). Oh, Miss Pollard, won't you come meet my cousin? He 's a Yale man. I want him to meet some of the upper

Digitized by Google

class girls. And you know so many more of the girls than I do, *will* you do something for me? (*She draws* FRAN *aside and they talk earnestly for a few moments.* MISS B. *seems to be explaining something with some hesitation and embarrassment.* FRAN *smiles encouragingly and seems to give a suggestion which is accepted with relief. They come forward and the tall youth is presented to* FRAN.)

Fran (*sweetly*). Oh, how do you do, Mr. Benedict? I'm *so* glad to meet you. This is your first visit to Mount Holyoke, is n't it? It 's good you have such pleasant weather; we had so much rain last week.

Mr. B. Yes, this is my first glimpse of the college.

Fran. Have you met many of the girls? I was just telling your cousin you would like to meet my roommate, Miss Stanley. She 's one of the representative girls in college, you know. She 's on THE MOUNT HOLYOKE board and the Glee Club and I don't know how many committees.

Mr. B. She must be an upper classman then?

Fran. Yes, she 's a Junior. Oh, no, I 'm only a Sophomore, but that does n't prevent a very genuine appreciation of Junior virtues, especially in that particular Junior.

Mr. B. I 'm sure I should be charmed to meet her.

Fran. Here she is now. (*Enter* STAN.) Stan, dear, Miss Benedict wants her cousin to meet you. You know Miss Benedict, don't you?

Stan (*after one expressive look at* FRAN; *cordially*). I *ought* to know Miss Benedict. I mean to know all the Freshmen before long—and I 'm very glad to meet Miss Benedict's cousin.

SCENE IV.

Time: Next day.

A cluster of pines on Prospect. The afternoon sun shines in warm and bright through the red and gold of the maples. DOROTHY STANLEY *and* MR. BENEDICT *are seen sitting on the thick carpet of pine needles which covers the slope.*

Digitized by Google

Mr. B. It was awfully good of you, Miss Stanley, to take time for this.

Stan (*brightly*). Indeed, it has been a pleasure.

Mr. B. It 's been delightful for me, and I know it was a relief to my cousin's mind to know that I was in safe keeping while she went to her classes. I 'm afraid she thought me rather in the way.

Stan. Classes are a bore on such a day. You people can cut once in a while, can't you? We have n't any cuts here, you know. But I wish you would tell me more about that game; it must have been splendid. (*Aside.*) Since the opportunity is thrust upon me I may as well improve it.

Mr. B. Why, we won out, that 's about all. I 'd so much rather hear about Mount Holyoke. You go in for basket ball a good deal, don't you? (*Aside.*) She seems determined to have me do the talking.

Stan. Yes, the interclass games in the spring are great events. (*Aside.*) I 'll try something else. (*To* MR. B.) *Is n't* the view from here superb?

Mr. B. (*leans back so that his view includes* STAN'S *profile*). Fine! (*Aside.*) She certainly is charming. George! How pretty her hair is in the sun! But I can't seem to get a clue to her train of thought.

[*They sit in silence as voices are heard on the path below. The speakers are hidden by the shrubbery but as they approach* FRAN'S *voice is distinctly heard.*]

Fran. You see, Stan is doing a story for Journalism and she wanted a hero.

Stan (*aside*). Oh, that little imp of a roommate!

Fran. So when she saw this Mr. Benedict she decided to take him.

[STAN, *blushing furiously, rises to her feet and casts one despairing glance at* MR. B., *who regards her with bewilderment.*]

Stan (*breathlessly*). Oh, *do* let 's go on. (*Her gown is caught by a bramble as she turns to go up the hill.*)

Mr. B. (*politely*). Allow me. (*He stoops to free her; his expression is a mixture of amusement and astonishment, which he tries to conceal by bending his head lower over the bramble.*)

Digitized by Google

Stan (*aside, with tears in her eyes*). What an imbecile position! What *shall* I do! What *will* he think!

Fran (*below, gleefully*). And the joke is, that Miss Benedict told me her cousin was looking for a typical college girl for a story *he* is doing, so I innocently suggested Stan.

[MR. B. *rises and regards* STAN *with a red and embarrassed countenance.*]

Fran (*continues*). They 're up here somewhere now, I suppose, taking notes on each other. If Stan ever discovers—(*The voices die away as the speakers move on.*)

[STAN, *who has listened in amazement to the last words, bursts into irrepressible laughter, in which* MR. B., *after momentary hesitation, joins heartily.*]

Stan (*extending her hand frankly*). Was n't it dreadful! You 'll forgive me, won't you?

Mr. B. (*retaining the hand*). I need to ask forgiveness myself—I—it was utterly unpardonable of me—but—you 'll let me come up again sometime, won't you, Miss Stanley, when it is n't a question of Journalism?

—RUTH DAVENPORT HOLMES, 1902.

CONCERNING THACKERAY.

SOME one, in speaking of the literary world of forty years ago, once said, "The reading public was then divided into two classes, those who adored Dickens, and those who admired Thackeray." The quotation is from memory, but the thought was that expressed; and following it came a description of the two classes, one small, exclusive, and, to the minds of most people, peculiar; the other comprising nearly every one who could read English at all.

People certainly did "adore" Dickens in those days. From the

Digitized by Google

lowest to the highest, how anxiously they would watch for the appearance of those "two green leaves onces a month" which inclosed another installment of "Bleak House," or "Hard Times," or "David Copperfield"! Even the critics, those solemn Sir Oracles whose lips oped in an authoritative manner such as no Delphic priestess could have surpassed, deigned to bestow their approval on Mr. Dickens, and to commend his works as both pleasing and harmless. And Thackeray, in his essay on "Charity and Humor," has paid a beautiful tribute to his brother author; in it he has set forth in glowing colors the enthusiasm of the public, and his own true regard.

But though most of us still confess to a liking for Dickens, this frenzy of enthusiasm is now past; in Miss Alcott's words, "he is not the idol he once was," and Mr. Howells may attack his work at will without much protest on our part. Thus is the verdict of one generation reversed by the next; but what of Thackeray, whom *Blackwood, Fraser* and the *Times* delighted to assail as a cynic and a misanthrope? Are we in this case disposed to follow the tradition of our fathers?

Strangely enough, those of the present whose watchword has been realism intensified, and who once exalted Kipling to the skies as the apostle of their belief, have apparently acquiesced in the fiat which went forth forty years ago, if silence is any indication of consent. We hear little of Thackeray nowadays, even the publication of the biographical edition of his works caused scarcely a ripple on the calm sea of our literary contemplations; and yet this man, formerly denounced because he attempted to portray the real rather than the altogether ideal, is passed over in silence by a generation which demands reality above everything else. Yet the inconsistency is greatest at first sight; as we look more closely we see that whereas Thackeray gave good and evil their due proportion in his picture of life, many writers of the present have dwelt only on the evil, and thus have turned a truth into the worst of lies.

Although Thackeray once alluded to his books as "dismal preachments," he knew, and we should know, that he wrote them not in a carping spirit, but with an honest motive. He is only an idle story-

Digitized by Google

teller, he says again and again, but he has always aimed to tell the truth as he saw it, and to fight all sham and pretense to the end. Not an unworthy aim, surely; yet it met serious objections on the critics' part. With the influence of Scott still strong upon them, they demanded the ideal figures of romance rather than the men and women of every-day life. "The public wants sinless heroes and heroines," cried one, "and these Mr. Thackeray does not give us. His books possess no heroes whatever, in the proper sense of the term; and as for heroines, does he not hold up Lady Castlewood and Helen Pendennis for our admiration, and then show us that the one is proud and the other jealous? Never will we believe that such women represent our British matrons," and so on.

This might very easily lead us into a discussion of the exact purpose which novels serve. Of course there is the novel which we use merely to pass away a leisure hour, or to rest the tired brain or nerves; in short, as a mild opiate. The more unreal the world into which this sort of novel leads us, the better it suits our purpose, since we are anxious to leave the humdrum present for a time, and to leave it as far behind as possible. Most recent novels are especially well fitted for such use, and perhaps their great popularity is thus accounted for. But there is another variety of novel, which deals with just that humdrum present which we try to escape; which shows it as it truly is, with all its wearinesses and its happinesses, with the faults and follies, the virtues and the heroisms, of those who live in it, and with that gleam of the ideal which, whatever we may think about it, is always there; and which aids us to meet and withstand its temptations, and to raise it from the humdrum level, in ways which greater books cannot do, because our feeble comprehension does not always grasp their teaching. And to do all this, I take it, is the object of Thackeray's novels.

Take, for instance, that matter of love, with which every novel is supposed to deal. If ever Thackeray was criticised, it was for his treatment of this subject; because, forsooth, he did not take an impossibly ideal hero and heroine, fill three volumes with a record of misunderstandings which any ordinary human being with the average

Digitized by Google

supply of common sense could easily avoid, and end with the inevitable reconciliation and lived-happy-ever-after formula. Instead, he wrote of human beings with human failings; he tested their love for one another by such circumstances as we ourselves frequently meet with; and he realized that a marriage ceremony cannot be the end of a life's real story. Thus, through the course of the Newcomes' history, we see how the love of Clive and Ethel was strengthened and purified by the trials and sorrows which each had to meet, until it brought about its logical consummation in a true marriage, not entered into lightly and unadvisedly, but soberly, and in the fear of God, and which brought each into a fuller life. Yet when this novel was appearing in monthly numbers, a certain critic declared that twenty years' experience in novel-reading failed to enable him to forecast the story's end; he hoped, however, that Clive would marry Rosey, as Ethel was clearly unfitted to make any match outside of the fashionable world! To take another instance: the pathetic figure of Warrington assumes a new nobleness through his self-sacrificing love for Laura, and the power of his simple story is such that the suggestions of those who pitied him so, and who earnestly besought Mr. Thackeray to get rid of the objectionable wife, and reward Warrington's devotion with Laura's hand, are worse than absurd; they are as jarring as the attempt of the theater manager to give "Romeo and Juliet" a happy ending.

For if a novel is to be in any way a picture of life, how can it represent material good, or even the gratification of higher desires, as the common lot? We who have lived in this queer old world for only a little time know that such representations are not true, nor would we make them true if we could; and in that closing sentence of "Vanity Fair," "Which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied?" we hear, not the wail of a cynic, but the calm voice of one who realizes that life can give something higher than self-gratification. So even as we pity Colonel Newcome in his later days, we admit that only his sufferings could have freed him from the errors into which his brief prosperity had led him; nor could we make the career of that spoiled beauty, Beatrix Esmond, other than it is. Thackeray has not been cruel and unjust; he is consistent as life itself is consistent.

Digitized by Google

And further, while Thackeray is true to the sterner side of life, he can make its softer aspects as real and as convincing. Whenever you turn over the pages of his novels, you will find here and there, sometimes where you would be least inclined to look for it, a passage of such tenderness and such beauty that it holds you spellbound for an instant; and then, presto! you are whisked back into the succession of common events, and the story goes on. You may not realize it, but you have just witnessed another proof of that fidelity to real life of which we have been speaking.

For in spite of our author's little fiction that the world of which he writes is only a Fable-land, ruled by poetic justice, he has effectually prevented us from believing anything of the sort. It is the same world which we have always known, which, in spite of ourselves sometimes, we love; and we shall love it all the more from having seen it through the eyes of a courageous spirit such as this. What should we care that the details of his outward life are to be known to us only in fragments? In these books the man's whole character is spread out before us; and for the knowledge of his inmost life which has helped to make our own lives better, let us honor his memory with all that the deepest feeling can put into that one word "grateful."

—JOSEPHINE BELDING, 1902.

THE WESTERN MEADOW LARK.

THE orchard here is full of happy sound
Each morning, when from blossoming trees around,
Innumerable glad bird voices rise
Beneath the softly clouded April skies.

But ah, if I once more might stand apart,
Far in that land where always is my heart,
In some wide field, before the day is born,
In all the radiant stillness of the morn,

Digitized by Google

And suddenly might hear
Float upward pure and clear,
The very morning sunshine turned to song;
The very spirit of the eternal Spring
Throb forth as glad and strong
As if the living soul of Joy should sing!

—Ruth Davenport Holmes, 1902.

BIRKIE OF THE BORDER.

He was a troublesome puppy from the first, that is from the day that the baby of Clan MacCallum adopted the loose-coated, starving, dirty stranger. She had discovered him chasing the chickens about the kitchen, and with worthy ire had driven him close up to the settle in the chimney corner and boxed his ears. But there was something frank in his way of taking the beating that showed at once that he was no common, mean-spirited dog. Instead of whining, he had wagged his tail and offered his paw in a friendly, generous manner that the Scotch lassie could not resist. And straightway her heart was won and she christened him her "clever braw birkie." So Birkie he remained, although Robin, chief of Clan MacCallum, called him a warlock and a wild thieving gypsy when he found the dog chewing the belt to his broadsword, and Nanny Lapraik, the kitchen maid, insisted frequently that the de'il was in him when he tripped her up as she went about the cottage.

But the happenings that made Birkie's fame spread throughout the glen and caused it to grow until it came even to the ears of King George in London took place something in this way. Those were the uneasy days of '45 when no good Scotchman slept at night, but all were out and about the business of Prince Charlie. The king's soldiers were active, too, scattered along the Border to quell uprisings. The chief of

Digitized by Google

MacCallum had been declared an outlaw and a price was set upon him for being the head of a rebellious clan. So young Robin ventured out only under cover of the dark and kept close by day, until one memorable time when he forgot and thus was undone.

It was the fault of Birkie. The quiet life of fat respectability to which his young mistress had reduced him weighed down his spirits. For a few weeks he bore it and then one bright May morning when the fresh green things smelled more than commonly sweet in Windyghyll forest, he rubbed his nose against the little girl's hand as if in parting apology and following the bent of his vagabond nature ran away.

The baby discovered her loss about noon and thereupon she began to mourn so bitterly that the tender-hearted Robin, her brother, for once forgot to be wary. He drew on his coat and seized his rough beaver.

"Bide a wee, hinny," he said, "and I 'll gae after him. He canna rin far."

So he went out into the broad daylight for the first time since the battle of Prestonpans, three months before, when his father had died fighting for the Prince, and the chieftainship of Clan MacCallum had descended to his shoulders along with the ban that made him an outlaw. At the Wishing Gate he met Laurie Lapraik, the brother of Nanny, and Alan MacAlan, who remonstrated with him in vain and finally went with him into the forest.

Then it was that Archie Burnham, the only stranger who ever dared to settle within the glen, saw the three and hastened away to tell the king's soldiers who were lurking in the wood to catch MacCallum. And that is how Birkie undid the clan by leading the young chieftain into Windyghyll forest where the king's soldiers were waiting to snare him into the falling hut that a witch had cursed so direfully that no clansman ever ventured so much as near it of his own free will. The king's officer was wise when he chose it for a shelter.

And next you shall hear how Laurie Lapraik and Alan MacAlan would not betray their chief and how Birkie came to the rescue.

"I have read you," said the king's officer, fingering his rapier crossly, "the formal and binding warrant to seek for, take and apprehend

Digitized by Google

Robin, chief of MacCallum, that he may be brought before the court of King George and tried for treason. And now that you have heard the warrant you may be more willing to tell which of you is Robin MacCallum, for the other two of you shall go free."

What he had expected happened. Not a man made a sign of having heard. The king's officer sighed with exasperation, studying once more the unreadable expressions on the stubborn countenances of his three captives standing before him on the sunken hearth. Robin MacCallum stared obstinately at the cracks in the opposite wall as if counting the raindrops that were dripping slowly through after a recent shower, Alan MacAlan smiled meaninglessly as before, while Laurie Lapraik continued to hum a doggerel border catch that had occupied him ever since he had been brought into the hut a half hour previously.

"Send for that man Burnham," the king's officer said in a vexed tone to his sergeant.

He went to the window and looked down into the deep narrow valley of Glenfinnan where the peat smoke was curling up, lazily telling of suppers cooking in the cabins of Clan MacCallum not a mile and a half away. From the hamlet came the wild sounds of a shrill pibroch creaking out an ancient gathering tune. Laurie Lapraik ventured a low guttural cheer for his clan. The king's officer drew from his pocket a paper written in cipher and began to pore over the meaning. It was an important document bearing in its mystic symbols certain secret plans that were to destroy the cause of Prince Charlie. To lose that paper or tell its secrets would mean more to the king's officer than to lose his life, for with the paper would go his honor. He was still examining the writing when the sergeant came back chagrined because Burnham could not be found.

"Very well," said the king's officer, "then we will take all three prisoners back to camp, where they will be tried and probably executed."

It was not this announcement that caused the three to start and shrink back into the shelter of the fireplace. It was the shrill, chiding voice of the baby of Clan MacCallum.

"Birkie!"

Digitized by Google

The troublesome, scraggy, yelping terrier bounced into the miserable hut with the little maid in close pursuit. The two rolled over and over on the floor while the baby scolded the dog to the utmost of her childish vocabulary.

"Ye maun learn to mind and not rin awa, Birkie," she kept reiterating, accompanying every command with a bit of corporal punishment that the puppy resented in a regular refrain of yelps, barks and whines.

In a second more the child saw the soldiers. She sprang to her feet and clinched her stubby fists. She was a curious child, built on the square plan, with native pugnacity stamped in every part of her small, protesting form from her bare brown feet to the tangled shock of red hair that straggled down over her freckled forehead into honest blue eyes. She looked from one unfamiliar face to another, gradually backing towards the door, scowling as she went. Suddenly a burst of sunshine overspread the little girl's face. With a shriek of delight she ran across the room and embraced the long legs of her brother.

"Robin!"

The room was perfectly still for an instant except for the echo of the child's quick cry. The king's officer had not moved from the window where he had been reading the cipher that still fluttered in his hand. It was at this climax, before the officer could speak and start the falling action, that Birkie redeemed himself by coming to the rescue. Released from his mistress' tyrannical grasp, he had been frisking about the hut everywhere at once apparently, in a good-natured, clumsy, puppy fashion, biting the toes of the soldiers' boots, jumping up in the wildest delight on the three captives, bounding back to lick the face of the baby, and all the time wagging his short stubby tail frantically. At the little girl's cry he hesitated, but only for a moment. Then he seized the opportunity to become famous. The bit of white paper was fluttering suggestively in the officer's hand. The puppy jumped for it, missed it, jumped again, and, before anyone could grasp the situation, had it and bounded out of the door.

Digitized by Google

In the uproar that followed, the captives were noticed least of all. The baby was dancing up and down in anger.

"He's rinned awa agen," she shrieked. "Chase him!"

But already the room was empty, except for herself, the three captives, and the officer, who stood at the door biting his lips in vexation. A scuffle behind him caused him to turn in time to see Laurie Lapraik's bonnet disappear out of the window after the vanishing backs of the other two clansmen. An open case knife and some cut rope told the rest of the story. He shouted for the soldiers to return, but it was too late. From far down the glen above the sound of the brawling brook, swollen by recent rain, came the tantalizing roar of Laurie:—

"Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush,
We 'll over the Border and give them a brush;
There 's somebody there we 'll teach better behavior.
Hey, Johnny lad, cock up your beaver."

About that time a very hot and panting puppy scrambled over the flagstone and dropped a wet paper at his feet. The king's officer picked it up and the little girl, who had been weeping with fright, seized the dog in a convulsive embrace.

"Darlin' Birkie!" she cried, kissing tearfully his shaggy, muddy coat. "Let 's we twa gae awa hame a' thegither to Robin."

Holding the penitent firmly by the ears she dragged him out and down the valley over the rugged way the outlaw had taken. And then the officer went back to camp, and that is how King George happened to hear of Birkie as the canniest dog of the Border.

—Rachel Florence Riley, 1902.

Digitized by Google

POINTS OF SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

THE politeness of the Southern races is proverbial—an interesting psychological problem—and of all Southerners I dare say the Spaniard is the most polished. A gentleman, along with the poet, is born, not made, and the casual observer might remark that every Spaniard was born a gentleman; but in truth from earliest childhood the boy is taught that courtesy above all else is the virtue to be cultivated.

When any visitor enters a class room, respect is shown him by the whole school rising in a body and remaining standing until he is seated. A humble "your servant" is heard in response to every name at the roll call, a phrase used in almost every case where our higher Anglo-Saxon refinement would consider the blunt personal pronoun quite sufficient.

No matter whether or not he were acquainted with one of its inmates, the Spaniard would never enter a room without politely addressing those present; in the same way in passing anyone on a country road he would consider that mere politeness requires a salute of some kind. To close a door as some one merely happens to pass by and not to apologize is a flagrant breach of Spanish etiquette.

As a traveling companion, the Spaniard is perhaps a little too obtrusive in his desire to make himself agreeable. That half a dozen persons might travel together for two or three hours in the same compartment without exchanging a single word of conversation, which of course would be the natural thing in England and even perhaps in France, would be utterly incomprehensible to the Spaniard, for whom the most free and easy intercourse among strangers is a matter of course. And if, alas, any stranger, not having gone through the formality of an introduction, should in any way show offense or spurn the attempt at conversation made by his loquacious companions, were he as unlike an Anglo-Saxon as a Spaniard himself, yet he would of a certainty be dubbed "El Inglés" or "El Americano," synonyms to the Spanish mind for all haughty reserve or coldness. Yet were this same

Digitized by Google

stranger not adverse to taking the Spaniards as they are, and as they must necessarily be, I would promise him a most interesting trip, with the assurance that, if so inclined, he might gather from them much more useful and interesting information about the places passed than even from his Baedeker. When they refresh themselves with a lunch he would politely be asked "to partake" with them. Should he refuse with the customary phrase, "May you enjoy it with good health," he would be urged again and again to join them, until in self-defense he would have to take at least a morsel. In fact this might be stated as one of the fundamental rules of Spanish etiquette: Never begin to eat anything without first offering it to those around you. Another rule which one must be sure to obey is this: Never fail to put anything which your guest may happen to admire "at his service," and the guest must not neglect to "hope that his host may still enjoy it for many years"; but let him under no consideration be deceived by his host's evident sincerity, as was the Englishman who sent his servant around for a picture which he declared had been most cordially presented to him the previous day.

It is in just this particular that the difficulty of the Spanish language consists. It is one of the easiest languages to make one's self understood in, but there are hundreds of these little set, flowery expressions which must be learned would one speak the language at all as a native. For instance, when a man on being introduced to a girl, "lays himself at her feet" he expects the reply, "I kiss your hand, sir," and if he does not get it, no matter how good her Spanish may be, he knows immediately that his new acquaintance is no Spaniard.

Indeed, my young American friend, I would advise you to take everything you meet with in Spain as a matter of course. Do not be provoked at having your charms sung on the street by any man you may happen to come across, it is perfectly proper and correct; in fact, the young Spanish girl who has had no "flower thrown her" during her afternoon's walk, returns home bitterly disappointed, for the fact that she has been left severely alone is conclusive proof that there is nothing attractive about her. If, when about to run up the steps of the University in search of a book, you should happen to come upon half a dozen

Digitized by Google

youths who gallantly lay their hats down on the steps above you, do not try to walk around them. Plant your Anglo-Saxon foot bravely upon them—their owners expect it—but *do* turn around and compensate them with a smile—that is all they ask. And if, in your noteworthy, independent American spirit, you will not go out with "a maid tagging at your heels," as you express it, and then if perchance on some secluded street some Spanish hidalgo in the fervor of his emotions should kneel before you, hat in hand, pouring out his heart, pray do not, as did one young American girl, calmly open your purse and place a frank piece in his hat. It might be some satisfaction to see him blush furiously with wounded pride, but then, poor boy, he could not help it, he is made that way, but you—learn a lesson thereby, not to go out on the street unattended. —ELIZABETH M. GULICK, 1902.

ACROSS THE YEARS.

GRANDMOTHER sits in her straight oak chair
On the porch, where the trellis tall
Makes patterns gray on her smooth, white hair,
And silver points on her needles, where
Streakings of sunshine fall.

Swift is her smile for the joys I tell,
Quick to my grief her sigh;
But most she lingers on what befell
Her girlhood friends, and she loves to dwell
On days that are long gone by.

Grandmother loves me well; yet I
Know that I have no part
In the dear dead joys of a day gone by,
And deathless friendships that still must lie
Nearest her faithful heart.

Digitized by Google

Granddaughter's arm is across my knee;
Nearer she bends her head,
Lifting, all laughter-bright, to me
Those hazel eyes that I sometimes see
Burnished with tears instead.

Gayly she tells me of plans begun,
Hopes for her future fame;
And still in stories of work or fun,
Over and over I hear of one,
Till she stammers to speak his name.

Granddaughter loves me; yet I see
Deep in her dream-lit eyes,
Life that she cannot share with me,
The vision strong of a time to be,
That nearest the young heart lies.

—Rowena Keith Keyes, 1902.

THE SUNSET LAND.

Over the tip of the mountain,
Just west of the temple of Non,
Fair as the gold of Kihoten,
Lies the land of the mystical sun.
Its waters are white 'neath the moonlight,
Its harbors are brilliant as day;
And the lighthouse that gleams in the twilight
Guides the weariful pilgrim that way.
Fertile islands abound in that region,
With stretches of wide, open plain,

Digitized by Google

And its fruits and its flowers are legion,
  And its gates are the open main.
Thither all may hie them and gather
  Of its joys, and its pleasures, full share,
For the happy alone may dwell there.

  Can it be that you 've ne'er seen that land
Of the mystical sun at night,
  When the pale gold clouds are hanging
Just over the mountain-top bright?
  That you never have felt a hunger
To wander there and remain,
  Where the life is ever joyous
And the gates are shut to all pain?

—Elizabeth M. Jelliffe, 1902.

THE BOOK-MAKING FAD.

Back of the great movements of civilization stand the progressive, far-sighted men, who, profiting by the past, use it only as a step toward the future. But besides these earnest spirits there is a class of men who feel the inspiration of the forward movement and fling themselves into its current, but, lacking intellectual grasp and discriminating power, note only surface characteristics of progress, and give no true service. These are the faddists. Discoverers in the artistic world find helpful elements in Japanese composition, and we have a host of would-be artists painting toy trees and mechanical figures, believing that they have hereby secured a successful composition. A genius expresses himself in terse, emphatic language, and a thousand scribblers write down borrowed ideas in short, choppy sentences, thinking thereby to secure originality.

Digitized by Google

Developing as it has, side by side with literature and art, book-making has been an important element in the progress of civilization, and to-day this calling like the others has its superficial following. Because of their very superficiality, fads pass away, leaving little record, so that we cannot know what fads in book-making past centuries may have seen, but of the present-day fad we have sufficient evidence. In what it differs from the true spirit of progress can be understood only after a brief survey of the progress of book-making in the past.

The history of books may be roughly divided into two great periods, whose separation is marked by the invention of printing. The manuscript period, reaching back to the days of Egyptian papyri, shows a threefold development, in letter-making, decoration, and illustration. It is impossible to draw clearly the distinction between these branches, for our alphabet is but the outgrowth of picture writing, and decoration and illustration are but two sides of pictorial illumination adopted by the early writers in order to give vividness to records whose word symbols had become merely formal. This illumination, as Walter Crane has pointed out, developed on the one hand into imitation of the life and action described, on the other, under the influence of idealization and geometric law, into pure decoration.

The classic manuscripts of Greece and Rome, however, seem to have been designed chiefly to satisfy the demand for literature, and editions fabulously large, when we consider the present value of hand labor, were produced with little or no attempt at ornament. The copyists were slaves, who wrote often with little comprehension of the meaning of their work, and the one interest at stake, so far as the publishers were concerned, was utility.

The manuscripts of the early Christian era secured in this respect a distinct step forward. The holy scriptures, and the scarcely less honored writings of the church fathers, were copied in monasteries and adorned by reverent monks with the fairest pictures they could produce. Here was no haste of commercial competition. The object was not to supply a clamorous public with the books of the hour, but to preserve, in suitable form, works whose worth was everlasting. The classic writings,

Digitized by Google

too, were copied and ornamented, for the monks attached to them a value accorded them by no laymen of the early middle ages. As time went by, skill in decoration increased, and the laws that govern its perfection began to reveal themselves. Each generation profited by the discoveries of its predecessors, and such manuscripts as the Arundel Psalter (1339) and the Bedford Hours (1422), testify to the mastery of design reached by these early book-makers. The rise of universities created a new demand for books and a consequent production of cheap books, but artistic work continued side by side with commercial publishing, and entered a wider sphere of influence where the guilds of the cities took the book trade into their own hands.

It was at this point, when apparently the art of book-making could improve only as it became more elaborate, that the invention of printing from movable types opened up to it unlimited possibilities. The imperfections of the process must have made the fifteenth century publishers skeptical as to its value; but we have much reason to be thankful that instead of thrusting it aside in scorn and continuing their perfect hand work, they appreciated the possibilities of the new method with all its faults, and strove to bring it to perfection. How rapidly their efforts became fruitful we can realize when we recall the good work of the first German printers, Gutenberg, Fust, and Schoeffer, and the exquisite publications of Aldus of Venice early in the fifteenth century. The beauty of the fonts designed by Aldus made his work the model for succeeding generations, and his reproduction of decorative designs was no less successful. His "Poliphili Hypnerotomachia" (Dream of Poliphilus), printed in 1499, is perhaps the most perfect mediæval book, in the quality of its outlines and the richness of its designs.

The ever active commercial instinct of the race led, in spite of the efforts of such men as Aldus, to the adoption of slipshod methods in printing. Instead of the round, clear letters of the Venetian artists, the so-called Roman font was almost universally adopted. These narrow, pinched letters, though devoid of all beauty and reduced to conventional regularity, can be closely crowded upon the page, and are therefore desirable from an economical standpoint. In strong contrast

Digitized by Google

to the mass of cheap publications already filling the market in the seventeenth century is the work of the Dutch printers, the Elzevirs. The eagerness with which writers sought publication by this firm testifies to the superiority of its work.

Sadly as the art of printing had now degenerated, decoration and illustration were in a still more deplorable condition. Steel and copper plate superseded wood engraving, and since, under these conditions, the pictures must be printed separately from the text, they were seldom made expressly for the books they pretended to illustrate. The leading artists seldom made illustrations, and the revival of this custom, essential to all truly artistic book-making, came only with the nineteenth century. This change, wrought through the revival of wood engraving, was due in France to Meissonier, in Germany to Menzel, in Spain to Goya, in England to Bewick. France and England competed closely for the lead, but in the work of Rossetti, Millais, and others, England—according to the judgment of Mr. Joseph Pennell—attained the highest standard then reached.

An era almost as distinct as that marked by the invention of printing is begun by the application of photography to illustration. The artist was by this means enabled to draw freely with pen and ink, knowing that his drawing would be mechanically reversed and reduced to the desired size upon the block itself, and that the engraver must follow the lines indicated instead of producing a mutilated copy. Following this discovery has come the invention of the half tone process, which substitutes the biting action of chemicals for the slow process of hand engraving, and is particularly successful in reproducing the varying tones of wash drawings. It is at this point that a storm of criticism has arisen. The critics insist that hand work must excel all modern mechanical processes, while the artists themselves welcome the perfect reproduction secured by the new methods, and ask only that no pains be spared in producing good process-work.

Here we reach the point from which we departed,—the position of the modern faddist, who regards all modern methods as mere commercialism. With only a superficial knowledge of the subject, he deems

Digitized by Google

himself a benefactor of mankind for devoting himself to laboriously copying the mediæval. Such men point to William Morris as their great example, but in truth they follow only the nonessentials of his work, not those elements which make him a contributor to the betterment of book-making. A life spent in thorough study of all branches of art had impressed upon Morris the importance of two fundamental principles,—utility and sincerity. Beauty must grow out of utility and minister to it, and there must be no false appearance. When he applied these principles to book-making he found them everywhere violated. Crowded, ill-shaped pages, cheap paper, and perishable bindings were universal in the books of the day. He was obliged to turn to the publications of the middle ages for an embodiment of art principles in books. In the work of the Kelmscott Press he brought these principles once more to general notice, and it is to him largely that we owe their recognition in the books of the present day. It was he, for example, who called attention to the fact that since the two pages of the open book are the unit for artistic consideration, each outer margin should be about equal in width to the two inner ones, while that at the lower edge should be widest of all, being in reality the "handle" of the book. His insistence upon good paper and clear, round letters has also left an impression upon the best modern publications. On the other hand, his choice of mediæval subjects for illustration and his hand illumination of manuscripts and printed books, though interesting for their rarity and valuable for their perfection, marked no forward step in the art of book-making. The work of the modern faddist, of the publisher of the *Philistine,* for example, resembles Morris's only in that it apes the mediæval and employs hand labor, while it is no longer rare enough to be interesting and is far from the artistic perfection which lends value. In support of these statements we need only remark that hand book-making is becoming the popular amusement of fashionable circles in New York, and that most of the proprietors of "handicraft shops" have spent not a single year in such thorough art studies as Morris for many years pursued. Bindings of pale silk or limp leather continually violate the principle of utility, and

Digitized by Google

the verse selections which they cover merely take the place of the obsolete Christmas cards or booklets which once adorned the drawing-room table. Inartistic combinations of color in cover and lining must be pardoned these would-be reformers, and occasional streakings of glue or imperfections in printing must be overlooked in the greater consideration that this is "all hand-work." As for sincerity, we have only to read the high-flown advertisements of these petty publishers and then examine their "Lady of Shalott" or "Sonnets from the Portuguese" (the favorite selections for these limited editions), to decide that either intelligence or veracity has been lacking.

We must agree with Mr. Joseph Pennell, who finds it "a pleasure to turn . . . from those who have succeeded in making a certain portion of the world believe that clumsy eccentricity is a cloak for all the sins in the artistic calendar, to illustrators who are calmly and quietly pursuing their profession and producing work which may even drag other portions of the magazine or book to which they contribute to an unmerited immortality." However interesting to those directly concerned the modern fad for private publishing may be, it is not to the faddist in book-making that we must look for progress, but rather to the broad-minded publishers of the day, who, like the first printers, adopt the principles revealed by the past, and utilize the best modern methods for printing and binding and for exactly reproducing the master artist's design.

—Rowena Keith Keyes, 1902.

ENVOY.

As wandering breezes wake again to song
Some silent viol till the spaces throng
With gay life, music-conjured, and the spell
Seems but to thrill the vibrant chanterelle
To tenderer melody;

Digitized by Google

So memory shall breathe across the strings
Of these glad college years, rose-twined, where clings
In after days the music of fair hours,
And wake their sweetness, fragrance of past flowers,
To tenderer melody.

—Beth Bradford Gilchrist, 1902.

EDITORIAL.

On the mind of every woman nearing the end of her college course a question of values intrudes itself more or less persistently. For four years she has been moving along a side track running off from the main road; she has been studying life in a company of people having the same general aims and occupations, antecedents and training, people of like desires, interests, and sympathies, broadly speaking of an equal amount of culture. After these four years she leaves her campus to study life from the practical standpoint, to have her preconceived ideas rudely shaken by a tough post-graduate course. She goes out to jostle against the world and be jostled in her turn by men and women of varied circumstances, occupations and antecedents, of infinitely divergent tastes, thoughts, and wishes, of a high degree of culture or of no culture. Has her college course given her anything to justify breaking in upon a normal way of living with a mode which must be acknowledged to be unnatural?

Many find the answer in the end to which this four years' training has been directed; they seek the justification of a college course in the use to which a woman puts her life. For a librarian, a teacher of the "higher branches," or any other professional woman, college training is necessary, they say, although for a teacher of children such judges pronounce it merely a very good thing; but for the woman without a "career" it is worthless and, for the business woman, worse than useless.

Digitized by Google

The world in general sees no reason for a girl's going to college save as a preparation for some specific work in life.

To go to college without a definite determination to earn one's living by teaching or entering one of the other professions avowedly requiring college training is still held by many to be a mere waste of time, a deplorable mistake. Unless bent on flying in the face of nature as a "strong-minded woman," let college alone. It unfits a woman for society, for home life, for business; it fosters in her an over-high opinion of herself, her powers, her importance. And the college woman, looking out into the world and seeing already the shadow of its disapprobation, of its thoroughly successful intention to take the conceit out of her—to "squelch" her as college parlance has it,—asks herself whether the world is right about the value of a college training. Yet convinced that she knows whereof she speaks and that in spite of all its experience the world is not competent to judge in this matter, she begs leave to hold a different opinion and to declare that, aside from all considerations of trade or profession, college training has an intrinsic worth.

For the end of existence as the college woman conceives it is not running a typewriter or dancing a german, writing a book or quizzing a class in geography, lecturing to an audience on woman's suffrage or pouring chocolate at an afternoon reception; the aim of life is *living*. To endow her living with the dignity of an art developed according to laws of symmetry, of strength, and of beauty, this she considers the essential matter, and, thinking so, she holds culture, in whatsoever way she may attain it, to be of lasting worth. Her college life she values not merely, nor chiefly, for the advantage it gives her in "getting a good position," nor for its gayety and "jolly times" alone, but most of all for the culture it has given her, for training of heart and hand and brain, for poise and self-control, for clear insight and broad outlook, for inspiration to brave thinking and noble living.

"Since I have been taking graduate courses and teaching as well, my great regret has been that I did not study more at college." So said

Digitized by Google

one of our recent graduates, whose college work had been above the average. The natural inference was that she felt the need of knowledge which she might have acquired, but this was not her meaning. Experience in research work and in conducting high school classes had given her higher ideals, and she was ashamed of the low standards which she had adopted at college. As she reproved her pupils for lessons poorly prepared, she remembered with chagrin the times when she had "bluffed" a recitation, and as she plodded on unassisted through technical works in a foreign tongue, she wondered how she had ever supposed herself to be working in college.

Experience cannot be gained second-hand, and doubtless we shall all have vain regrets in years to come, but at least it is worth while to emphasize this testimony which comes from more than one alumna, in the hope that some of us may be spared this particular regret.

Too often the college student thinks that because the standards of the institution are high, her own ideals for the realization of those standards may safely be low. Knowing that the passing mark is high, she thinks that she has done well in attaining it. She measures her diligence not by her own ability but by the requirements set for all students. By this means she not only misses the intellectual advantages of thorough study, but dwarfs her character. If she does not discover and rectify the mistake in later years, she can never realize her best self. If the revelation does come, it will bring to her, as to the alumna quoted, sincere regret. Surely it is better to realize the truth before the formative years of college life are past.

Digitized by Google

DEPARTMENT NOTES.

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

EARLY in April, during the spring vacation, the model of the Athenian Acropolis, which has been expected for some weeks, arrived at the Dwight Art Building in safe condition. With it, as a part of Miss Randolph's order for casts last summer, came the *relief-karten* of Olympia and of ancient and modern Athens.

These valuable models, the gift of '96, were made by Heinrich Walger of Berlin, and are the same with those exhibited in the Metropolitan Museum of New York and in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. They furnish trustworthy reproductions of the historic sites represented, and serve as most helpful object lessons to the student of ancient history.

The model of the Acropolis of Athens measures in length nearly two meters. It shows not only the principal monuments, the Propylea, the Parthenon, and the Erectheum, but also the foundations of other buildings, discovered during the recent important excavations. All the ancient sites of the summit and slopes of the Acropolis are further well indicated by inscriptions.

The model of Athens serves to give the topography and monuments of the ancient city, the commanding central position of the Acropolis on the Attic plain, with the encircling amphitheater of hills. It further outlines the modern city.

The model of Olympia reproduces, with much exactness, the wide field of ruins in the valley of the Alpheios uncovered by the Germans, during most careful investigations here, from 1875 to 1881.

A cast of the beautiful relief, the Mourning Athena, or, as it is sometimes called, "Athena Thinking," has recently been received at Dwight Hall. The original is in the Acropolis Museum, Athens.

Wednesday evening, April 23, the members of this year's classes in Egyptian and Greek archæology met in the lecture room of Dwight Hall. Interesting letters were read, dated "Cairo" and "The Nile," from Miss Anna C. Edwards, who has recently spent several weeks in Egypt, journeying as far south as the first cataract. It was decided to organize a club to be known as the Archæological Club of Mount Holyoke College, the meetings to be held bimonthly, at which reports may be given from the various historic sites where

Digitized by Google

archæological work is in progress. All students of ancient language and of ancient history and art at the college were made, under certain conditions, eligible to membership. The officers appointed were as follows: President, Miss Beth Bradford Gilchrist (1902); vice-president, Miss Vivian Blanche Small; secretary and treasurer, Miss Mary Ethel Ferry (1903). Miss Hoag of the Latin department has kindly consented to give, at the next open meeting of the club, an account of her voyage on the Ægean,—the "Island Journey,"—which she took a year ago. Miss Hoag was favored in making this trip, last spring, as a member of Dr. Dörpfeld's party and further favored in going as far as Troy.

THE LIBRARY.

THROUGH the courtesy of Professor Underwood of Columbia University, this library has received some interesting botanical works of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as follows:—

Hill, John. Vegetable system; or, The internal structure and the life of plants. v. 6. London. 1764.

Grew, Nehemiah. Anatomy of plants with an idea of a philosophical history of plants, and several other lectures read before the Royal Society. Printed for the author, 1682. Prefatory note by Christopher Wren, Pres. of the Royal Society.

Gmelin, J. G. Flora Sibirica; sive, Historia plantarum Sibiriae. v. 1, 2. Petropoli. 1747-49.

Professor Underwood has also sent us the Torrey Botanical Club: *Bulletin,* v. 22-27, completing our file of the periodical, and the Columbia University—Department of Botany: *Contributions,* v. 4-7.

Another book of the seventeenth century is the gift of Bertha Bidwell ('97): "An accurate description and history of the cathedral and metropolical church of St. Peter, York...Illustrated with copper-plates. 1783." An addition to the alumnæ collection is a biographical sketch of Mary Pickering Thompson, a graduate of 1845, and one who gained distinction in educational and literary lines. Two hundred and eight sheets of the Topographic map of the U. S., and eight folios of the Geologic atlas, published by the Geological Survey, have been received from Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge.

The Bibliographer; a journal of bibliography and rare book news, a new periodical ed. by Paul Leicester Ford, has been subscribed for. The library is buying the great work, "Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ," which embodies philo-

Digitized by Google

logical work of Latin scholars from several countries. A few of the other books received in April are as follows:—

Bailey, L. H. Cyclopedia of American horticulture. 4 v. 1900-1902.
Brink, Bernard ten. Language and meter of Chaucer. 1901.
Bryce, James. Studies in history and jurisprudence. 1901.
Burgess, J. W. Reconstruction and the constitution. 1902.
Dame, L. L., *and* Brooks, H. Trees of New England. 1902.
Dante, Alighieri. Divine comedy, *tr.* by C. E. Norton. 3 v. 1902.
Folks, Homer. Care of destitute, neglected and delinquent children. 1902.
Hodge, C. F. Nature study and life. 1902.
Hopkins, E. W. The great epic of India. 1901.
Layamon. Brut; *ed.* by Sir Frederic Madden. 3 v. 1847.
Martin, W. A. P. Lore of Cathay. 1901.
Müntz, Eugène. Histoire de l'art pendant la Renaissance. 3 v. 1889-95.
Oppenheim, Nathan. Mental growth and control. 1902.
Studies in honor of Basil L. Gildersleeve. 1902.
Zeitschrift für Psychologie und Physiologie der Sinnesorgane. v. 1-16. 1890-98.

ZOOLOGY.

Miss Louise Wallace has resumed her work in the Zoölogical Department. Miss Paterson, who took her place during last term, has returned to Montreal.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The spring term opened well with a song recital, on the eleventh, by Miss Julia B. Dickinson of the Vocal Department of the college. The programme, which was one of the best given here this year, was exceptionally well rendered. Miss Dickinson's voice is a clear, sweet soprano, and her method almost perfect, every note being absolutely pure and true. Perhaps the German lieder were as much enjoyed as any of the numbers, although every one was much pleased with the "Romance," the words of which were taken from the recent college publication, "A Little Book of College Verse." The song has since been published and may be had of the publisher, Mr. Josef Rentershan, New York.

Digitized by Google

CLASSICAL AIRS.

(*a*) Non posso disperar, ...(15——16—) *S. DeLuca*
(*b*) Pur dicesti, o bocca bella, ...(1667—1740) *Lotti*
(*c*) Nymphs and Shepherds, ...(1658—1695) *Purcell*

ARIA.

(*a*) Nuit Resplendissante, ...(1818—1892) *Gounod*

GERMAN LIEDER.

(*a*) Standchen,
(*b*) Auf dem Wasser zu singen, } .....(1797—1828) *Schubert*
(*c*) Wenn du zu den Blumengehst,
(*d*) Am Wanzanares, } .....(1837—1879) *Jensen*
(*e*) Wiegenlied,
(*f*) Die Blauen Fruhling Saugen, } .....(1846—) *Ries*

MODERN MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

(*a*) Dors, Ami,
(*b*) Serenade du Passant, } .....(1842—) *Massenet*
(*c*) A Romance, ...*Schueler*
Words by ROWENA K. KEYES, Mount Holyoke College, '02.
(*d*) The Little Silver Ring,
(*e*) Madrigal, } .....(1861—) *Chaminade*
(*f*) A Swan,
(*g*) With a Violet,
(*h*) Song of Hope, } .....(1843—) *Grieg*
(*i*) In Springtime, ...(1842—) *Becker*

On Wednesday evening, the sixteenth, the following enjoyable programme was given in the chapel by the Schubert Club of Holyoke, assisted by Miss Emilie Gehring, soprano, and Mr. Albert Taylor, violoncellist.

1. At Sea, chorus of sailors, ...*Buck*
From "The Golden Legend."
2. Die Lorelei (The Loreley), ...*Liszt*
MISS GEHRING.
3. By Celia's Arbor, ...*Horsley*
4. Fantasie on Carmen, ...*Hollman-Bizet*
MR. TAYLOR.

Digitized by Google

5. (*a*) O My Love is like the Red, Red Rose,.....*Bishop*
   (*b*) Ich Bin Dein (Old German Love Song),.....*Catenhusen*
6. (*a*) The Lark, ...*Rubinstein*
   (*b*) Who is Sylvia? .....*Schubert*
   (*c*) Ouvre tes Yeux Bleus (Open thy Blue Eyes),.....*Massenet*

MISS GEHRING.

7. Fair Maid in the Vale Below,.....*Herbeck*
8. (*a*) Serenade, ...*Sitt*
   (*b*) Vito, ...*Popper*

MR. TAYLOR.

9. Discovery (Landkjending), ...*Grieg*

The last of the series of three lectures under the auspices of the Students' League was given in the chapel on the evening of the fifteenth by Prof. Henry Carter Adams of the University of Michigan, who gave a very interesting talk on "Machinery." On the following Tuesday, President Russell H. Conwell, the brilliant preacher, author and orator, delivered his famous lecture, "The Jolly Earthquake," in the Congregational church to a large and interested audience. On the evening of the thirtieth, Bliss Perry, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* gave a lecture on Thackeray, under the auspices of the department of English Literature. Professor Cowles of Amherst gave a very instructive talk on Horace a week from the following Tuesday. In the same week, Mrs. Ballington Booth of the American Volunteers talked one afternoon on her work in this organization, an account which was very much enjoyed by all those who heard it.

At a meeting of the Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs, held on the fifteenth of April, the resignation of Mae Brock (1902) as business manager was read and accepted. It was then voted to elect a business manager from the sophomore class, and an assistant from the freshman class, each to serve one year, at the end of which time the assistant would become manager and permit that officer to retire. Irene Horton (1904) and Helen Jones (1905) were elected to fill these positions.

And now the beginning of the end has come for 1902. At a business meeting of the Students' League, held on April 24, Grace McGovern (1903) was elected editor-in-chief of THE MOUNT HOLYOKE, and the following members of the sophomore class were elected junior editors: Edith Smith, Charlotte Farnham and Harriet Marcy. Helene Pope (1904) becoming business manager for the coming year, her place was filled by the election of Lottie R. Lane (1905) as assistant manager.

Digitized by Google

The first play presented by the class of 1905 was given in the gymnasium on the twenty-ninth of April. The drama, "Esmeralda," is a modern play and presents excellent opportunities for acting. The cast included ten people, prominent among whom was Miss Bessie Brooks, whose acting in the role of Esmeralda was very acceptable.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the thirtieth the society of Psi Omega gave a very delightful tea to invited guests in Assembly Hall. On the following Tuesday the juniors gave a money-making entertainment in the gymnasium. The first part of the evening was taken up with the presentation of a Kinder-Symphony, a novel musical performance on bottles, bells, combs, glasses, and so on. Several scenes from "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" followed, after which ice cream was served to the hungry, enthusiastic crowd.

On May 7 the senior class was given an unexpected treat in the shape of an informal dance, to which they were invited by the four presidents of the class, Miss Perkins, Miss Disbrow, Miss Heywood and Miss Little.

Safford Hall has received two water colors, the gift of the artist, Mr. J. Randolph Brown, and Mrs. Brown, who is a member of the Boston Alumnæ Association. The Mount Holyoke Club framed the pictures. The views are "The Creek," Conneaut, Ohio, and "An Afternoon in September," Sharon, Mass. The student members of the present family have presented a gift long desired, draperies for the dining-room windows.

Two framed photographs have been presented to Elizabeth Mead Hall by Rev. William F. Whitaker of Albany, N. Y., on behalf of his mother, Mrs. Hannah M. Force Whitaker of the class of 1850. One is a view of the Bridge of Sighs, Saint John's College, Cambridge, and the other a tinted view of Girton College.

Through some oversight there was omitted from the December number of THE MOUNT HOLYOKE any acknowledgment of a beautiful painting of the Raphael Hours coming from the Hartford Alumnæ Association to Rockefeller Hall at Christmas time. The gift is made more interesting by a description of the history and symbolism of the famous picture, translated from the German by one of the students in the Hall. It is gratefully acknowledged by the faculty and students as the special attraction of the parlors.

The usual mad enthusiasm was manifest at the annual basket ball games played for the championship banner. The seniors having no team this year, only the three under classes contended. The quality of the accessories of the games, the singing and yelling, was a noticeable improvement over that of previous years, a special feature being the clever songs sung with great spirit and energy. In the first game, that of the nineteenth of April, played by the juniors and sophomores, the score stood 22 to 1 in favor of 1903. Tuesday,

Digitized by Google

April 22, the juniors won from the freshmen in a hard fought battle, scoring nineteen points against three for 1905. The last game of the series on the twenty-third was between the sophomores and freshmen,—result, a tie, with a score of 6 to 6. The banner was again awarded to 1903, who held it last year.

The work of the Appointment Committee for the one year of its existence has shown at least the desirability both for the college and the students of such a committee. One hundred and twenty-five students are now registered with it, chiefly from the class of 1901 and the present senior class, though fourteen other classes are represented. It is not possible to say just how many positions have been filled, but the requests received within the last six weeks indicate that the work of the committee will be more than doubled before another year. Requests have come for teachers of the grades, for principals and assistants of secondary schools, for principals of academies, for some one to preside over college dormitories, for directors of physical training, for stenographers and typewriters, for manuscript and proof readers, for directors of Sunday school work, for secretaries of charitable associations and of the large missionary organizations and for workers in Young Women's Christian Associations. The variety of the calls encourages the committee to believe that its definite purpose will be more and more realized not only of naming teachers, but also of bringing many kinds of workers to positions which they are suited to fill. Candidates have been named not alone from those registered, but in many cases the committee have found it necessary to draw upon their knowledge of earlier classes as experience and training have been emphasized in the requirements.

It is very desirable that all members of each senior class register while in college, even though they do not expect to enter any work at once, that the statistics may be complete for each year.

The secretary has arranged a card catalogue of students registered as well as of those who have applied for workers. Inquiries are sent out each year to those who have secured workers through the college and to students placed, that the facts may be kept as complete as possible concerning the work done and the degree of satisfaction given. The correspondence and other clerical work have more than doubled within the year, making already a heavy responsibility for the secretary and her helpers. The small fee charged meets only a fraction of the total expense, the large part being carried by the college.

It is hoped that all alumnæ will help the work by giving information concerning any positions needing workers and by sending inquiries for workers directly to the committee.

Digitized by Google

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

THE annual meeting of the general alumnæ association will be held in the college chapel at 10 A. M. Tuesday, June 17; the alumnæ luncheon in the rink at 12.30 the same day, followed by speeches and a literary programme. The time after 3 P. M. will be free for class meetings.

Items of business to be considered at the annual meeting are as follows:—

Report of the committee upon the revision of the constitution, notice of which was given at the annual meeting in 1901.

Consideration of plans regarding the Bardwell Memorial Fellowship Fund.

Action upon the present method of voting for alumnæ trustees. (See annual report for 1901.)

Presentation, by delegates from local associations, of the attitude of alumnæ regarding pledges for the American School at Athens.

Reports on the Alumnæ Association Income Fund, and discussion of plans for general coöperation in securing its support. (See annual report for 1901.)

Election of one member to the Board of Directors.

The price of the luncheon will not be over seventy-five cents. The committee request that all who expect to be present will send their names before commencement week to Miss Bertha Blakely, Assistant Secretary, Mount Holyoke College. Those who have filled out the coupons on the trustee ballots need not write again.

Pledges already made to the Alumnæ Association Income Fund were due on April 1, 1902, and all pledges will be due on April 1 of each succeeding year.

The Boston Alumnæ met at the Vendome, Saturday, March 15. The afternoon was largely given to the guests from the college. During the business hour resolutions were presented on the death of Mrs. Edward Strong (Harriet L. Hayes, '43) of Auburndale. It was voted to send an expression of sympathy to Mrs. Stearns (Amelia D. Jones, '49), who was very ill at her home in Boston. A committee was appointed to consider the matter of the Income Fund.

Miss Florence Purington, who was the special guest from the college, gave an address on "The Religious Life and Work of the College." Special interest had been expressed in this subject by members of the association and

Digitized by Google

Miss Purington gave in her interesting talk just the information that so many desired.

It was a happy circumstance that brought Miss Clara F. Stevens of Safford Hall to Boston at this time and gave us the pleasure of welcoming her also. She spoke in regard to the student-faculty-alumnæ organization for advancing the work of the International Institute for Girls in Spain.

The soloist of the afternoon was Miss Lillian West of Cambridge, who rendered Beethoven's Op. 31, No. 1, and a Tarantelle by Whitney in a most delightful and artistic manner.

A reception to the guests and the usual tea closed the afternoon.

The spring meeting of the Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association of New Haven was held on March 23 at eleven o'clock in the parlors of the Dwight Place Church. After the business meeting, a charming luncheon was served. Covers for twenty-eight were laid, the tables being arranged in the form of a letter H. Floral decorations and a dainty souvenir in the form of a place card, added much to the attractiveness of the luncheon.

The guests of the afternoon were Miss Lydia Sessions and Mrs. Harriet Hinsdale Hubbell. Miss Sessions gave a most happy account of the old and the new Mount Holyoke, and Mrs Hubbell recalled the days of Mary Lyon, when she herself was a student under her instruction.

Music varied the order of the afternoon, through the courtesy of Mrs. Jennie Francis Dudley ('92). Mrs. Hubbard gave a fascinating account of a Chinese courting and wedding ceremony, and Mrs. May Deacon Bullard ('96), recently returned from France, told of the studies of French girls and French life in and about Paris.

Several new members were welcomed to the association. The usual routine business was attended to in the morning session.

The annual meeting of the Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association of Springfield and Vicinity was held in Trinity M. E. Church, Springfield, Mass., April 12. Miss Annah May Soule, professor of history at Mount Holyoke College, spoke upon the subject, "The Powers of China." There was music by Miss Laura Clark (1903), who rendered three solos. Lunch was served by the ladies of the Foreign Missionary Society of that church. A reception followed and many availed themselves of the opportunity to meet old and make new acquaintances. The annual election of officers took place and Miss Mary A. Averill was unanimously re-elected, as was also the entire executive

Digitized by Google

board with two exceptions, those ladies being unable to serve longer. The association is flourishing, and the membership steadily increasing.

The Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Associations of Hampshire and Hampden Counties met in Amherst, April 19, at the home of Mrs. A. D. Morse. A number of the faculty of the college were present and by request presented some of Mount Holyoke's more pressing needs. Miss Hazen told of the needs of Dwight Hall, and twenty dollars in the treasury of the Hampshire County Association was appropriated for casts for the new art building. Miss Prentiss spoke of the need of another recitation hall, of a fund for buying books for the library and of a fund for securing lecturers. Miss Cowles showed that a library building well adapted for three hundred students was not suited to more than twice that number. She also felt that there was a call for passenger elevators in houses of over three stories. Miss Hooker called for a biological building, and Miss Clapp expressed her intense desire for the remaining five thousand dollars for the Elisabeth Miller Bardwell Fellowship Fund. Refreshments were served and a social hour closed the delightful afternoon.

'50. Dr. and Mrs. Horace Marshfield Paine (Charlotte Mann) celebrated their golden wedding April 15, 1902, at the home of Dr. N. Emmons Paine, West Newton.

'90. Annie T. Allen has an article on "The Economic Relation of College Women to Society" in the February *Education*. Commissioner Harris has expressed great appreciation of this article, and has asked for a thousand copies.

'93. (Non-graduate) Charlotte E. Lee is teaching science in Washington Seminary, Washington, Penn.

1900. Angeline P. Adams has been appointed to a position for next year to teach mathematics in the Springfield high school.

Katherine Moore is teaching mathematics in the high school in Pittsfield, N. H.

1901. Laura Chase has resigned her position in Falls Woods school on account of the illness of her mother.

Emily Covell is teaching English in the academy at her home, Glastonbury, Conn.

Helen Lyman is teaching in South Glastonbury, Conn.

Florence Locke has just accepted a position in Miss Baird's Institute, Norwalk, Conn.

Digitized by Google

MARRIAGES.

'83. Weyerhauser—Holbrook. At Lake Nebagemain, Wis., November 7, 1901, Mr. John Weyerhauser and Annie Holbrook.

1900. Bell—Gilnack. At Rockville, Conn., October 30, 1901, Mr. Edward Charles Bell and Lilla E. Gilnack. At home at Unionville, Conn.

BIRTHS.

'98. Harriet (Campbell) Dukes, April 6, 1902, a daughter, Elizabeth Mitchell.

DEATHS.

'45. (Non-graduate) Ann Tolman, May, 1901, at Arlington, Mass.

'53. Mrs. Harriet (Whittaker) Clark, June 22, 1901, at McMinnville, Tenn.

'56. (Non-graduate) Mrs. R. Oriana (Grout) Ireland, March 3, 1901, at West Groton, N. Y.

'64. (Non-graduate) Mariette E. (Webster) Fisherdick, February 22, 1902, at Palmer, Mass.

'81. John Prouty, husband of Belle (Dewar) Prouty (non-graduate), June, 1900.

'82. Mrs. Sallie M. (Davis) Halliwell, M.D., April 6, 1902, at Bethlehem, Penn.

'94. Helen A., daughter of Grace (Howe) Smith, aged eleven months, March 24, 1902.

OTHER COLLEGES.

DURING the past few months the matter of finance has attracted more attention among our colleges than any other one subject. This is largely due to the liberal interest of a few friends of education, who have been supplying the means to satisfy the universal need for better equipment and endowment. Mr. Rockefeller in America and Mr. Carnegie in this country and Scotland have been of course leaders in this philanthropic movement and now Cecil

Digitized by Google

Rhodes by the magnitude of his bold plan has put his name on an equal with theirs. It is even an open question whether Mr. Rhodes did not raise himself to rank among the foremost educational influences of all time when he signed the bequest through which it has been estimated over twenty-five millions of dollars will be distributed for educational purposes.

But Mr. Rhodes' bequest is only the largest and most far-sighted among many generous gifts to education of the past year. Columbia University has been the recipient of many, the most recent being a new student building called Earl Hall. The endowment fund of Barnard College has also been greatly enlarged.

Smith is making an effort to secure a fund for a building to be devoted to the social and religious interests of the college. Smith has raised ninety-five thousand of the hundred thousand dollars necessary to secure a gift of another hundred thousand.

In attempting to enlarge the endowment fund of Amherst, the special object has been to secure a means of raising the salaries paid by the college. Over one hundred and forty thousand dollars has been secured for the purpose since the spring vacation. Another fund is being raised similar to that which is desired at Smith to build a hall in which undergraduates and alumnæ may meet for social intercourse irrespective of class or society.

EXCHANGES.

It is not without regret that the present exchange editor gives over her office to another. There have been trials in the year's work, it is true. The huge pile of magazines has been discouraging at times; the literature has not always proved refreshing; and, though it may seem a minor grievance, the removal of tightly wound paper wrappings has been exasperating. But, in spite of all, the editor feels that it has been a privilege to come into contact with so many colleges through their publications, and to recognize in each, as never before, a distinct personality. This individuality is especially shown in the editorial departments, and, in her last glance through the exchanges, the editor has lingered over these.

Many of the April numbers contain only farewells from the out-going

Digitized by Google

editors and recommendations to their successors. The words have a familiar ring, and we conclude that certain sentiments are common to the seniors of all colleges. *The Smith Monthly,* however, discusses in its sage way the need of more heavy literary contributions. *The Vassar Miscellany,* in its usual vivacious and practical tone, treats of the proportion of time which a student may profitably devote to debates and Hall Plays. *The Sepiad* discusses the moral questions of shirking responsibility and "cramming," the former with special force.

THE LIFE OF A POPPY.

Just as the dawn with dewy footsteps, light,
  Came slowly, blushing, up the eastern sky,
Within a garden was a faint, faint stir,
  A rustle of the grass, a whispered sigh.

And then—oh, wondrous sight, a poppy bud
  Of purest scarlet lifted up her head
And still half veiled with soft, protecting leaves,
  Rose timidly from out her grassy bed.

When noon was come, the modest poppy bud,
  Grown bolder, dropped her sheltering leaves and stood
Revealed in blazing beauty, while she swayed
  In every breeze that wandered from the wood.

A melancholy sight the evening saw
  And pitying, drew her sable shades around.
The naked poppy stem alone remained,
  And scarlet poppy leaves strewed all the ground.

Smith College Monthly. —Klara Elisabeth Frank.

Digitized by Google

IRISH MUSIC.

O the glamour of Irish music
  And its sinuous, winding ways;
O the sob and the sigh and the mourner's cry
  In the reveling rhythm's maze;
O the pang of the heartstrings riven
  And the smile on the face of pain,
And the melody strong as the thrush's song
  That thrills in the winter rain!

O the glory of Irish music
  When the clang of its splendor breaks
Like the mellowed fall of a trumpet call
  On the breast of the lilied lakes;
O the sweep of the song of battle;
  O the crash when the foemen yield,
And the minstrel brown with his oak-leaf crown
  Alone on the moonlit field!

O the sorrow of Irish music
  And the wail for the pale-faced dead,
When the shamrocks green on the moor are seen
  All stained with a sodden red!
For dance as you will in measure,
  The grief that you cannot quell
In the minor strain of your quick refrain
  Resounds like a tolling bell.

Georgetown College Journal. —JOHN A. FOOTE, '05.

LEVELS.

Far overhead, in untried air,
  A lonely eagle sails,
And soaring effortless to where
  Presumptuous eyesight, baffled, fails,
On winds unfelt by earth-bound things,
He is borne up on quiet wings.

Digitized by Google

So, calm and strong, near unseen goals,
The great-heart lonely swings,
Watched wonderingly by little souls
Who only know life's little things,
And cannot understand what force
Lifts him unerring on his course.

Nassau Literary Magazine. —SAMUEL DUFF MCCOY.

WHEN I WAS A HOLYOKE GIRL.

It was not called the college then,
To most of us 't was just the "Sem";
But oh! we loved the dear old place
With a love that naught can e'er efface,
When I was a Holyoke girl.

We never heard of basket ball,
In fact, we had no "gym" at all;
We swept our rooms for exercise,
And in the homely arts were wise,
When I was a Holyoke girl.

Our social ventures perhaps seem tame
Compared with those you now maintain,
Yet the hearts were buoyant and loyal, too,
That kept the course of Holyoke true,
When I was a Holyoke girl.

There was for us no Mountain Day,
No Junior "Prom," or swell soirée;
No club rehearsal kept us late;
No "ponies" did our Greek translate;
When I was a Holyoke girl.

There 's just one thing I envy you,
A dream we had to you came true,
A car takes you to *Johnson's* door,
We dreamed of, but ne'er entered, such a store,
When I was a Holyoke girl.

Art
Books
Stationery

SPRINGFIELD

Digitized by Google

273556

The MOVNT HOLYOKE

Jvne, 1901

South Hadley, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Forbes & Wallace

A Beautiful Sight.

The new wash goods are certainly a very beautiful sight. We are now making a complete exposition of them all, and invite you in to see them.

And, we must say it, if you want something choice and fine now is the time to buy.

Every day now we cut briskly into the favorite patterns, and soon we shall see the end of some that we cannot duplicate later.

Some of the favorite new things are:—

"Satin Liberte"—new, entirely new, graceful designs, beautiful colorings, per yard $1.

Brache Rayure Soie—a new silky muslin, shot through with satin stripes; such colorings as red, gray, pink, blue, lavender, castor, cerise, per yard 50c.

Crepe stripe, Mousseline de Soie, in the full range of color beauty, per yard 75c.

Cotton Foulard—Mercerized—beautiful, looks like silk, elegant, faster, 27 inches wide, per yard 3[illegible].

Silk ginghams—the handsomest effects imaginable in silk ginghams, gorgeous coloring, glorious patterns—openwork effects, dotted effects, striped effects, per yard 50c and 75c.

Scotch ginghams—David and John Anderson's make—the largest and best line of these imported bonnie Scotch beauties which we have ever shown; plaids, checks, stripes—magnificent color effects, per yard 40c.

Silk ginghams—this time in a new Parisian craze—Roman stripes—very fine quality silk, per yard $2.50.

Scotch ginghams in hundreds of new and pretty styles at, per yard, 25c.

Imported Dimities—daintier, more exquisite than ever. Last year we thought dimity weave and coloring had reached its highest art, but we were mistaken—patterns and effects are choicer this year, per yard 25c.

FORBES & WALLACE,

Main, Vernon and Lynchon Streets,

WE develop films and finish pictures by the most up-to-date processes, and can assure you that your work will be satisfactory. Mail orders solicited. We pay all postage on photo finishing.

C. E. BALL DRUG CO.

Holyoke, ... Mass.

Bosworth & Murphy

. . . Makers of . . .

Art Portraits and Pictures by Photography

STUDIO, 380 Main Street,

(Second Door from Barr's.)

SPRINGFIELD

W. D. KINSMAN

GRADUATION FABRICS

WHITE GOODS.

Nainsooks, Persian Lawns, Plain Dotted Swiss Mulls, French Organdies, Mulls, Batiste Mulls, India Linens, Lawns, Linen Cambrics, Wash Silks, Linen Dimities, Liberty Silks, Mercerized de Soies, and All-Over Tuckings, Val. Laces and Insertions—Special at 25c., 38c., 50c., 65c., 75c., and per piece—12 yards in a piece.

Normandie Val, Mechlin, Point Paris, and Point Venise Bands and Insertions.

W. D. KINSMAN

Corner Street.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

The MOVNT HOLYOKE

October, 1901

Sovth Hadley, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Forbes & Wallace

THE STUDENTS OF MT. HOLYOKE

Are invited to come and see the new fall wearables while the stocks are complete and at their best. This applies to

New Autumn Millinery
New Coats
New Wraps
New Silk Waists
New Furs, Etc., Etc.

Also, to the following:

Laces
Matinees
Kimonos
Dressing Sacques
Neckpieces

No Springfield store, including this one, ever could or ever did make an exhibition of such High-grade Novelties as we are now showing.

Ladies are going into raptures about them, and well they may.

Silk Petticoats— Our Magnificent Display

The extraordinary exhibition and sale of Silk Petticoats continues to be one of the talks. We are selling more and more of the beauties each succeeding day.

Ladies who contemplate buying should do so at once—now while the full assortment of styles is here.

FORBES & WALLACE,
Main, Vernon and Pynchon Streets,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

REMEMBER that we cord
each one of you to feel a
to come in our store at any
wait for your friends, leave any
with the cashier, leave extra
parcels at the desk, in short, use
you want accommodation in Hi

C. E. BALL DRUG C
CORNER HIGH & DWIGHT STR

Bosworth & Murphy

SPRINGFIELD'S LEAD
PHOTOGRAPHE

STUDIO, 380 MAIN STREE
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Call and see our Artists' Proof, t
thing in photography.

Your Footwear N

Can best be supplied at this store.
our variety of styles and assortment
and widths, combined with the hig
ity of our goods and our reasonable
enable us to especially suit Mt. Ho
STUDENTS.

Holyoke agents for Hanan & Son,
ert & Gardiner, and Soroma Shoes
Ladies' Button and Lace Boots
are especially attractive. Light
Heavy Soles, Wide Edges, Elastic
Calf, Patent Leather, Kid. We
kinds of fine shoe repairing at low

Thomas S. Chi

85 Dwight St., Opp. City Hall.
Cars for South Hadley pass the door.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

The MOVNT HOLYOKE

November, 1901

Sovth Hadley, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Forbes & Wallace

AN INVITATION.

We invite you to an incomparable 1902 spread of MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

The new year could be inaugurated in no better way by us in our Muslin Underwear Section than the spreading of this unexampled feast of tempting attractions in fine muslin undergarments.

If you knew the immense and painstaking labor which we employed in selecting and assembling this stock you'd appreciate the earnestness of our efforts to gather here the best stock of muslin undergarments ever assembled.

In the first place, all these garments were made under strict sanitary conditions. They were made by cleanly, well-paid operatives, in well-ordered and well-kept factories.

No "Song of the Shirt" was ever sung over the cutting, stitching, and trimming of these garments. There need be no regret in sharing the economies that the wonderfully low prices suggest.

As to the garments, well—no finer muslin underwear as regards material, style, sewing, and beauty of trimmings was ever made.

The sale is now on. It offers you the opportunity of the year to get your spring and summer supply of muslin underwear, as well as the garments you may need for present use.

FORBES & WALLACE.

Main, Vernon and Pynchon Streets,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

W E have a full line of White Stationery, all prices and all sty We take orders for die monograms, addresses, etc. neat, dainty boxes of *tionery* for 25c per box.

C. E. BALL DRUG COMPA
Corner High and Dwight Sts.
HOLYOKE, MASS.

Bosworth & Murphy

SPRINGFIELD'S LEADIN PHOTOGRAPHER

STUDIO, 380 MAIN STREET SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Call and see our Artists' Proof, the thing in photography.

Winter Footwe

Skating Boots, $1.95, $2.45, $ $3.50, $4.00

Reception Slippers, $0.95, $1.20, $ $2.00, $3.00, $3.50; Kid, Patent Le Ooze, Velvet

Boudoir Slippers, $0.50, $0.65, $ $0.95; Crochet, Felt, Lambskin

Rubbers, $0.25 to $0.80

Overshoes, $0.75 to $1.75

Wool Soles, $0.15 to $0.25

THOS. S. CHILD
85 Dwight St., Holyoke, opp. City
REPAIRING

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The MOVNT HOLYOKE

Febrvary, 1902

Sovth Hadley. Mass.

Digitized by Google

FORBES & WALLACE.

This is to be a Great Season for White and Black.

And we show very complete and comprehensive assortments of all white and all black dress goods. If you searched the country through this season we doubt if you would find a more satisfactory stock from which to choose your new white or black dress.

In White Goods

White Albatross, 38 inches wide, at, per yard, 58c, 50c, and **39c**

White Momie cloth, 42 inches wide, at, per yard, **87c**

White Crepon and Crepe de Chine, 45 inches wide, per yard, **$1.00**

White Silk Striped Novelty, 42 inches wide, per yard, **$1.25**

White Viola Crepe, 43 inches wide, per yard, **$1.25**

White silk and wool Novelty, 43 inches, per yard, **$1.25**

White Nun's Veiling, 44 inches wide, per yard, **$1.00**

White Mohair or Brilliantine, 38 to 45 inches, per yard, 50c to **$1.25**

White Lansdowne, 41 inches wide, per yard, **$1.25**

White Silk Downs, 39 inches wide, per yard, **$1.25**

White Bedford Cords, 45 inches wide, per yard, $1.00 and **$1.50**

White Cashmeres or Henriettas, per yard, 25c to **75c**

In Black Dress Goods

Thin, sheer fabrics are in great demand, and we cater to the craze in the most complete manner.

Black Nun's Veiling, 38 to 44 inches wide, per yard, **50c to $1.50**

Black Albatross and Crepe de Chine, 38 to 45 inches wide, per yard, **50c to $1.25**

Black Batiste and wool Grenadine, striped effects, 42 to 44 inches wide, per yard, **$1.25 to $1.50**

Black Etamines, 42 to 46 inches wide, per yard, **$1 to $1.50**

Black silk-warp Crepe de Chine, 42 to 44 inches wide, per yard, **$1.25 to $2**

Black Voiles, 42 to 46 inches wide, per yard, **$1 to $1.50**

FORBES & WALLACE,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

WE have a full line of Whiting's Stationery, all prices and all styles. We take orders for die stamping, monograms, addresses, etc. Very neat, dainty boxes of *Initial Stationery* for 25c per box.

C. E. BALL DRUG COMPANY,
Corner High and Dwight Streets.
HOLYOKE, MASS.

Bosworth & Murphy

SPRINGFIELD'S LEADING PHOTOGRAPHERS

STUDIO, 380 MAIN STREET
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Call and see our Artists' Proof, the latest thing in photography.

Some Swell Spring Shoes

Are here in the very latest shapes and most fashionable leathers. The favorite materials are Patent Calf, Patent Kid, Velour Calf, Box Calf, and Vici Kid. We have a fine assortment of Boots, Oxfords, and Colonials. Splendid values but moderate prices. All widths, all sizes. $1.45, $1.95, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00.

Special Attention given to Students' Trade.

THOS. S. CHILDS,
85 Dwight Street, HOLYOKE
Opposite City Hall Entrance.

Digitized by Google

e Can Serve You. Why Not Try Us?

AMONG OUR SPECIALTIES ARE:

y Invitations, Calling Cards, Monogram and Address
Dies, Superior Stationery, Gold and Fountain Pens,
All the New Books of the Day.

LLEGE TEXT-BOOKS AT LOWEST RATES.

BRIDGMAN'S
COLLEGE BOOK STORE

Main Street, Northampton, Mass.

ebster's International Dictionary

EW EDITION—NEW PLATES THROUGHOUT.

Now Added 25,000 New Words, Phrases, Etc.
Edited by W. T. Harris, Ph.D., LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education.

ich Bindings 2364 Pages 5000 Illustrations

ies *Mary E. Woolley*, President of *Mt. Holyoke College*, :—I find the new edition most valuable, complete, and rate. It is indispensable in my office.
ev. *L. Clark Seelye, D.D., LL.D.*, President of *Smith* ge, says:—The new edition fully maintains the high ation of its predecessors. *I know no better specimen of* *useful lexicography.*

lso Webster's Collegiate Dictionary with Scottish Glossary, etc.

t class in quality, second class in size."—*Nicholas Murray Butler.*

SOLD AT LOWEST PRICE AT
BRIDGMAN'S

W. D. KINSMAN CO.

GRADUATION GOWNS.—Will soon be the order f the day. Our Store is alive to your needs in his direction.

WHITE GOODS.—All-over Tuckings and Embroideries, with bands to match. French Revers, Silk Mulls, Dotted Swisses, Persian Lawns and Wash Chiffons, French Organdies, Batiste Mulls, French and English Nainsooks, India Linens, Mousselaine de Soie, Japanese Silks, 27 in. White Pongee.

LACES.—Venise and Batiste All-overs, Edgings, Galloons and Medallion Bands, French and Normandy Valenciennes, Edgings and Insertions in matched patterns, Chantilly, Mechlin, Oriental, and Torchon Laces.

W. D. KINSMAN CO.,
336 Main, corner Bridge Street,
SPRINGFIELD.

Manufacturer and Retailer **QUIGLEY'S** Manufacturer and Retailer

Tailor-Made Suits

The rush is on in earnest now. All the early styles are being augmented by the latest thought of the style makers and choosing now is at its best. Suits of Etamine and Broadcloth, of Cheviot and Granite Cloths, of Venetian and other materials. Styles of varied effects, in blouse, Eton, Gibson, and other models. Our Suits at $18.50, $20.00, and $25.00 are most eagerly sought. Some have silk drop skirts and are exceedingly satisfying in every way. We have some very Stunning Costumes at $30, $35, $37, $40 and $45 that are worthy of more than passing notice—but come and see them. At $10, $12, and $15 we are showing some of the best tailor-made Suits ever displayed in Springfield at the prices asked.

GEO. F. QUIGLEY CO.
402 Main St.

DISTINCT SHOE SHAPES

Such as correct dressers only wear, are a prominent feature of our Spring lines, we lead in these productions. *Patent Calf Oxfords* will be worn extensively this season. Our lines at $3.50, $4.00, and $5.00 are marvels of beauty and style. *Buy Good Shoes*, they are "*money savers*" every time.

William H. Horne,
370 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

Graduate Study for Women in American Universities,	*Helen M. Searles,*	445
A Hill Slope Green (Verse),	*R. K. K.*, 1902,	450
A Question of Journalism,	*Ruth Davenport Holmes*, 1902,	451
Concerning Thackeray,	*Josephine Belding*, 1902,	457
The Western Meadow Lark (Verse),	*Ruth Davenport Holmes*, 1902,	461
Birkie of the Border,	*Rachel Florence Riley*, 1902,	462
Points of Spanish Etiquette,	*Elizabeth M. Gulick*, 1902,	467
Across the Years (Verse),	*Rowena Keith Keyes*, 1902,	469
The Sunset Land (Verse),	*Elizabeth M. Jelliffe*, 1902,	470
The Book-Making Fad,	*Rowena Keith Keyes*, 1902,	471
Envoy (Verse),	*Beth Bradford Gilchrist*, 1902,	476
Editorial,		477
Department Notes,		480
College Notes,		482
Alumnæ Notes,		487
Other Colleges,		490
Exchanges,		491

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

FOUNDED BY MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1891.

The Mount Holyoke is published on the 15th of each month by the students of Mount Holyoke College.

Contributions to its pages are solicited from the students of all departments. They are due the twentieth of each month.

Literary communications should be addressed "Editor-in-Chief of The Mount Holyoke, Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass."

All subscriptions and other business letters should be sent to the Business Manager.

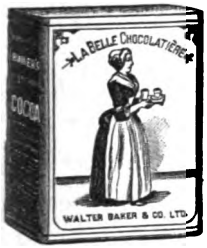
Subscriptions, $1.50 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 20 cents.

Entered at South Hadley Post Office as second-class mail matter.

Digitized by Google

DELICIOUS DRINKS and DAINTY DISHES are made from

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA



ABSOLUTELY PURE

Unequaled for smoothness, delicacy, and flavor

Our Choice Recipe Book will tell you how to make Fudge, and a great variety of dainty dishes, from our Cocoa and Chocolate. Sent FREE to any address

WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited

ESTABLISHED 1780 **DORCHESTER, MASS.**

COFFEES THAT SATISFY EVERYBODY

For Sale by all Best Grocers

SHAPLEIGH COFFEE COMPANY

Established in Boston, A.D. 1796

Barker's Dental Wash.

IT is antiseptic. Pleasant to use. Keeps the mouth and breath sweet. Prevents decay of the teeth. Makes the gums hard and healthy. 25c and 50c. We give samples free.

BARKER'S DRUG STORE, Springfield, Mass.

A. STEIGER & CO.

The Days of Warm Sunshine Are Again Approaching

YOU will find this store brilliant with new things for summer wear: Beautiful costumes in the suit department, exquisite millinery on the same floor, also, all the new effects in shirt waists.

We have the latest styles in Neckwear, Dress Goods, Gloves, Belts, Ribbons, Hosiery, Silks, Draperies, etc.

A. STEIGER & CO.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

Digitized by Google

KENNEDY & SULLIVAN
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Steam Engineers
Plumbing Specialists
—DEALERS IN—
GAS RANGES
Refrigerators and
Welsbach Burners

75 MAIN ST., HOLYOKE, MASS.

MASSASOIT HOUSE
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
ROOMS WITH ALL CONVENIENC
Private Baths
Stenographic Typewriter, Postal Telegraph Co., Long Distance Telephone } Writing Room
All street car lines pass the Hotel
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PL

LIVERMORE & MARTI
61 Dwight Street, Holyoke,
Will give college girls 10 per cent. discount on anything in their store if they bring this advertisement with them.
DESKS, CHAIRS, PILLO

Sheldon
PHOTOGRAPHER.
HIGH GRADE WORK
—ONLY—
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.
Telephone 107-12.

A Bargain in Linen Paper
15 Cents a Pound.
ASK TO SEE IT
AT GRIDLEY'S.

C. N. FITTS
Cash Furniture
Drapery and Carpet Store
INTERIOR DECORATOR
College Supplies a Specialty
NORTHAMPTON, . . MA

Digitized by Google

MILLINERY!

HE LATEST, NEWEST STYLES
Ladies' Headwear Always First Here.

INSPECTION SOLICITED.

S. LEVISON,

The Leading Millinery House.

MAIN STREET, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SCHILLARE'S

hotographic Studio.

Society, Class and Group Work a Specialty.

Prompt attention given to students.

A. J. SCHILLARE,

Main Street, - Northampton, Mass.

F. KELTON & CO.,

Dealers in

sh and Salt Meats, Vegetables, Poultry,

FISH AND OYSTERS.

35, 37, and 39 Main Street,

hone Connections. *HOLYOKE, MASS.*

RCOLLEGIATE BUREAU OF ACADEMIC COSTUME.

COTRELL & LEONARD,

MAKERS OF THE

CAPS, GOWNS AND HOODS

TO THE . . .

AMERICAN COLLEGES.

472-478 BROADWAY,

ALBANY, N. Y.

ited Bulletin,
ns, Etc.,
on Application.

REMOVAL.

About May 1st I shall move to No. 309 High street, near Suffolk, where with new fixtures, a larger stock, and better general equipments, I shall strive to better serve my many patrons.

A. J. RAND, Jeweler and Optician,

HOLYOKE, MASS.

Fine Repairing. Optical work promptly done.

THOMAS J. MORROW

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,

281 HIGH ST., HOLYOKE, MASS.

SILVER NOVELTIES,
DECORATED CHINA,
CUT GLASS, Etc.

SPECTACLES FITTED. RIMLESS EYEGLASSES.
COMPLETE REPAIR DEPARTMENT.

HAIRDRESSING. MANICURING. SHAMPOOING.
ELECTRICAL SCALP AND FACIAL MASSAGE.
GRAY HAIR A SPECIALTY. :: :: :: :: :: ::

MISS McQUILLAN,

HAIRDRESSER.
HAIR GOODS MADE TO ORDER.

TOILET PREPARATIONS. COMBS. BRUSHES.
SHELL GOODS.

ROOM 27, BALL'S BLOCK, HOLYOKE, MASS.

Digitized by Google

THE PLACE TO TRADE

IS WHERE YOU CAN GET THE BEST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY.

OUR GOODS ARE THE BEST.
OUR PRICES ARE REASONABLE.
IF YOU PAY LESS, YOU GET LESS.

GEO. N. FRISSELL & CO.

Bakers, Caterers, and Ice Cream Manufacturers.
413 HIGH ST., HOLYOKE, MASS. Telephone 306-4.

D. H. BRIGHAM & CO.

Costumers for Women.

New and Exclusive Styles.

Suits,
Waists,
Skirts,
Jackets,
Long Garments.

D. H. BRIGHAM & CO

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Nobby Styles in **WAISTS** Showing Here.

French Flannel Shirt Waists:

Plain shapes, or fancy tucked, open back or front. Priced all the way from

$1.50 to $5.00.

In black, light, navy and cadet blue, gray, old rose, reseda green, and red.

Silk Waists

in dressy styles, all shades and black. Made in taffeta and peau de soie. Priced

$5.00 and $6.50.

All sizes.

New Styles in Tailor-Made Suits

are coming in every day and there's no better time to settle this question than right now while the nattiest shapes are here.

We pride ourselves on our selection of cloths and shapes and feel confident that we can meet the demands of the most critical.

Walking Skirts,

From $5.00 to $15.00.

In double faced materials, the newest and correct shapes.

Walking Suits,

Coat and Skirt.

Our styles meet with popular favor.

Suit Dept

MEEKINS, PACKARD & WHEAT,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Digitized by Google

College Students

ll be interested to learn that we have arranged with C. W. Sever & Co. to manufacture and sell their well-known

niversity Note Covers

All the standard sizes now ready both in the usual

alf Russia Binding and in Buckram Covers

ATIONAL BLANK BOOK CO.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

STRICTLY Kibbe Chocolates HIGH GRADE

"KIBBE" ON EACH PIECE.

OR SALE BY C. A. GRIDLEY.

SMITH & MURRAY.

A few of the wanted things—sold only here in this section.

"La Vida" Corsets.

If you care for an erect, queenly carriage, then wear "La Vida" Corset.

All the new costumes are cut on straight front lines. No corset save a straight front can properly set off such a style.

"Patrician" Shoes for Women.

Elegant footform is a certain indication of a careful dresser. Stylish women realize that the foot covering ranks among the most important items of the toilet, and they have adopted the PATRICIAN footwear on all occasions, because for style, shape, and service it offers all that is best.

All Styles $3.50.

SMITH & MURRAY,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

ART IN SHOEMAKING

Queen Quality

FOUND ONLY AT

FAY & SHUMWAY'S,

269 High Street, HOLYOKE.

M. J. DOYLE PRINTING CO.

Elite College Printing.

e Cards in the Latest Designs.
Class and College Programs.
We deliver goods free of charge.

All Cars to and from the College pass our door.

M. J. DOYLE PRINTING CO.,

Whitcomb Building, Dwight St., HOLYOKE, MASS.

Digitized by Google

LEMUEL SEARS & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Grocers.

20 and 22 Dwight Street, 28 Race Street,

LEMUEL SEARS.
HENRY G. SEARS.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

THE WORTHY

Springfield, Mass.

Ladies' Cafe.
Cuisine and Service First Class.

WILLIAM M. KIMBALL, Manager.

Summer Vacation Chaperon. An experienced teacher, who has trave extensively in this country and abro offers her services as chaperon for two or three young ladies during July and Augu A trip through the now famous Canadian Rockies, the "Alps of America," suggested Address, E. T., care The Mount Holyoke

Digitized by Google

Sterling Silver Belt Pins and Buckles,
Umbrellas, Fancy Leather Goods,
Ebony, and Sterling Silver Toilet Ware,
Chafing Dishes.

CHARLES HALL,

Importer and Retailer

393-395 Main Street, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

CTURES
d
RAMING.
phone 596-5.

E. M. DICKINSON,

Holyoke's New Art Dealer and Stationer, is headquarters for Mt. Holyoke.

Artist Materials. Stationery. Periodicals.

202 HIGH STREET.

Official Graduating Pin

Sterling Gilt, $5.00
14k Gold, - 6.75

Just the thing for Xmas.

We carry everything in the Jewelry and Silver Line that is up-to-date. Try us.

TRUE BROS., Gold-Silver Smiths.
408 Main Street, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

"PING PONG"

or Table Tennis.

We have just received a consignment of the better sets and request that you examine them before going elsewhere.

Prices reasonable.

Spalding's "Rules of Table Tennis," 10c.

FITZGERALD & CO.

Booksellers, Stationers, Art Dealers,
Picture Framing.

196 HIGH STREET, HOLYOKE, MASS.

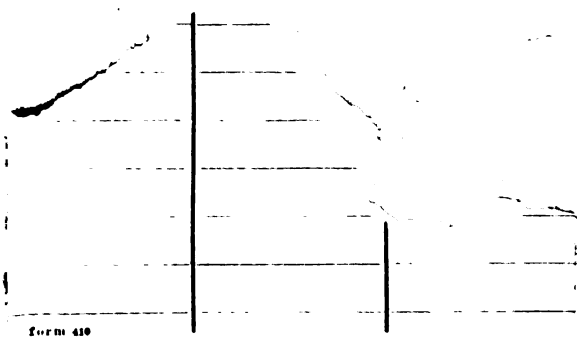
ARDWELL the Druggist Sells Chocolate Maple Creams, 20c a pound.
Chocolate Vanilla Creams, 20c. Delicious Caramels, 20c.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

AUG 4 1920

Digitized by Google